

THE JOURNALS
OF
THOMAS JAMES COBDEN-SANDERSON

1879-1922

VOLUME TWO



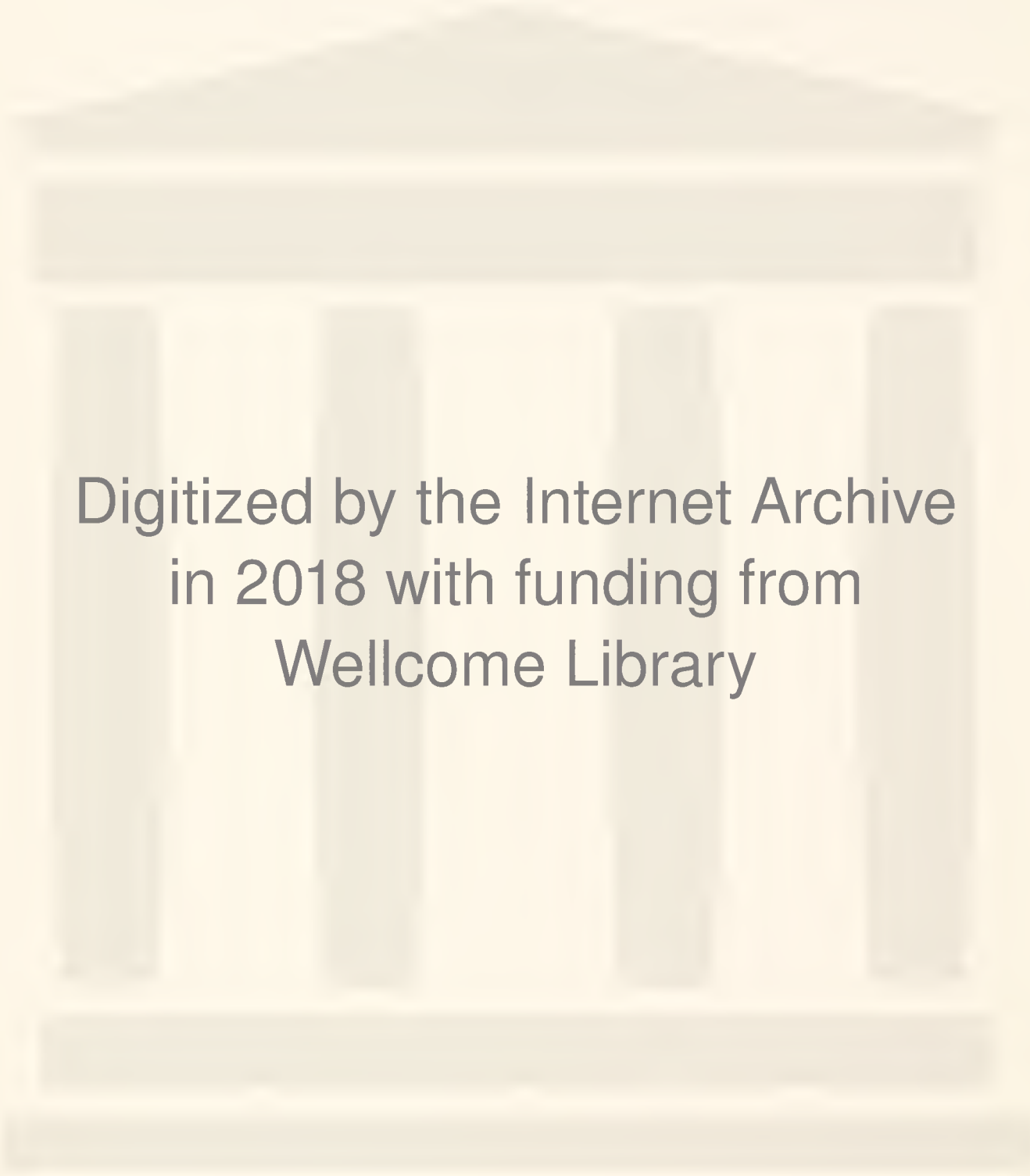
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ΠΡΟΣ ΤΟ ΑΓΝΩΣΤΟΝ

VOLUME II

LONDON
RICHARD COBDEN-SANDERSON
THAVIES INN
1926

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1COB

Conservation

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE RIVER FROM THE DOVES PRESS, 15 UPPER MALL,
HAMMERSMITH

After a pen-drawing by WALTER SICKERT, A.R.A.

Frontispiece

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE DOVES PRESS BIBLE: THE
INITIAL DESIGNED BY T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

Reduced facsimile

facing page 28

1900-1922

1900

12th January, Friday.

I must this year make and keep some serious resolutions. I must advance. I must not give in to age. I must, on the contrary, utilize the quiet of age to the creation of ideals, seeing life whole, unaffected by the particular position in it occupied, or to be occupied, by me. Personal ambition, if it ever existed, may be now eliminated. I must see ideals for the common good. And I must be serious in the pursuit and expression of them.

Bookbinding must now be pursued for the children's sake, the Bindery, and the general weal. Printing must be added, and, by and by, writing, and illumination. And all must tend to an ideal.

17th January, Wednesday.

The children have gone back to school, and the house is very quiet. Richard went last Friday. Stella went yesterday. The house is very quiet, and the silence and repose—like pauses in thought, when the soul is alone, and alert, and aware—are very beautiful.

All day, and for many days, a drenching rain has been washing the atmosphere. It has now abated; the clouds have cleared away; the faint light of the set sun still lingers in the west; the clear, white stars come to shine for the night; the full river spreads its mass, and flows downwards to the sea; the lighted barge glides by. How beautiful it is. And within my room the lamp spreads its light, and the fire burns, and the flames flicker. From next door comes patient practising—May Morris, or another. What peace. The soul pauses to take it in, and to say once more, How beautiful it is.

22nd January.

Ruskin is dead. I am glad that the poor, worn body may now be returned to the earth, and the spirit liberated. Ruskin's is now the voice of the universal world: disembodied, and re-embodied. It is the voice of nature's self.

I begin the study of that voice to-day, and as I listen to it, river and lake and mountain and sky speak, too, and say, "That voice is mine."

25th January, Thursday.

The evening, the soft mantle of night with her stars, descends to quench the glorious light of the day. The sun shone early to-day, and made air and earth and man glad, and the river a sheen too brilliant to look upon. Now the night, in a sweet silence, presses her veil upon the sun's left light, and slowly, tenderly it is extinguished.

How beautiful it all is, and how unwatched it all comes and goes.

Beautiful is God, who so made the world, and so made man's faculties that within the brain there remain mirrored, as in the sky the afterglow, faint, fair memories of what the world has been and yet again may be.

I copied the following from Ruskin (storm cloud of the nineteenth century) the other day, and to-night send a copy to Richard: *Man's (and boy's) only true happiness is to live in Hope of something to be won by him, in Reverence of something to be worshipped by him, and Love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished—for ever!*

30th January, Tuesday.

Yesterday at noon, on my return from the Bindery, Annie, who was on the doorstep just returned from seeing Lady Richmond, told me she had some sad news for me—Mrs Godman was dead. Lyulph Stanley had been that morning to ask W. Richmond to make a drawing of her as she lay on her bed, dead. This was very sudden, I had had no news of her

illness even. In the afternoon I went to see Mrs Stanley. I found that Mrs Godman—Ada, whom I had known nearly thirty years ago, and had gathered flowers for, and loved—had been ill and in pain for some months, and had died on Sunday morning. I asked to see her, and Mrs Stanley took me into the little drawing-room, and I there saw her stretched upon a little bed, with flowers all round her. Her face had a sublime repose, which death alone can give, a repose that quenched all grief and stilled the very universe. She was very beautiful. She will be buried on Thursday in Yorkshire.

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All England is suffering eclipse. The news from Africa is of a retreat from the attempt to relieve Ladysmith, and at all points we are held in check by the Boers.

3rd February.

Last Thursday night, February 1st, I joined the Calligraphic Class at the Central School of Arts and Crafts.

29th April.

I have in hand now: (1) Organization of Printing Press. We are in treaty for No. 1 in the Terrace, and propose to instal our printing press there. (2) Calligraphy. I want Johnston, by the way, to write me out my paper on Calligraphy (which I also intend to print). (3) Leather reform (I am on the Society of Arts committee). (4) Reorganization of Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society. (5) Article (Société de Science, Paris) on Arts and Crafts movement. (6) Publication of Arts and Crafts lectures. (7) Pursuit of Ideal *quand même*.

We have taken No. 1 Hammersmith Terrace, and it is now whitewashed throughout, and is sweetly clean. The front of the house is washed (red ochre and whitening), and the door and doorposts black. The garden, too, has been put to rights, and now has an apple tree, a fig tree, two little beds, a gravel space in the middle and at the end. The rent is £32 a year.

And we have engaged a compositor, J. H. Mason, sent to us with a superlative character by Miss Sheepshanks (daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, of Morley Hall, who heard of us through Madame Kufferath). He began work last Monday week on *Agricola*, at the Bindery, in the attic over my room. This has at last set us in motion; we have ordered "oddments" of all "sorts," and an additional fount to keep him going, and finally a press and paper. I confess I thought the paper had been ordered when we went down to Batchelor's last year, but it seems it was then only discussed.

Proofs have been taken at the Bindery presses, and have been sent to Mackail for revision. We are now fairly *en route*, but we cannot print till we get our paper—three months hence. I have been busy adjusting the spacing, and settling the "style," as Mason would say, and have been driven already to make one great change in the abolition of the hyphen. It occurred too often, and made the end of the line feeble, and spotty. And who is really helped by the hyphen? The junction of the disjoined part is automatic and inevitable. I made a design of two doves breasting a perch for our new paper.

I have set Johnston to work at writing—thus to constitute an associated scriptorium. I have given him, to begin with, my *Tract on the Ideal Book or Book Beautiful*, and Milton's *Sonnets*—also one of the latter to hang on the wall.

And this reminds me that for the same purpose, and to test our type in English, I gave Mason my idea of a workshop (in *English Illustrated* article on bookbinding) to compose, and this I shall hang up in the workshop, to remind us all of the spirit in which we should work therein.

And I will get it put up in capitals.

What we want is not belief in someone or something *else*—in which, as critics of belief point out, we may well be duped—what we want is belief in ourselves, and admiration (not belief) for rightness and beauty, let who may simulate or lay traps for us.

It is, from this point of view, extraordinary that a man (Myers) can thus write:

An act of faith...is still necessary if we are to accept the cosmos even on Stoic terms. For there is a possibility that even here we may be duped once more; that we may find *vacuas sedes et inania templa* in the sanctuary of Duty herself; that in the veritable and intimate scheme of the universe there may be no such conception as Virtue.

In the scheme of the universe? But there already is, by the assumption in the scheme of man's Ideal. And shall man lose heart and desert his Ideal because it is not someone else's Ideal?

I say, let man stand for virtue. Would you have God Himself vacate His throne, because He alone was God? Let man, then, though he should prove to be alone man, stand fast and for ever for the ideal, for virtue. Let him not himself be his own dupe, let not in himself be found *vacuae sedes et inania templa*.

20th November, Tuesday.

On Sunday last R. T. Wright, the secretary of the Cambridge University Press, came to lunch at No. 7, and we discussed our proposal to print at the Doves Press a small edition of the authorized version of the Bible, using Scrivener's text for the purpose—the University Press to do the reading, and to publish it. We afterwards went to the Press (1 Hammer-smith Terrace) and the Bindery.

To-day Mackail asked if we would print the address on Morris he delivered at Kelmscott House last Sunday week. I replied yes, if we could arrange it, after *Agricola*, *The Book Beautiful*, and *Unto this Last* had been disposed of.

1901

3rd March, Sunday.

I will, from to-day, make and prolong an effort to keep up my journal—so long discontinued!

The sun shines on the shore. The new year comes up apace. On Saturday it was decided to print *Paradise Lost* as the third publication of the Doves Press. There appear to be so many lions in the path of the other books under consideration: *The Banquet* and the *Trial and Death of Socrates*—copyright; the Classical Poems of Tennyson—Lord Tennyson's permission; Mackail's address on W. Morris—copyright, for there is some doubt whether it would not be an infringement of Longmans' copyright in the *Life*; and so on.

It is half decided also, in view of the long time it would take to print a *folio* Bible—the estimate was eight years!—to print the same size Bible, but in quarto, and for that purpose to get a double crown printing press, and additional compositors and pressmen.

Mason is at present engaged on a double specimen page—the first page, and the first page with poetry, side by side.

The *Ideal Book* is now before the world—nearly twice sold out. So is the *Agricola*; *Unto this Last* has been withdrawn. So the way is clear for *Paradise Lost*, and the Bible. And after that, or rather after *Paradise Lost*, I hope it will be possible to print the Classical Poems of Lord Tennyson, of which I have a very clear “image.”

I would propose to print *in red* as prologue, *Achilles over the Trench*, and as epilogue, also in red, *Hector and the Bridge of War*, where “all the heavens opened,” etc., and between them, in solemn procession in black, *Ænone*, *Ulysses*, *Tithonus*, *Tiresias*, *Demeter and Persephone*, and *The Death of Ænone*. The last three, and the two translations, are copyright; and though we have Macmillan's permission, we have to await that of Lord Tennyson, and he is away in South Australia. But time flies!

I am now happy, “soaring above th' Aonian Mount and brooding dove-like on the vast abyss!”

5th March, Tuesday.

I took Mackail's *William Morris* to Longmans', to see if it were an infringement of Longmans' copyright in the *Life*.

Longman was very polite, and handed it back across the table saying he was quite safe in our hands, and it would make a delightful *brochure*. So now we are arranging our second circular in the following order:

William Morris.

Paradise Lost.

Bible.

Unto this Last—withdrawn.

Agricola—out of print.

Book Beautiful—ditto.

I have to-day been drafting our second circular. Here is the first shot at Mackail's title.

WILLIAM MORRIS

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY J. W. MACKAIL
AT KELMSCOTT HOUSE NOVEMBER 11TH
1900 BEFORE THE HAMMERSMITH
"SOCIALIST SOCIETY."

But, on getting it set up, I do not find that it spaces out well, so I have just composed the following, which I will get set up to-morrow:

WILLIAM MORRIS

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED THE XITH
NOVEMBER MDCCC AT KELMSCOTT
HOUSE HAMMERSMITH BEFORE THE
HAMMERSMITH SOCIALIST SOCIETY
BY J. W. MACKAIL

THE DOVES PRESS

No. 1 THE TERRACE HAMMERSMITH
MDCCCCI

7th March.

I have at last—Mason says we have been at it for a week—finished the arrangement of our second circular. The great

struggle was to get *Unto this Last* (withdrawn) at the top of the second page, which we ultimately did. It was nearly upset again in detail this morning by a letter from the Cambridge Press, asking us to settle a price for the Bible, instead of leaving it "about." In the afternoon I asked Mason to set up what I think Mackail should make the first line of his address—"Twenty-one years ago in this room." It makes a slightly longer line than our standard measure, but perhaps we can lengthen it for the sake of the phrase.

21st March.

Settled with Mackail for 10 per cent. and one book.

To-day I arranged with Mason as to the distribution of *William Morris*. The first line to be in red. The first words ("William Morris") of second division to be in red, and first words, "The Times are strange and Evil," of third division in red.

Last Wednesday evening I attended the Executive General meeting of Arts and Crafts, and resigned the Honorary Secretaryship.

Last Monday night Edward Johnston supped with me, and we discussed initials for the twelve books of *Paradise Lost*. It occurred to me this morning that Petrarch's *Trionfo* would be a good thing to print. With reproductions of the tapestries it would be beautiful.

25th March.

To-day we begin printing *William Morris*, and yesterday was his birthday.

26th March.

Annie's birthday. Blessed day for me!

Yet I forgot it, till Bessie Hooley came in at breakfast-time with a handful of flowers! I have, however, a book (a Kelmscott Press Shakespeare's *Sonnets*) for her at the Bindery.

25th April.

In the evening I attended the last—my last—meeting of the Arts and Crafts in my capacity as secretary.

For myself, I am enchanted with my liberation, and feel quite frolicsome with joy. Singular that it should be so. But I feel a special longing as I grow older to be free of all engagements, to be able to give myself up to “dreams,” and, as I dream, to *do* spontaneously this, or the other possible thing of my own. Soon another “post” will have to be resigned. Before I resign it, I would have free scope to discharge its duties as I can, and as I understand them.

I pray to do so.

28th April, Sunday.

An east wind has gradually clouded the clear, blue sky and the earth in a strange, yellow light, so that, looking into the garden, one seemed to be looking through yellow glass—so yellow the garden was. The democracy is in boat-loads on the river, and filling the air with its unmelodious cries.

30th April.

I want to become a monk. To live in an aerial cell, and do my devotions unseen. I will convert my writing, printing, and binding, into a novitiate into the Higher Life. And I will try to train my pupils, so to write, print and bind.

11th May, Saturday.

Ordinary knowledge may tell me that I may expect my friend as the shadows lengthen, or when the sun's orb drops below the horizon; exact knowledge—science—will tell me that I may expect him at 7 o'clock, or at 7.15. Ordinary knowledge may tell me, summing up the ordinary knowledge of many men, that the world is round; exact knowledge—science—will tell me, with ever greater accuracy, how round, with what deviations from the perfect sphere.

Everywhere, and in everything, science tends to make

common knowledge precise in its terms, and to extend it spherewise in all directions of concentration and expansion. But beyond the senses, which are the recipients of the elements of common and then of exact knowledge, there is the sense of wonder—denied perhaps altogether to some, and to some given in an exalted degree. It is to this faculty of wonder, dominating to its use the imagination, that we owe the phenomena of religious systems. It is to this organ of wonder that we shall owe, I hope, the phenomena of an exalted consciousness, raised to the dignity of an aerial and spiritual universe.

29th May, Wednesday. Malvern Hills.

The minor arts will not flourish till the greater arts can do so, and these are concerned with life as a whole, and its expression in terms of contemporary thought, itself the outcome of antecedent ages, and the seed thought of ages to come.

I *saw* a cuckoo on Malvern Hill to-day. It was brown, with a long tail, and rustled as it flew.

The lark sings in the sky—does the “purpose of ages” include the lark? Has transition, passage, ceased for him? Has he arrived at his little goal, no transformation further? Yesterday I saw the “Pale Farm,” where I played and slept when a child. To-day I sit on the Malvern Hills, where as a child I sat.

I long for some way out of myself—out of my limitations—out of “civilization.” To see life, the wonder of it! Perhaps, the meaning.

9th June, Sunday.

A most beautiful day. It awoke in quietness, and the evening sets in peace; but throughout the day the noise of human beings filled the air.

And yet, how small a part the whole of humanity plays in the life of the world—a swarm of ants. And how small a part the present generation in the life of man.

Let us not then despair, or be overcome by the vulgarity of the present. The silence is silent all the while, and despite the momentary eclipse by the vulgar pageant of humanity, the great procession of the world's life moves on—in silence. Keep that vision for ever in the mind, and let man's life go by unheeded, save the life which, like the world's life, lives on from age to age, and to the world's life grows ever more like and more like.

Ah, how beautifully still the hollow vault of heaven, unfilled by human cries, is now.

The middle ages had their forests and their beasts: we have our towns, and—men and women.

10th June, Monday morning. On the river terrace of No. 7.

A sweet summer morning. Oh, how our life waits and longs! I will love and woo the summer, day and night—this summer that is given to us like an opening flower, out of the dark infinitudes, by the unseen, dear hands.

O solitude, and infinite spaces divine! O worlds, that bloom in the unseen infinitude, bloom and fall and die and bloom, be to me the music of my life! Uphold, and guide, and console!

July.

“To the last cartridge, to the last man”—(Botha), and thus on England shall be fixed for ever the indelible disgrace of the deliberate murder of a few people. Nor will this foreknowledge make her pause, for England is barbarized, vulgarized to her heart's core. Nor shall we who protest, in protesting save our country or ourselves—nor indeed do I, for one, desire to save myself, or from my country's fate to separate my own; from the stain of murder none of us will be free, for we are a nation one and indivisible. But as the waves rise and close over us, there is built in the mind's world the City Beautiful, the world's fair Palace of Delight, beautiful as are the stars, beautiful as are the flowers of the

field, and in their midst. And so, though we die, yet and because the Boer would not bow the knee—but to the last cartridge and to the last man was indomitable for freedom—yet our hope dies not. In God's good time the Builders shall prevail, and the City Beautiful be built.

9th September, Bel Alp.

Notes of thoughts this morning on my way up to the Sparrhorn. Roman Catholic religion, the poetry of religion, associates itself by chapel and cross with the mountain heights, and the grand phenomena of nature, also with man's daily life. Schools are but as cups of stagnant water set in artificial motion. The true schools are in the world at large, and should be as the waters of the mountain making towards the oceans.

21st September, Saturday.

My dear old schoolfellow of Rochdale days, Henry Brierley, is pressing me to accept the "Victorian Degree," and I have written to him, "Impossible!" I cannot abide such personal distinction.

22nd October, Tuesday.

Studying (Chemistry); writing up my notes of first lecture. I do not wonder that men turn from art to science—so much more interesting! And War? Let the wild beasts rage—*chacun à son goût*.

5th November.

Yesterday at Sotheby's, five books (or bindings) of mine, done at Hendon for F. S. Ellis, were sold for £177, £133, £111, £99, and £85, or thereabouts (I don't remember exact figures). The books, as far as I know (I did not go to see them), were *Love is Enough* (the old large paper copy), *Endymion*, *Sigurd the Volsung* (old large paper), *John Ball* (old large paper), and the "editio princeps" of Swinburne's *Atalanta*. As binding they are "pathetic," but they are perhaps interesting as steps in a movement, and as such perhaps have been regarded by the purchasers.

8th November, Friday.

One hour of perfect vision were worth all the antecedent years of toil!

When I was young, Tradition weighed upon me like a nightmare—now I am above Tradition, and see it from above. And overhead, and everywhere—what?

And out of the immensity I look out upon Tradition, and on the world and its rulers, its gods, built in the void by man. How comfortable in the old days, when God was in the void and talked with man. Now man, alone save for his aspirations, still points Godward—into the void.

13th November.

How much there is said in the Bible on “Obedience”—conformity, or adjustment. Adam, and all the seed of Adam, were cursed because of his *disobedience*. Abraham and all his seed were blessed because of his obedience (in the sacrifice of Isaac): *In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice.*

.

22nd December.

What the age is doing is, perhaps, not of so much importance as the ideas which the pressure of it obliges the imagination to cast upon the screen of thought.

One can imagine a time when the “progressive” movement shall be wholly retrospective, engaged in living over again the life of the past.

29th December, Sunday.

One thing, and the nearest, I have persistently failed to know, to appreciate—myself! I am greater than I know; I have, within myself, resources untried, unworked; I have distrusted myself—I have distrusted God. This is becoming clear to me, as Eternity draws nigh. Life has been too hurried, I have been in an alien world, confused by its cries; yet over all has been the peace and unity of heaven.

To that peace, and to that unity, my soul aspires. What matters what failures have discrowned life in time if life eternal be still in view?

Life eternal.

How strange that, at the end of my life, I should thus be brought back to the thoughts and tears of my childhood: the Bible—the Bible stories!

1902

10th January, Friday, 7 a.m. In bed.

Yesterday I went into town to buy tickets for *Iolanthe* for the children and Jack Catterson-Smith, who is staying with us. On my way home through Regent Street, I was attracted by some gorgeously coloured butterflies in a shop in the Quadrant. I went into the shop, and was directed upstairs—"the first door opposite." I went upstairs and through the first door opposite, and entered into a little room, and was greeted by a friendly American voice which bade me welcome, and I asked if he had a catalogue of his butterflies. No, but he would show me the butterflies themselves. Then he made me sit down in front of some cabinets, and he drew out the drawer and showed me the dead, yet living, glories of the sun in all lands—superbly beautiful things. As I sat and looked at them, the glory of the universe, its inexplicable creativeness, was so borne in upon me, that I begot a spirit of "loyalty," and I felt ready to die for it, to forego myself, to suffer in its cause. Some things seemed *so* perfect that the failures might forgive themselves—for all in the workshops could not escape damage. Let *all* unite, then, to praise the purpose of the whole, the beauty and wonder of its ways!

I travail with a thought I cannot quite express. Why, I would ask, do we feed upon our troubles? Why do we not dwell upon the whole, of which ourselves and our utmost troubles are so insignificant a part? The palpitating host of

butterflies—more beautiful than Wordsworth's crowd of dancing daffodils—and, again, the daffodils as well, and the spring and summer, the world's life and flowerage, in all their complexities and oneness. What an immense life. How should there not be accidents in it? Do they detract from the whole? And does not the whole rejoice in this, the supremely successful, beautiful, one thing—this butterfly?

Think of the myriad successful, beautiful, one things, transient, but again and again, and wonder at the whole which creates and concentrates itself within them.

I hear dearest Annie coming upstairs to the bathroom to get her water. She is in the bathroom. Dickie is asleep in his bed at my side. The house awakes. Why should not it be a flower by the way, exhaling its perfume of adoration, and though it suffer, though it be not itself successful or beautiful (albeit its efforts), yet adorant of the Beauty which is?

Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men!

I bought one of the tiniest, modestest of the butterflies—one adorable—nay two—glossy brown spots, to remind me of my visit and of the beautiful butterfly world.

11th January, 7 a.m.

In bed reading Moulton's version of the Psalms. The clock is just striking. Thornycroft is busy. I see their lights, and hear their hammers. Yesterday morning, at breakfast, I had a long talk with Jack Catterson-Smith, in which I endeavoured to quicken his sense of the wonder of the world round about us. I told him of my visit to the butterfly man, and what a laboratory was that little butterfly. Greater than that of our greatest Polytechnic, converting earth and air into that wonderful organism, those two bright spots. And what a laboratory was the human body! And how endowed it was, beyond the greatest Polytechnics, with apparatus, hands and feet, and eyes and ears. And at the best, how wonderful were its creations! The holy Roman Catholic ritual and ceremonial

were like a gorgeous butterfly, which alighted upon the earth when men prayed together, and folded them, and fled, and alighted again when again men prayed. And so all history was full of folded butterflies—Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh. It was to awake these butterflies that we studied, it was to see the whole earth as one, fluttering in the infinitudes of space.

We do not sufficiently praise the Lord, and the wonder of His ways. Oh, that we could meet together and chaunt, with music, chorus and refrain, the story of the earth as the children of Israel sang their Exodus, and the story of man!

The air is full of “butterflies,” I see their fluttering everywhere. Oh, to meet in common song, in prayer, and in amazement!

14th January, Tuesday.

On Sunday I drafted a third list for the Press, and a letter to subscribers to the Bible. In this letter I said that a sufficient number of subscribers had been secured to justify the Press in proceeding with the work, but that, to enable the Press to proceed, it would be necessary for the subscribers to pay in advance and before the day of publication, for, on summing up the cost and the duration of the work, I hesitated myself to expend all the money in advance.

But this seems to be an ignoble fear. My only fears should be that I may not live to accomplish it—Tyndale died to print his—or that the work itself may not be good enough.

Let me give all my thoughts to the work itself.

Let it be my life's work.

Let me now live for it, and, if needs be, die for it. Never count the cost!

And so, with this new year, let me devote myself wholly to this great work. Let me desire for it the most beautiful frame possible for the Bible as a whole—that composite whole, wrought with tears and laughter in the olden times, wrought again in the paroxysm of a nation's reversion by the blood and tears of its first translators; and now set forth, not

ornamentally for a collector's toy, but severely, plainly, monumentally, for a nation's masterpiece, for a nation's guidance, consolation, and hope.

And to this mine own Hope!

23rd January, Thursday, 7.15 a.m.

Last night I attended, with Annie, the first lecture of her series "under the auspices of the Metropolitan Council of the Independent Labour Party." It was given by Chesterton, and its title was, "Why Socialists and Radicals should co-operate." He maintained that they should co-operate because they were both children of one House, the French Revolution, and were both in danger of now being swept off the board by the children of the Reaction. He maintained further that the French Revolution was born, not of the hunger for food, not of bodily starvation, but of the hunger for ideas, for the rights of man, as the most divine, the most sacred thing on earth, and not of man as king or aristocrat, but of man as man. And that the Reaction is the passion (he did not say this, but I now see it is so), not for man as man, but for man as the British Empire, which Empire has taken the place of, and is instead of, man as king or aristocrat; it is Reaction to a still more intolerant, and to a still more imposing, conception of "government."

And as the French Revolution was preceded by idealists, so at the present moment, to contend against the great reactions, we had need, not of the practical statesmen, but of the idealist who should clear up the situation, and give a correspondingly new and more comprehensive and inspiring idea of the rights of man as man, as the thing the most divine and sacred on earth, and of his mission here and hereafter.

The common ground and the common function of all Radicals, Liberals and Socialists was this idealism, and its emotional as well as intellectual definition.

He said some excellent things by the way, as that the Liberal Party bore the same relation to Liberalism as Christendom to Christianity.

26th January. Norfolk Hotel, Folkestone.

To judge rightly the movements of to-day, one ought to have the right ideas; that is, the ideas the realization of which is being accomplished by the movements in question.

Take ever so simple seeming a thing as Cook's Tours. This, to me who look back to the time when travelling was the pleasure of the rich, or the wonder voyage of the adventurous, and am dominated by the ideas of that aristocratic epoch, this travelling in herds, this swine-shepherding, seems detestable, and well calculated to make the world a place not fit to live in. But what, judged by the ideas of the future, is its interpretation? It may be an interim process for the absorption of geographical, and the demolition of parochial notions—like shaking up the ingredients of a bottle "to be shaken before taken." When "taken," the "shaking" will be discontinued. That is, when the vision of the earth's surface, and familiarity with the varied means of intercommunication, have become universal, people will be left again to their own guidance, the atmosphere will clear up, vulgarity and profanation disappear, and the earth be once more a place of beauty and of calm.

30th January, Thursday.

In the evening I attended a meeting of the Borough Council, and later went on to Mitchell's lecture on "Trade Unions" at Clifford's Inn. Dear Annie was already there. She has a frightful cold, yet pegs away. I had ordered a fire in her bedroom, and it was a delightful surprise for her on coming home and entering her bedroom. "Oh, how delightful it would be to have a fire," she said, as her hand clasped the handle of her room—and lo, on opening, there was a fire!

9th February, Sunday.

Last Wednesday, Annie and I attended at Clifford's Inn Hall, to hear an address by J. W. Mackail on Socialism and Politics. And on Thursday, Annie and I called on the

Mackails to see Lady Burne-Jones, who had also come to the lecture. We discussed the possibility of publishing the lecture and of finding a publisher, and finally it was left to Annie to decide the means and the publisher. On the way home I said the names of the ordinary publishers—associated with all their own publications—were very disenchanting. Why should we not get the lecture printed and publish it ourselves? And so we started the idea of the Hammersmith Publishing Society! To print and publish 1*d.* tracts, no payments and no profits.

On Saturday or Sunday I composed a title-page for the Bible.

On Sunday I read to Annie my old lecture on “Craft-Guilds, old and new” and undertook to re-write the middle portion (taken from Ashley), and then to get it printed as a 1*d.* tract and published by the Hammersmith Publishing Society, Hon. Sec. Mrs Cobden-Sanderson.

15th February.

We have only one domestic at present, Edith the cook, so I have taken to making the beds, and I have made two-and-a-half this morning, my own, Dick’s, and half of Annie’s.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the British Museum to work through the titles of the Bible. I find that before the 1611 version, the titles were usually “The Bible” or the “Bible in English”—only once or twice “The Holy Bible.” But the 1611 version set the fashion of “Holy,” and almost every subsequent edition is “The Holy Bible,” with or without additions.

I found also that the first paragraph Bible (in the catalogue) was arranged in 1824 “by a layman of the Church of England,” and was published by Hatchard, since which there have been some nineteen or twenty. The title of the first edition of 1611 was (and is) *The Holy Bible conteyning the old Testament and the new: newly translated out of the original Tongues: with the former Translations diligently compared and revised by his Majesties special commandment. And Appointed to be read in Churches* 1611.

9th March, Sunday morning.

Oh, this lovely early summer's morn! How beautiful the touch of the earth, expanding once more in bud and leaf and flower and voice of bird! The sunlight streams from afar into my room, on to my books. The air, soft and warm, puffs the window blind and blows gently on my cheek, the church bells sound in chimes from near at hand and far, and I, I bow my spirit in glad thanks, in adoration of the great Unseen, who thus, in all things visible to sense, touches the soul to happiness.

Thanks, great Power Divine! In all times of eclipse, of woe, of loneliness, let this vision of Spring revive, and with it, in Thee, my Faith, my Hope.

5th April, Saturday. *The County Hotel, Canterbury.*

I left London last Tuesday and I came here. I have spent my time at the Cathedral. On Wednesday I went to morning service, and sat at the side under the Dean. After the service I bought a "wanderer's ticket" for a week for 7s. 6d., and went round, and finally into the library. The librarian was very kind, and apparently pleased to be interrupted and to have some one to show around. He complained that nobody read in Canterbury, and I remarked that I had not seen a single bookseller's shop of any kind. I asked if he had a copy of Willis' *History of the Archbishops of Canterbury Cathedral*. He had, and would lend it to me, so I brought it, and the companion volume on the monastery, away with me, and have been busy with it ever since—an invaluable guide to the Cathedral.

This evening I devoted to the Cathedral, having quite read through Willis, and made out the general history of the building. I went over the whole again, and identified the various parts referred to by Willis.

But the matter of chief interest to me has been in "the whole"—the building—the home of prayer and praise, and the shrine of the Great of old.

I moved from my seat at the side, and took a seat on the same line with the Dean, that I might be looking the length and not across the choir, and there I have been day after day, and to-day twice. The service is a thing of indescribable beauty, and transports me into an ecstasy in which I am lifted out of the present, and become part of an invisible visible, whose constant theme has been the Glory of God.

Daily in the Holy Land—in *our* Holy Land—of Canterbury, the sacred flower of worship and of prayer opens and blooms—and no one heeds it.

And yet in that worship and prayer, how many a prayer to give us pause. *In all time of our wealth, Good Lord deliver us. Of our wealth!*

Is there any hope?

And from the summit far withdrawn, where God makes Himself “an awful rose of dawn” unheeded, there comes an answer, but alas, in a tongue “no man can understand.”

How long—how long?

In all time of our wealth, Good Lord deliver us!

Sunday morning, 10.45 a.m. County Hotel, smoking-room.

I started off half-an-hour ago to attend the service at the Cathedral, but I shrank back at the threshold. I felt that I should be asphyxiated by the modernity of the congregation. All the week I have kept company with kings, and saints and holy men of old—but to-day!

And lo, to-day I will live outside the Cathedral—and to-morrow will listen to and in them again.

The discordant brass band of the Salvation Army is now making itself heard. I get up and look through the window, and see half a dozen bandsmen with brass instruments, and half a dozen Salvation lassies, turning the corner into Margaret Street. There is no tail; not a soul following.

20th April, Sunday morning. Hammersmith Terrace.

The waves of the river are being blown by the wind on the shore—break, break, break. But the wind shakes the

windows, and dies away, and is still. The sun shines, and is shadowed. Time passes eternally—to what bourne?

I rest this Sabbath morn, and sometimes I put my hands together, and think “one day I shall be saying good-bye to this, one day, some such day as this, these sounds will break on the shores of my being for the last time, these nights, this sun, for the last time be to me as the face of a dear friend, seen and seen no more. And in the meantime?

The wind whistles to itself and moans in the window, and the door shudders and shakes. The little ships are tacking on the river, and the enfranchised people—it is Sunday—move along the banks.

In the meantime?

24th April, Thursday.

Yesterday I went to the British Museum to correct a portion of the proof of the Argument of *Paradise Lost*. I am now (in bed) reading Bede’s account (in his history) of the cures wrought by the body of Cuthbert. Looking back upon it, one can understand, I think, this superstition. How lonely man is, and how he longs for the love of a father, and the kindly, healing touch!

What are the new characteristics which Christianity has added to the Jewish conception of God?

Hitherto the preoccupation of the “Ideal” has been the character and power of God, and of man in relation to Him. Man, however, has imagined God.

The future preoccupation of the Ideal will be the universe and man, historical and actual in relation thereto, and its occupation the welding of the two into one—man’s creation.

And this with suspended judgment of what either or both may be.

27th April, Sunday.

I am reading Grimm’s *Mythology*.

The creations of mankind are mankind’s ideas. And how

they are overlaid and obscured and involved—like the very body of the earth's self.

Beware of the desire for credit, for personal distinction—"It was I who did it"—beware of the "I" of self.

Anonymous creation.

At this moment, I hear the river as it ebbs, beaten back by the east wind in breakers on the shore. What an old world music—break, break, break, and the rustling wind, how old!

And, released from all "knots," how wonderful the wind is, roaming homeless and driving before it the great waves of the sea and the clouds of the sky. I tie it up, and think of it apart. And how wonderful are all the knots of it, tied up by the human mind.

How strong the imagination—image-making faculty—is in early races, is in races in their youth. Now imagination is dominated by "that which is," the accumulated mass of ideas, or mirages, already created.

29th April, Tuesday, 6.30 a.m. In bed.

Shall all be forgotten, all, the world which was, and is, and is to be? See, I dip my pen into the ink, and it forms words and lines—is life in the ink, or in me?

Great as the Christian tradition is here and now, enveloping so much of space and time, it is but a thought in the mind of man; not immortal, but fed by man's thinking. When man ceases to think in that way, when its "food" is cut off, Christianity, like the gods of old, will wane and fade and die, or be as are now those other gods of old. Man's thinking, the act, that primitive power of thinking, akin to nature's power creating that alone—is that "immortal"?

In what glorious pageantry are we immersed, and how man has been inspired by it! If you would read what man has thought, read what he has written in "religion," wielding for the creation of his gods the great, sudden forces of nature, and his own pathos, and passion and pity.

It is not my function to teach people how to "get a

living," but how "to live"; and bookbinding and printing in my hands are but illustrations of "the life."

The Greeks applied the same epithets to different gods, so I may apply the same pattern to different books. *The play's the thing.*

30th April, Wednesday, 8 a.m.

Last night I took the children to see Irving in *Faust*, or the very elaborate seduction of Margaret, and all its attendant woes. Dickie thought it a "bit off"—too little humour and fun! Stella was serious and interested—and moved. And between the acts we had little talks, in which I tried to explain the "moral" of the story; but it is a very complicated moral. The paths of duty and of pleasure, the futility of a number of noble things, but of noble things misconceived—Enough.

2nd May, Friday.

I feel a little tired—jaded. There! But I will not succumb. The sky is over-clouded, and it rains. One should look with fresh interest on the face of each day, for each day is a new day.

I am a little tired, after the emotions of Canterbury and the visions of the saintly Bede.

3rd May, Saturday.

Dear Stella went back to Bedales yesterday. She had with her a box of pansies for her garden, and was terribly afraid the "kids" should see it, and—I suppose—mock her for it. Curious kids.

8th May, Thursday, 6.30 a.m.

I have been awake some time—in a somewhat restless, depressed condition, tired, despondent. Yesterday I gathered the sheets of the Tennyson. The booklet seemed unexpectedly thin and fragmentary—perhaps that is an element in my despondency: what a trifle, and what a mistake! The book

is primarily the presentment of seven beautiful poems, each separated from the other by an interval of space, and worthily beginning, each independently, at the top of the page. Nothing superfluous is added; the appeal is direct to the imagination.

But what an age it is! The first question will be the "get up" and make of the book itself—its baldness probably; perhaps even its padding of blank pages. So workshops are converted into "ye olde curiosity shoppes," and workmen into makers of a new kind of anticipatory "relics."

I aim at the idea and the ideal, and never get beyond the "collector." And the collector, bless him, is the idealist too—the only sincere one at the present moment.

But let me stand firm, and keep my own eyes on that star which for ever burns for me in the illimitable heavens, and contains within it—ah, what indeed does it contain? What is that star? But towards, towards it, onward, over all forms of folly here.

With all its shortcomings, and in spite of all its adulteration, what astonishing effort towards the Ideal good is incorporated in the organization and ritual of Christendom! But the effort which produced them is spent—no, it is not spent; I will not believe it. The effort so incorporated was but an essay, a preliminary trial, suited to the then needs and capacities of Europe; suited, as had been those earlier incorporations of the spirit of Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Rome, to the needs and capacities of the people and times which produced them. But to-day is a time of unparalleled intellectual expansion, and it is that expansion which must itself, when adequately expressed and in our institutions implied, take the place of the beliefs of Christendom, and ideally constitute humanity.

Thursday. Always in bed!

The fact is that two hours awake in the morning are my most fruitful happy times, the time when the mind is free, and ideas grow.

And yet how depressed and haunted by vague alarm, dissatisfied and fearful of the future, I have been for the last ten days, and still, though in a lessening degree, am. What is it? Is the Tennyson not the brilliant success—in itself, for it is not yet published—I anticipated, and do I fear a drop in the public estimation for the products of the Doves Press? Is the future of my children clouded? Has their “education” been a failure?

Dickie is now tired of the S.W. Polytechnic and of engineering, and wants to go to Cambridge. On Tuesday I went to Peppard to see a coach, Mr Morgan Brown, to see if he would take him, and prepare him from the beginning for matriculation, the “Little-go.” Am I worried on his account?

Is it because my old pupils have gone, and I have two, too delicate to lift a hammer?

What is the vague alarm?

What petty alarm?

And the papers are now full of the terrible destruction of a whole town. Forty thousand people!

Is it that the future of the world is so dark? The present encumbered by so many memories of things that are no more, and itself so uninspired, and forty thousand swept at one cruel blow into unexpected death?

Unexpected death—and we are doing to death, thousands and thousands, in South Africa. Why did not the sudden liberated force of nature sweep us away?

Be one with the sorrow of mankind. In man’s overshadowed fate forget your own.

Saturday evening.

Alone in the drawing-room. The sun has set, and the moon shines in the storm-cleared sky. I gaze and gaze at the bank and the river, till the real becomes as unreal as memory and hope, and all is as unsubstantial as a dream.

23rd May, 1 p.m.

One must keep his object in life, proximate and ultimate, steadily in view, and work at it. Devils there are on all sides and in front, tempting and opposing. How triumph over them? By persisting to the end; by keeping his object ever in view, and by steadily unceasingly making towards it, and with never a step back, or to the right or left. Bind books, print books, think and write books; and do so for ever with your eye on the goal—the kingdom of heaven.

1st June, Sunday morning.

A very warm morning, and sunny. The tide is up, and lapping on the island, which is a pale spring green with the new withes. A gentle wind is blowing, and light crafts are sailing across and across.

Last night I saw the morality *Everyman* at St George's Hall. I wish I could always bear it in mind. I will try.

2nd June, Monday.

I am so ignorant that every book is a new world to me. I am now reading Cutts' *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*—*what* a wonderful world!

7th June, Saturday.

Last night I received from Edward Johnston the completion of my design for the first page of the Bible, and am delighted. "In the Beginning" with a long "I." And on Tuesday he came to the Bindery, and made a lovely drawing of the letters for *Paradise Lost*, First Book. So now we are really on the way.

I forget if I mentioned that the Translations in Tennyson have been reprinted *in red*.

I am now quite satisfied with all our books. They are beautiful in their beautiful simplicity.

15th June, Sunday.

God has made and placed the universe before us in silence. I propose that we should do the same, in so far as our own power of creation extends. To what purpose is the universe? Who knows? Suspend inquiry, and in the meanwhile do as God does: spread out magnificently each work of man, each MANUFACTURE; take from the uttermost ends of the earth what the earth offers, be it of the inanimate earth itself, or earth's life in plant or living thing. Undo it, re-combine and re-arrange. I speak of the commerce of the world—and lo! another universe, not God's, but like God's, man's, obedient to the same laws, in the same infinitudes of time and space, in the same sense silent, inexplicable.

Meanwhile man lives, in so creating lives. Waits.

And in effect is not *this* the purpose of the universe—for us?

23rd June, Monday, 7 a.m.

I am essentially the embodiment of ideas. When the ideas die down, as from time to time they do, then am I as a plant unwatered. I droop and am miserable, but—to continue the image—at the touch of an idea, of water, I revive and spring up. I have latterly been the embodiment of the “purpose” outlined in the advertisement of the Hammersmith Publishing Society. Somehow, perhaps with the last touches to *Ecce Mundus*, that purpose, together with the *idea* of the *Ecce Mundus*, has died down. I am physically as well as mentally tired. All effort, amid the seething masses of the Coronation, an idea external to myself, and a spectacle which draws to London representatives from the uttermost parts of the earth, seems indeed vain. But this morning at the touch of the old subject—early England, the guilds—the old energy revives. The *idea* is life!

And now I must live to make that idea clear.

The idea is the discovery of the purpose of the world, and our submission to it.

IN THE BEGINNING

GOD CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. ¶ AND THE EARTH WAS WITHOUT FORM, AND VOID; AND DARKNESS WAS UPON THE FACE OF THE DEEP, & THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

¶ And God said, Let there be light: & there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good: & God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

¶ And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, & let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: & it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening & the morning were the second day.

¶ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: & it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, & herb yielding seed after his kind, & the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And the evening & the morning were the third day.

¶ And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, & years: and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: & it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night, & to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

¶ And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, & every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, & every winged fowl after his kind: & God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, & multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening & the morning were the fifth day.

¶ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the

What then is the purpose of the world?

That I have stated.

In what way here and now must I, must the people of England, submit to it?

By bringing themselves and their history into consciousness, and "arranging" themselves and that history into conformity with the world's great history. Is then the Coronation wrong?

Is this movement to unity wrong? Is even the Boer war wrong?

Wrong aspects each and all have, but under the heavens, seen from far above, *is* each and all a wrong "Commotion"?

It is an immense effort!

Never before in the world has there been such an immense devotion to one idea—the Empire of England.

Is then the Empire of England a great idea, an idea worthy of such an immense devotion?

And in the first place *what* is it?

What does it *exclude*?

What is its dominant temper?

What does it seek to make supreme?

Itself? Brute force?

But surely this is but one aspect of itself.

What are the ideas which accompany, which inspire, this force?

To read present life intelligently I must be on the watch for these.

What, then, are the ideas? What, then, is the idea of this Coronation? Has anybody asked? Is this immense effort, this convergence upon London, this crowning—is it an idea at all? Anything consciously held by the deliberate intelligence, believed?

Is it the idea, an advance upon the coronation of St Louis? Is the *idea* impressive? Is it immortal? Or is it dead, surviving in the body only—the show?

29th June, Sunday.

Last Monday, in view of the Coronation, and because I was very tired and weak from ten to fourteen days of incarceration, I was sent, and went, to Malvern (Abbey Hotel) for rest and fresh air.

The weather throughout the week has been brilliant. The sky has been cloudless, and the earth and all its greenery responded to the sun with an intensity of life that made of heaven and earth one blaze of many coloured light—blue, and golden, and green. Malvern, Tewkesbury, Broadway and Campden too, were not unworthy to figure there, or Ledbury. Alas, poor Oxford, hustled by an ignoble crowd and shameful suburb! But on the whole all, save the “masses,” was as beautiful as it could be. Oh, the meadows set with flowers, and oh, the growing corn and the peas and the beans, (and oh, the smell of the beans!) and the clover, and oh, the colours of the waving fields, and of the fallows, and of the trembling!

1st August, Friday.

I have been very tired the last few days, but am emerging to-day from out this, and see Tennyson rounded off, a finished whole, although not all the copies have been sent for. This time we have exacted payment in advance. I can now face *Paradise Lost* and the Bible. The new press came to-day, but we could not put it up; as the room had not been prepared for it.

Yesterday Mr Millard (McClurg's representative) and his wife came to see the Bindery, and to do business.

He ordered twenty-five copies of the Hammersmith Publishing Society first publication, *Ecce Mundus*, and fifteen of *William Morris*, and to-day Miss Jenkins and Miss MacLean ordered two dozen, and hope to want more.

19th August. *Bel Alp*.

I left London Thursday, the 14th August, with Dickie, for Bel Alp, which we reached at 6 o'clock Monday evening.

6th September, Saturday night.

To-night is the last night I propose to spend here—to-morrow we descend into the valley *en route* for Lausanne—and it may be the last for many years to come, if “many years” there be to come! This visit has been emptier of remarkable things than perhaps any previous visit—or it may be that the place and the circumstances impress me less than they used to do. But looking back over it, many sunny days stand out, and whether I have succeeded or not my desire has been not to enjoy myself in any vulgar sense, but rather to enter into the life of nature in her solitary and sublimer aspects, and to carry away out of her life here something wherewith to uphold the memory of her, in her greatness, stillness, and aloofness, in my life amid the lives of men.

I have read little and have thought little, but I have, when at my best, abandoned myself to the influences of heaven and earth, and it may be that when I am gone *some* memory may emerge of some moment of imaginative elation under the stars, or at the dawn, or when the sun warmed the dear earth, which shall elate me again, and give me faith and hope and love. Dear place amid the mountains, stars and the dawn, the mountain stream, the scents of the woods and of the thyme, the summer's heat, the distant snows, the clouds, the rain and the storm—nature's self, be with me still, when I am far away! Uphold, inspire!

7th September, Sunday, 6.15 a.m.

This morning I woke in the sunrise. It rose, a dart of intense fire, a light above the mountain ridge in a cloudless pale blue sky, and now its warmth is everywhere around. All was silent. Not a sound proclaimed its advent.

Oh, sunrise, be with me when I am far hence! When confusion comes, be with me still—sole star rise again, and fill my sky with light! Ah me, if one could remember always.

To-day I leave Bel Alp.

13th September, Saturday, 10 a.m. *Hôtel Foyot, Rue Vaugirard, Paris.*

I must not lose my point of view. At Bel Alp it was the mountains and the heavens; it is here the city, the gathered achievements of mankind, and man himself. And, as at Bel Alp it was not the detail but the ensemble, so here it is not the detail—least of all the miserable detail, *l'ordure*—but the ensemble, life, life's process and product.

And what an achievement Paris is! I am here in the midst of it—alone. Let me seek to realize it, that is, to see it as a whole. Yesterday I went by the 8.25 a.m. train to Chartres. I was disappointed. The Cathedral, as a whole, did not impress me and its “idea” was pulverized by the gaudy and trivial decorations of the altars, and the superstitious offerings of the worshippers. But the three great entrances, north, south, and west, were superb in conception, and touchingly beautiful in execution. The stained glass, again, was too isolated from the construction of the building, rendering the building, the interior, dark, and itself too brilliant. The whitewash, again, or distemper, gave the interior surface of the building a blunt and vulgar texture. The modern treatment, again, of the interior of the choir spoilt its sanctity, and the more ancient exterior was too obstructively decorative—the two, in combination, detestable—visible degradation from the gravity and sincerity of the whole, and of the three portals north, and south, and west.

The building itself, could it speak and tell the history of its creation, would create a stranger building still, wrought of the enthusiasm, worship, despotism, revolt, desecration, superstition, toleration, as the passion of mankind made and unmade it in fact and in idea. I wish I could learn to speak for it—to realize for myself *its* life, and the life which has been around and of it, and has now left it—left it moribund.

14th September, Sunday.

On entering the Louvre, I feel that the majesty of life has resumed its sway. Outside in Paris, how illimitably little

it is, and how vain it is in such a world to produce, to attempt to produce, the sublime, the balance, the beautiful. To produce a single figure, the creator must have the support of the life amid which he is: the figure, *his* production, must be but the carriage into the abstract of the life which is being lived around him. Oh, greatest life of the gods when to do is to do well, when the beautiful and the sublime are but the goal towards which all things are moving, and when the impressions of the artist are but their outlined anticipation!

Compare the contortions of modern sculpture with the divine serenity of the Greeks.

Alas, *when* shall we moderns have an imaginative world which shall give dignity, measure to the real?

Folies Bergères. Among the men and women of genius and of prodigious application for giving their gifts to the polish of perfection, must be included the artists and artistes of variety entertainment—conjurers, equilibrists, riders (horses and bicycles, etc.), contortionists (Zavan), walkers on the wire (a most marvellous balance), etc., some of whom I saw last night at the *Nouveau Cirque*, and some of whom I am seeing to-night at the *Folies Bergères*.

It is a wonderful world of raw material of men and women, some portions of which, containing the vital elements of perfection, are wrought into the aristocracy of ability. It is this aristocracy of ability which one should make it one's business in life to familiarize oneself with, to live with.

It is the aristocracy of ability, so polished, which constitutes the "worth" of the world. The rest is rubbish. And it is for the "rubbish" that Christianity would seek to make *its* world, according to Nietzsche? And what a world of the "rubbish" Christianity has made! Or rather, what a world the "aristocracy" have made of the world of Christianity!

15th September, Monday. *Hôtel Foyot*.

Yesterday after breakfast in bed, and lunching at the Restaurant Foyot (expensively and badly) I explored the

galleries (painting and sculpture) of the Louvre, and then pottered about the streets, and finally took a fauteuil (five francs) at the *Folies Bergères*. The performance throughout was perfectly decorous. But the restlessness of the audience, their hats and smoking (men kept their hats on throughout, though one removed his at my request) are a great nuisance. Between the acts or sets (there are three intervals) almost all the audience got up and adjourned to the promenade (a large adjoining hall with gallery and band) and "liquored up" and sat about or promenaded. I saw one young English lady, whose youth and fresh colour were in the usual contrast to the *fade* colour of the French. She was accompanied by a gentleman in evening dress, but evening dress was the exception.

This morning I read, in bed, the sketch in Baedeker of the building of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and of the burning of the latter, "*une heureuse démolition*," as Vandervelde described it the other day.

I am greatly rested by staying in bed the morning. I recover, moreover, my mental balance. What a world—how interesting, how astounding, as it flies through space and time.

16th September, Tuesday, 10 a.m. *Hôtel Foyot*.

I breakfasted at 8.30, and since have been reading *L'Orme du Mail*. Yesterday I lunched at the Duval, Boulevard St Michel, near the end of Rue Racine, and then went to the Institut Pasteur, to meet Dr Morax. He explained to me the objects and processes of the institute and the institute itself, also the chemical laboratory and hospital, on the other side of the street.

The discovery and classification of microbes, the conditions upon which their existence depends, the control of those conditions, so as to be able to develop or destroy the microbes. The classification of the symptoms by which their presence or absence, in any given case, may be determined.

Discovery—isolation—multiplication—test by inoculation—effects—treatment—anti-toxin—method of production. Collection of animals for purposes of experiment: (a) specifically with view to man; (b) generically with view to science.

Chemical laboratory.

Hospital for all infectious and contagious diseases, isolation of each patient—study—research.

Winter course open to all.

Dr Morax thought the time was not yet ripe for direct experiment on men, but it was essential that they should be submitted for treatment, as in some cases the human being alone was the condition determining the existence of the microbe.

The manageress of the Hôtel Foyot would probably be of the same opinion, as on my return she expressed the opinion that M. Pasteur was a man who should have been immortal, in view of the imbeciles who lived and survived.

The rest of the afternoon I spent in wandering about, and climbed to my room at 9 p.m., and lay on my bed, and read awhile before going to sleep. I slept badly, tormented by mosquitoes.

17th September, Wednesday, 10 a.m. In the train to London.

I am now leaving my “holiday” behind—or the “change” to which I have been submitted for the last five weeks, and with its results incorporated am now on my way back once more to face the problem of life at No. 7, and do my best.

I wonder what the net result of the holiday is?

Two great contrasts are present to my mind—nature, and Paris; two great creations, one of God, one of man, though in each was something of the other. In Switzerland, the chalet, the cattle and the pastures; in Paris, the sun and the moon, and the stars, and sometimes the storm, with the rain. Two great facts. And it is with those two great facts that I have made communion as best I could; with those two great facts as whole, as movements—to what ends? Separate, or the same?—and not with their details. And with the memory of

them in my mind, I will devote my future to the development of what God may have placed within me of "good"—of that something which in its full development should be the same with Him, the same with the whole, purified of that which is not itself—the whole, the balance, the beautiful, the good.

23rd September, Tuesday.

I reached England safely—and not very miserable after the "sea voyage." The train journey from Paris to Dieppe was very pleasant. I had *déjeuner* in the *wagon-restaurant*, and the sides of the *wagon* being one long stretch of glass I was able to see the pretty green country as we flew through it. There was a strong head wind on the Channel, but the sky was clear, and the narrow boat sang its way across and through the sea. But I had to sit motionless, and it seemed a never-ending affair. But at last the land of England came in sight, and then the pier, and then the vessel drew up alongside the station, and there was rest. The ride home through Sussex and Surrey was lovely too, and the sun sang gloriously to its close in the west! London was shrouded in darkness as we passed into it. And so I came home again.

28th September, Sunday morning.

Out of the grey mist the sun rises, or rather *into* the grey mist the sun rises and, piercing it, paints the wall with sunlight. It is the pageantry of the world which we all pass by—"it is so common"; yet so wonderful, that to contemplate it only were enough for the few short years of life that are given us. To have added to that the power to work in the spirit of it, to sing its great life in one's own life—how great a gift is that.

Yesterday I wrote to the *Westminster Gazette* that it was a pity we could not be a great nation, that having been extravagantly unjust we could not be extravagantly generous, and subscribe twice over all that South Africa wanted to restore its ruined farms. But England will not.

It would not be enough for two or three to subscribe—though that would be something. What one would wish to see would be the whole nation rising and acclaiming the idea, and subscribing towards it, as the generals were acclaimed on landing in England—barren acclamation, without the subscription. But England will not.

At the Bindery, looking over the *Paradise Lost* sheets, preliminary to binding—the sun, dear brilliancy, shining through the window on to the table and myself, making the moving water glisten, the west wind rustling the dry leaves, and gently shaking them, dead, from the living tree. O, world of wonder!

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, Good Lord deliver us!

I have a bias to fault-finding—to carping—to “envy, hatred, and malice.” Good Lord deliver me!

I will try to see the good in men, and I will try to love their happiness, to rejoice in *their* success. How hard it is genuinely to desire one’s own *goodness*. Goodness, whose essence is another’s joy.

29th September.

I am neither for nor against Empires, just as I am neither for nor against elephants. But I do not want to trample, and I object to be trampled upon. A great nation is a just nation, and a just nation is a great nation, and to be fair *and* generous is to be very great. The idea of justice is a divine idea—one of the many great creations of humanity, and every people that aspires to be great should do it homage, and it would give to the people of the Empire, the myriad peoples, a new inspiration if they could believe that, of the Empire of England, it was the master passion. We have not been just to South Africa, but the past is irrevocable. The present only is ours—and that hardly. Let us essay to give it distinction, and to our myriad peoples consolation and hope, by being now generous.

A few thousand pounds, a few hundred thousand pounds

even, would not serve the purpose. It would be more embarrassing than helpful. Who could select? Who could distribute the thin award? To be sufficient it must be enough. It must be a sum to go all round. It must, moreover, betoken the nation's awakening. It must be generous. It must be even extravagant.

The important creations of mankind are its ideas, more important than its realities—*St Francis* than *Francis*, the idea of the saint than the man.

So, perhaps (on a lower plane), *Mackail's Life of Morris*, than *William Morris*, his own life.

30th September, Tuesday.

My letter was in the *Westminster Gazette* yesterday. We are sovereignly contemptible, because we prefer possessions to ideas—*S. Africa*, to the idea of justice.

We are incapable of going to war for an idea, or of sacrificing possession to it; and yet ideas are the sovereign possessions of the world, the only empire worth ruling.

2nd October, Thursday.

I do not believe in the doctrine of *William Morris*. I do not believe that pleasure in one's work produces ornament. Nor do I believe that ornament has any special privilege in the production of happiness. Ornament is born of faculty, and may or may not be preceded, accompanied, or followed by happiness.

5th October, Sunday, 1 p.m.

I have just been to the Bindery to look through the vellum *Tennyson*, now bound, and they make me sick at heart. In so small a book all the sheets should have been perfect, and very few are so. In some cases the skins are the fault—rough, horny, discoloured—and consequently also the press work; in others the press work alone, though here, doubtless, also the skin has something to do with it. But oh, how sick I feel!

I believe, if I had been solely responsible, I would have seen that twenty perfect sheets were produced.

8th November, Saturday evening.

This morning I was reading Sabatier's *St Francis*. For St Francis, Christ was the whole world; Christ was everywhere; Christ was in the heavens, in the sun, and moon and stars; Christ was on the earth in every living thing, in the stones also; Christ was in the great deep. As when we look upon the unclouded sun, and turn our eyes to the heavens, we still see its luminous disc, till the whole sky and earth are peopled with its image, so St Francis saw and multiplied Christ. Christ to St Francis was the visible world, and satisfied and at peace he could give himself to joy, and greet everything living or unliving that partook of Being only, as his dear brother, his dear sister. What is wanted now is again the perception of the miracle in the common.

St Francis and his transformation of life was the perception in it of the miraculous.

The transformation of our life—of labour—demands also the perception in it of the miraculous: it demands a new spirit, working to a new goal.

Labour awaits the new St Francis, and his coming is as sure as are the steps of the dawn now advancing through the silent spaces of the night. Let us prostrate ourselves before the ideas of the whole, the beautiful, the good, and the image of the new life will be impressed upon our eyes and seen everywhere, as was impressed upon the eyes of St Francis the image of Christ, and in their light labour will be transfigured, and be the exercise of all our faculties in the building of the new City Beautiful, the city within and without, each the counterpart of the other, the city which is the soul's form.

14th November, Friday.

The Labour movement is not a movement for wages; it is a movement for the transformation of the world in the spirit

of the whole, and for justice as the law of man's spiritual well-being (and for justice as man's supreme law).

16th November, Sunday morning.

We have now reached Samuel in our Bible. And just now I read that touching Song of David:

I am distressed for thee my brother Jonathan,
Very pleasant hast thou been to me.
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.

I should like to print it all in capitals.

How beautiful it is. How, across the years, pathetic. I cry hot tears over it—I, even now!

In the days of St Francis, St Francis had Heaven to describe, with which he filled the hearts of his hearers, and *its* light was shed upon the darkness of the world.

But to-day, where that vision was there is but its faint memory. It *is* not; it only was.

And what is there for us to-day?

There is a mighty vision of the world itself. The terrible vision of the rush of its mighty but ordered forces, in the sun and the moon and the stars; the rush of its mighty forces, in the make and the maintenance of the world; the forms of its delicate love, in the creation of the colours of the skies, and the tenderness of love.

St Francis was a Christian; it is necessary now *not* to be a Christian.

Christmas Day.

I am sitting up reading the last chapters of the second book of Kings. It is about 11 a.m. The bells have been ringing for Christ's birth. The sun is shining through the windows, and little waves are lapping against the river walls, and sending their waves of sound to my ears.

The wind shakes the windows—all else is still.

Should I not be up, telling the children the history of to-day—Christ's birth?

But why? Can I sweep my hand across the sky, and tell them of *its* birth?

Let them live and see and learn what they have a heart to learn. They would not heed me.

The sun shines now. Let them *feel* the sunshine. They are in God's hands. He will make their souls to grow as well as their bodies; in *His* good time.

The sun shines more and more—and I am awake and alive in this wonderful world. I read aloud, and I hear my own voice—my own voice in the stillness.

I—what then is this I?

1903

5th January, Monday.

I am reading Job, and am aghast at the task for the printer. How am I to arrange it? Print straight on, verse after verse, or group the verses by the light of my own interpretation, or ought I to follow Scrivener?

2nd February, Monday.

On Saturday I came down to Peppard, intending to go on to-day to St Ives, partly to rest and get a little colour (Annie said I was quite yellow), partly to see Richard, and partly to ease the housekeeping, as we at present have no cook; but St Ives now seems a long way off, so I am staying on here. Peppard will perhaps give me as much "colour" as St Ives, and I am near to London if anything is wanted.

Saturday, 7.20 a.m.

In bed, reading Plumptre's *Ideal Life of Ecclesiastes*. The wind gently shaking the open window. The hammers of Thornycroft sounding on iron, the birds twittering, the sun, gentle awakener, sending its light over all, and in bright squares picturing the walls opposite. Thus being the world, how sweet it is to live, to dream!

Yesterday, as after rain I cycled in the park westward under the trees from the Marble Arch, the same thought came, and my oft-times heavy heart was lightened—I felt gay, though old! And my life grows gayer, kinder as it mounts the hill. Welcome this new turning of the leaf, this new spring!

13th April.

It is early morning—the exact time I do not know, but the sun has risen, and the thrush is singing his sunrise song. I am in the top room of 7 Hammersmith Terrace, and Annie is with me. Only two more mornings shall we be here, and then never more. We move on Wednesday to River House, Hammersmith. So dies for us Hammersmith Terrace.

How beautiful the morning is. I wake from troubled sleep, and strive to rise to the higher vision which interprets and gives peace. This is Easter Monday. Christ has risen.

What are my troubles? River House has involved a transformation which has cost half of its original price, and drained my purse dry. Two volumes of *Elia* have been spoilt by the man to whom they were entrusted, by miswashing sheets sent to him to clean. Perhaps a loss of £60, besides *the* loss of the books themselves.

The — Press has spoilt the binding of 160 *William Morris*, and a like quantity of *Ecce Mundus* (Hammersmith Publishing Society)—just when I wanted to send 300 copies to America.

These are some of my “woes.”

But they are not the world’s woes—why then mine?

Oh, *mea culpa, mea culpa, mea gravissima culpa.*

And how I long to be good, good as the fountain of life. God of life, help, help me!

7th August.

I left London on Monday morning the 27th July for Bel Alp, and the first voices I heard on the stairs on arrival were those of the —s. Alas, poor me! Presently I found Mrs Tuke, an old friend, was staying at the hotel—but oh, the —s. They also have turned up.

Sunday was a glorious day, and I think I only basked.

Monday was also fine. Climbing from the glacier on Monday, I overtook the Cassel party, and was invited to call at Rie Villa. In the evening I received a note from Mrs Cassel inviting me to lunch.

Tuesday I lunched with the Cassels. Very kind and hospitable. Party consisted of Sir Ernest Cassel, Mrs Cassel, the Ashleys, Mrs Maguire, Mrs Sturgess (*née* Meredith, daughter of George) and myself.

Wednesday I was not very well, felt faint and gasping. In the evening went up the Rieder Horn, and coming down late, about 8 p.m., was espied by Sir Ernest Cassel, who very kindly sent the footman out to invite me in to dine, Sir Ernest being himself visible waiting on the terrace, but I declined. I felt I must not accept any invitation, and must guard my liberty.

I went straight to my room. Presently the landlady came to my room. Would I not have something to eat? Was I not well? So I ordered some *Zwiebacke* and hot water. Later came a note from Mrs Tuke. Was I ill, could she do anything? To which I replied, Quite well, quite happy, enjoying the quiet; but would go first to her, should I want anything.

And so I sat and read, and *was* happy.

At 11 o'clock I sallied out to see the moon, and saw the Cassels (and heard their silks rustling) up from the gorge. They too had been out to see the moon. I walked up with them as far as the villa.

Thursday I felt better. In the evening I talked violently at dinner, and so out-talked the damnable ——s.

In the evening at 10 p.m., provided with a lantern, I called at the villa, and invited the ladies to go up the Rieder Horn. Spectacle. Door opens; enter upon gorgeous apartment and gentlemen and ladies in full dress, seated round a card table, Cobden-Sanderson, in cape and knickers, with alpenstock, and large lighted lantern. Much amusement; but I advised the damsels not to go, as clouds were threatening.

I went up alone.

And now I have arrived at to-day (Friday the 7th August). It is the forenoon, and I suppose the luncheon hour (12.30) is approaching. I am seated in a wicker armchair, with my legs on a bench with *Media* (Story of the Nations) on my knees or lap, writing these notes and basking in the sun, refreshed by little breezes from the east. I am looking into the Rhône Valley above Moerel, and have the villa and hotel visible on my right. I am dressed in khaki knickers, and the Swiss artisan's linen coat.

In the evening I walked on to the hills behind the *dépendance*, away from the table d'hôte, and loved the mountains and the sunset, and I aspired, ah, to become one with the spirit of all!

Can one, by willing, get nearer and nearer?

The moon was well nigh at the full.

I returned in the shadow of night to my room, and slipped in. I had *Zwiebacke* and hot water for supper, and until 11 o'clock worked at Psalms cxlii, cxliii, but could not get them right. I had a bad night's rest—oppressive dreams.

15th August, Saturday.

Wet morning. Read Isaiah.

What a strange thing this "belief" in the Bible is, this careful searching of its pages for God's message! And glibly we speak of God, and of His ways with men.

Can we not in the fresh air of to-day, and by virtue of our own wits, bow down in rhythmic sympathy with the great movement of the world, leaving the great God (surely by us incomprehensible) unnamed?

18th August, Tuesday.

How we stare at one another, with glazed eyes like shop windows. And how we look at the shell of nature.

Is there nothing within, nothing to be reached and held fast?

24th August, Monday.

On seat near hotel.

I come out here to be a little less commonplace than I am at home; to shake off routine; to wake in the night, to sleep in the day; to dine now and then, and not always; to be silent, and not to listen—to go in short my own way as the humours of the moment prompt, and from the height of the mountain to look down and up, and from thence upon the life of the plain.

28th August, Friday.

Cloudless day of blissful sunshine. Was up early, and saw the dawn—rose red.

God, a projected ideal of ourselves in the direction of infinity.

29th August, Saturday. Rieder Furka.

My last day here but one—to-morrow I go back to Hammersmith. I have just made a list of the visionary lands, past and future, which await me there to travel in.

Alas, how well I am, and how I should like still to stay on here in this living sun, and to watch it rise and set, and in the light and shadow still awhile to meditate!

Midnoon, on the ridge of the Rieder Horn. Blissful, blissful sunshine, and cooling little waves of wind, and from the gorge the sound of falling waters. Ah, gracious product of the forces of the world! How it should inspire faith in all the lovely times yet to come, spaces of rest and perfect beauty opening out of the world's storms, and efforts to become, to be.

4th September, 7 a.m. At River House.

I left Rieder Furka about 9.30 last Sunday morning, the 30th August.

The weather is bright and very warm, and home is beautiful, and both Bindery and Press in perfect order.

I must now to work—but also look to my health and keep well, keep well!

5th September, Saturday, 7 a.m. In bed.

So the sands run out!

6th September, Sunday.

There is a movement of mind in the world. The question for each of us is, Shall we take part in that movement, live in it, or shall we not? Shall we take part in the forward movement, the development of the Cosmos of mind, or shall we pirouette only, eddying around our own little selves?

And now I will reveal to you the purpose of my holidays—of my life of freedom upon the Alps. It is not to enjoy the air, to make pleasant excursions, to talk about the beauty of the weather, to admire the wonder of the view. I do all these things, but they are by the way, they are but a disguise in which I hide the higher purpose—which is to put my spirit into communion with that spirit of the larger aspects of the world, the sun's dawn and set, the night's silence and the day's, the persistent mountains' summits, unchanged amid our changes from year to year, the life of other things which are not our life, the life of the solitary eagle, soaring, poising and lost, the life of the myriad ants and bees and butterflies and moths, and see the innumerable hosts of nature, which live unseen, unheard, uncivilized, their own lives out upon the mountain tops. It is to put my spirit into communication with this spirit that I haunt in silence, and alone, the mountain tops, listen for it, yearn for it, pray to be one with it; and, as it lives grandly on the grand scale, so to live my own life, disdaining not, as it disdains not, the smallest right act, but doing *all* in the spirit of the whole.

10th September, Thursday.

I am not greatly interested in the decoration of books, though I decorate them; it is in the ideal of which the binding and decoration of books are illustrations that I am interested, and therefore secondarily in the decoration and binding of books.

And yet I must not depreciate the craft, or crafts. It has been as wings to my name, and has given me many a dear friend in far off lands, whither otherwise alone I should never have penetrated, and whom otherwise I could never have known.

But if the crafts be pursued without this resting upon ideas, there will come a reaction, and they will be swept away with a great destruction, and we shall all be set once more face to face with life's opportunities, with one more great trial discredited.

Let us be modest, reverent, and repentant.

11th October.

Do not let the world impose upon us. It is not so solid nor so everlasting as it seems. In a few short years the sun will set upon it for each of us for ever, and never any more shall we see its now so familiar face.

30th November.

Progress—what is it itself but a funeral and a bridal procession alternately leading, all in one, each of the other cause and consequence? One synthesis dies, another is born, and the rejoicing turns to mourning, the mourning to rejoicing. For who shall not mourn as the old world lies low, though its shadow be lit by another dawn? And who shall not rejoice in the coming light, though the old be passed away?

7th December, Monday.

Keep steadily in view that bookbinding (and printing) for my purpose is strictly an illustration only: all the while I have in my mind the whole of life, τὸ πᾶν ὁ κόσμος, and it is the order, the swing and rhythm of that whole towards which I turn and bend all the powers of my life, in the desire to be at one with them, and at once at rest and in motion.

30th December.

The year is approaching its close, and I must arrange a programme for the coming one, and in the coming one, should I live, essay to lift myself into a manlier frame of mind, so that at the end I may look back upon the work done and on its accomplishment—never myself to mar better work still.

1904

14th February, Sunday evening. River House.

I am alone. Annie and Stella are in Paris, Dickie is at Peppard. To-night I am rising slowly out of a state of depression which has kept my life in abeyance. I long for a life above the petty employments which have filled my time, and crushed my soul, in the last week or two. The pettiest of all is the canvass for the return of two Progressive Councillors to the L.C.C. The cause is great, and associated with great things, but oh, the people!

Then I have spent too much time in packing and dismissing to their owners the second volumes of the Bible. There again the cause is great, but the soul wearies.

And I know not why, the air is not cheerful; and maybe that the restless wind and the unceasing rain cloud the inner, as they cloud the outer, life. It may be that I am only old and tired, and old things are wearing out, and new things do not come. And yet, and yet—to give up hope is indeed to die.

17th March, Thursday.

The sun, oh, the sun, the long longed-for sun, shines at last, at last, and spring is coming, is coming!

Oh, the long dreary winter!

The dear sun shines on my table, on my paper, and casts the shadows of my hand and pen as I write.

Long have I yearned for it, and now it is come, and my

yearning to go south in search of it is appeased. I am at rest, even here.

I had planned to go south, to the Holy Land, a pilgrim with "the Catholic Association" guided by a bishop of the Catholic Church. But the sun is shining here; why should I go?

And I have many things to do, and much to recall and to be.

Here then I sit, and the dream shall be enough.

17th April, Sunday morning. Paris.

The bells are tolling for church. Surely it is a good thing to go to church—to take the service as a whole, without too querulous inquiry into details. The accumulated prayers of humanity. For it is as humanity *en bloc* that each one is there to constitute it. The petition of the creature to the creator, of the creature to the creator in himself, the spontaneous effort to evolve into nobler forms of being, to bring into consciousness one *cause*, to lay bare the source of doing, to dwell upon it, to enlarge, to purify it. And if as now (can I not now?) I cannot go, yet I can sit here and bring into my consciousness others' service.

15th May, Sunday, 8.55 p.m. River House, in my bedroom.

The light has not yet left the sky. All the evening it has been passing from one beauty to another, and now it is nearing its end. How beautiful, how silent. And at this moment, far off, my dear ones—Annie, Stella and Dick—must be about to say good-bye to Paris and to set their faces homeward. All this night they will be travelling, travelling whilst I sleep, and to-morrow, I hope (ah me, if it were otherwise!) to see them. The house has been swept and garnished, and has now a more than Dutch brightness; and it is painted within and without—again with a more than Dutch completeness. And how pretty it is. Stella is a grown-up maiden, long gowns, and hair done up, a delightful, darling, sweet companion for our old age; and Dick is now a man, a member of

New College. He passed "Smalls" in March, at the second trial, and in April he was admitted to New College, and he is coming home to work for the additional (the *Siècle de Louis XIV*) in July.

3rd June, Friday.

The anniversary—centenary—of the birth of Cobden.

Cold, sunless, grey. Strange that on this day one hundred years ago was born in obscurity a man whose ideas should so greatly change the world. Strange too that this centenary should fall amid a reaction, under the guise, indeed, of a mere re-statement.

We are all going down to Heyshott to keep the day at his birthplace. To-morrow there will be a great gathering at the Alexandra Palace.

10th June. River House.

I am very easily distracted, or rather the fine material of which my dreams are made is very easily dissipated. As in the Alps I have seen the vapours of which the clouds are made tossed and torn by the wind in the valleys, before they could reach the heights, when they gather into steadfast clouds, so are my visions driven to and fro, and broken up by the accidents of the hour.

And how lethargic and tired I am, within those bright dreams! Nothing to live for, nothing to work for, nothing to be. This morning I am up and dressed early, and as I sit in peace before the open window, the dreams—the visions and the vision of the world—come back, and I bow myself, a worshipper before them.

22nd June, Wednesday. Hôtel Scheideck, Pontresina.

I am reading the Bible—the story of Joseph; a primitive literature, suitable for this primitive aspect of the earth's surface. Looking about me I see nothing but the green earth, grass, flowers and trees, a snow-fed torrent murmuring as it

falls to the valley, the mountain tops, snow-capped and bare of all things, and over all a cloudless sky, sun-full. And near to me little gusts of wind move the tall grasses, flies shoot to and fro, and the industrious ants are already at their toil.

How far does science look into this simple scene, and analyse and explain?

Yet how much it is in itself, this new, never to be seen again day. One sole impression, all brought to a unity in "It is I!"

Whence is it? What is it? What is there behind, within, or beyond and around it?

Oh, into its stillness, into its Being, let my own soul sink and be one, be one with it!

I arrived last night from London. I was utterly tired, and everything was a toilsome hill to climb, and I had no strength to climb it. But here—how changed!

23rd June, Thursday. Bernina Pass.

When a man becomes a priest, and touches the mystery of religion, he should remain behind the veil, and not go to and fro, and sit at table d'hôte—mostly at the head—like common men.

24th June, Friday, 9 a.m. Pontresina.

On the summit of the waterfall on the Bernina Road; brilliant sunshine.

Labour is one of the four great causes of the world, of which the three others are Religion, Science, Conduct; and Labour is all the more sacred now because its liberation is now in its infancy, and all the more disgraceful is it to England to have shackled it with enslaving conditions in the Transvaal, because of the opportunity that England then had of declaring its supremacy, in and for itself, as one of the ends which with Conduct, Science and Religion shall at last make the whole world a song such as was sung by the angels at its first creation, and such as was sung when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

It is enough that Labour has been disregarded as an end in itself, and that it has by stringent regulations been made wholly subservient to the accumulation of a mere material, however "precious," and to its location, not in the hands of those whose labour is regulated, but in the hands of those by whom the regulations have been imposed. Labour has been deprived thereby of all dignity. It is deposed from its height as one of the four great causes of the world; it is but a hoe, or a mattock.

Why should any labour be limited? It is not *labour* that should be limited—we should all labour to our utmost—it is not labour, it is the power of one man, or body of men, over another man's labour that should be limited. Labour should be free and open to every man, and every man should labour, and every man would labour were the causes or the ends of labour revealed to him, and the ends of life into which labour enters, at once as a means and an end. The end of life is a harmony like the world's great harmony; a song like the world's great song, of which Science gives the notes and scheme, Religion the impulse, Conduct the mode, and Labour the song itself.

Are not children about us to remind us of our origin?

25th June, Saturday.

I do not find, on taking stock of my life, that it issues in "conduct"—perhaps it ought so to do. It seems really to issue in vision—a vision I do not expect to externalize, though I may hope in some small, some infinitesimally small degree, to tend towards it. Is this action conduct? This action to make the vision prevail? Conduct it may be, and both dynamic and static—dynamic in so far as it tends to improvement, static in so far as it, so to speak, turns round upon itself without ulterior purpose.

In the valley above the hotel. How exquisite is the coming on of night. The day's rain has ceased, and a space of broken sky has cleared and lets the light still shine. The

woods seem hushed preparatory to sleep, the running and falling waters only are audible, and a solitary bird that pipes anywhere, everywhere.

26th June, Sunday. Pontresina.

I am haunted by that appalling destruction by the Russian Fleet of the Japanese transport—coldly, deliberately to fire into a defenceless ship—full indeed of life-destroying guns and men, yet at the moment incapable of action—to fire into them and sink them all into the silence of the deep—what an appalling act of war!

After table d'hôte. I sit stone silent at dinner, and sometimes in my letters home allude to my aloofness. This is not the strong side of me—if I have a strong side—and I ought to put Richard and Stella on their guard against it. I do not wish *them* to sit stone silent; but apart from any profounder explanation lying “in the abysmal depths of personality,” the explanation of my silence is this: that I really come to the mountains to come into touch with the wonder and sublimity and *silence* of Nature, and that to enter into relations with human beings militates terribly against this coming into touch with Nature. They bring with them precisely that which I am here to avoid—the commonplace. This is the explanation. The truth is, I am very much “in the air,” with a very faint sense of reality here—it might quite well all be a dream—and I am not perhaps quite responsible for the aloofness, which in point of fact, again, is my veritable and essential self. It is only in such aloofness that I can really live. If there were a monastery for such as myself to go to, I would go to it. But I know of none. And hotels are incurably filled with the atmosphere of the tourist and the idler.

27th June, Monday, 3.30 p.m.

On the shore of the Silser See. Overlooking the road from St Moritz into Italy.

Is there anything more soothing than sunshine and shade

on the high mountains in summer, the hum of mountain streams, the lap of the waters of the lake—and far off the cuckoo sounds. O God, the stillness, the refreshment!

28th June. At the top of the waterfall.

They bring their petty thoughts and greetings into the mountains, and bray them out like asses. It is time to meet such “breaches of the peace” with the assistance of silence, or the retort sharp.

“Another glorious morning!”

The morning has no need of your help to proclaim its glory. The morning speaks for itself.

I should like to found a league of silence—a society, the members of which should everyone be the sole and whole society, and whose rule should be, in the mountains, to say and reply to nothing—save cries of help in extremity. The silent obeisance of the head should be permitted, silent, solemn, dignified, on the mountain side or roads, but in all hotels and hostelries the silence of the visitors in one another’s presence should be absolute.

17th July, Sunday, 7.40 a.m. River House.

I am at my writing table, almost too happy in “being” to do anything, for each word I read (I am arranging the second volume of Milton for the Doves Press) sets me thinking or dreaming. I lift up my eyes to gaze outward upon the pleasant sunshine on the trees, and listen to the happy birds.

19th July, Tuesday.

O happy days! The sun still reigns supreme, a gentle wind rustles the leaves, and brings the sound of the sea. I am at my early morning’s work on Milton.

31st July, Sunday. Brookwood Park.

I came here yesterday with Dick to spend the week end with the Meinertzhagens—my young old friends of the Rieder

Furka. We were talking about bomb throwing, and it was met by belief in the divine right of kings. In the astonishment caused by this remark I forgot to add that there was no reason why the "divine right of kings" should stand in the way of the said kings being blown up.

I do not know that I do anything "on principle." I *am* the principle; and what I do is only its very imperfect expression.

10th August, Wednesday. *The Moorings, Bembridge, Isle of Wight.*

This is a lovely place—the garden overlooks, over a level line of hedge and between trees, the harbour filled with tiny sailing craft, and the sea to Southsea, whose shore at night is marked out with a line of brilliant star-like lights. We have taken the house, which conveniently holds us all and two maids, for four weeks. I am busy at moments with the revised and unrevised versions of *Job* with a view to the Doves Press, and at other moments sit like a stone in the sun or shade, and let the Great Earth, and all its solemn silences, enter into my soul.

11th August, Thursday.

I walked with Nature this morning, calmly, peacefully, with no end in view other than to walk, to be *in* Nature, part of it; and I found a spot off the high way, invisible to it, and sat me down. And then, what did Nature do for me? Surrounded me, made me the object of attack of innumerable buzzing flies which zigzagged in swift flight, and then, others keeping up the wild dance, alighted on me, and bit, or tried to bite me! What a return. But soon their curiosity was satisfied—I was found to be a nothing, nothing worth—and they all left me; but not in peace, for now the ants explored me, stupid things, crawling, bustling where nothing was to be found. Immense heights they scaled, with nothing on the top, and from which they were brushed or flung as soon as discovered. But they are really less sensible than the flies; they come and come again, and from experience they learn—nothing.

It is curious that all our educational establishments, except reformatories, are founded for knowledge and not for conduct, nor even for the knowledge of conduct.

I am inclined to think that the only dignified way of travelling in the country is to travel on *foot*. It is the way in which (barring the flies!) we can enter most intimately into Nature, both pause with her and go with her—on foot, with a light knapsack containing all that we need for the cleansing of one's body, and proper equipment of clothes.

13th August, Saturday. River House.

Yesterday I left Bembridge.

Home looked very forlorn—empty. And I felt forlorn too, sans occupation, sans ideas, sans goal to fire me. My memory fails me even prospectively, I forget what I ought to do. No longer the path blazes in front of me, no longer I am driven as by the wind along it.

I moved my books about, and old ideas like moths or bats sprang out of them and flew to and fro, and something of the old past and the promised future came back to me. But alas, for the old beliefs, the old ardour—where is *that*?

On the far-off height still burns the beacon light, but it is my eyes, alas! which fail. What if it burns for ever, if they for ever fail? Ah light, burn within!

14th August, Sunday, 7.30 a.m. River House.

I am amazingly ignorant. My memory, like a blinded searchlight, spreads darkness wherever I look.

I must fight against this darkness, and for it substitute light.

To the determined soul life may always begin again.

I will begin again to-day.

23rd August, Tuesday.

One must let air and light in upon one's friendships. They must not be so close-hugged. Give them rest, give them leisure.

26th August, Friday.

What a spectacle the world is!

I am happy only in the contemplation of it, and in the execution of some work in conformity with the order which is prevalent in it. And not the spectacle only which is yielded to the senses marvellous as each day that is, but the spectacle also which is yielded to research—the life of the past, that which the world has been, the life of the present which is beyond the reach of eyes or ears, the light in the mountain, the hush in the forest, the wide watery way, the emotion and passion of man, and the dream of the future—the Ideal.

Strange that man, but a moment between two infinitudes, the past and the future, should so identify himself with the infinitudes as for their sakes to cast away his life of a moment, cast away, as on a vast scale are severally the Japs and the Russians, half a million, now engaged in destroying one another.

One form of being passes at death into another—in the tree at my window a mother sparrow (or father?) is feeding her fledglings with grubs or insects, themselves captured feeding on the tree which itself has won its food from the air and the earth. So also material things pass through the brain into things immaterial. The Japs and Russians die on the field of battle, and live again in history.

7th September, Wednesday.

I am haunted by vague alarms of disaster, or of being left forgotten and forlorn. Haunted like the “soul” in the *Palace of Art*; and yet I have no palace of art—unless it is my vanity.

8th September, Thursday.

I feel a sense of elation, of lilt, and rub my hands for the joy of life—I am in company with the great of old, Milton and the Bible. Yesterday I finished the literal comparison of the two volumes (A.V. and R.V.) and was stopped from

going further (as I see this morning) by the want of red ink. So this morning I take up Milton with a view to our second volume, and I feel among the great of old.

I am harvesting too, perhaps what was sowed yesterday—friends came and praised my work. I had ceased to feel it.

In the morning Count Kessler came and a friend of his from Leipzig; in the afternoon the Christies came. Then too, Richard is better and cheerfuller. He came back from town on Tuesday ill, pains in his head. He has been doing too much. He has rested, and is well again.

Again I have made one or two patterns, always a means of “lifting” me. I am free then to soar with Milton—with the great of old. Happy lot!

The world, being divided between the rich and leisured, and poor and burthened, we should lean to the latter; and if we have no burthen yet fastened on us, we should assume one voluntarily. Turning over the leaves of Pattison’s *Milton* I come upon the following passage by Milton, written when he was in Italy and had news of strife in England: “I considered it dishonourable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom.”

10th September, Saturday, 8.30 a.m.

A most beautiful late-summer morning—sky cloudless, no wind, chill sunshine, birds awake and piping their last songs among the falling leaves; though the branch in front of my window has put forth new leaves radiant as spring’s.

The important thing is not perfection and progress on the objective plane, in the things made, but progress and perfection on the subjective plane—in the maker.

14th September.

O, this world! How sad, and mad, and bad it is—and how beautiful, how heart-breaking the pathos. The Japs and the Russians strewing the ground with each other’s corpses,

blood red on grass green. And here am I, far away, yet for their sakes miserable.

And before me the morning has risen, and in the tree-tops amidst autumn's re-birth of leaves the birds hop and skip, and on my table are the works of Milton, in which are crystallized thoughts and emotions fit for all time.

18th September, Sunday, 10.45 a.m. At the Bindery.

At my table in the sunshine; in my ears the ripple of the river and the rustle of the trees in the fresh east wind. Where I look at the river it is all aglow with sunny spots, shifting with the ever-shifting waves, green light, starlight, sunlight, and I pause—in bliss.

The last few days I have been putting my house in order and have still much to do. I should like so to arrange all, that were I to be withdrawn to-morrow all would be in order—no hurry, no worry. The bells are ringing in chimes. Glad sound!

28th September.

I sit at my table in the early morning, and turn over my papers and notes, and as the stars in the twilight of a long summer's eve the old ideas rise one by one to their stations in the life within.

Thinking, at least my thinking, is a delicate operation, which requires stillness for its elaboration.

10th December, 7.30 a.m.

I had a strange feeling as I entered my bedroom last night. I seemed to be suddenly aware of myself—I heard the rustling of the paper I held in my hands—and to see myself as an “object” outside myself. Then I became conscious of a feeling of consciousness, and then the feeling slipped away, and I was left my usual self.

12th December, Monday.

I begin my life again to-day—the cosmic, with Mommsen's *Roman History*. I am up, after a struggle and a trial, and dressed. It has just gone 7 a.m. Many days past I have been longing to begin, to be up betimes in the morning at my table, at work “upon the world”—but the flesh has been weak, or the spirit not strong enough. But this morning I am up. Last night I was moved to the vision, and I went downstairs and took Mommsen from the shelf, and began; and now I sit as of old, at the same table, in the same direction, facing the north, and beneath me, in vision, the fair Mediterranean, and Greece and Rome.

18th December, Sunday morning.

Have you never watched the clouds moving or steadfast, in different planes in heaven? So it is in man: above the shifting scenes of the world in which he is swept along, whither or why he knows not, there is the upper world of steadfast emotion, in which he moves not, but ever only is. Above the passion-blown actions of the day there is the steadfast purpose of the years.

19th December, Monday, 6 a.m.

And how august is the dawn of ideas; how wonderful is man, their creator! How sublime across the ages man, seated in the “chair of justice,” the chariot seat, *sella curulis*; how star-like mystic and wonderful ideas, as they rise, created to take their station in man's firmament, ideas, which are man's risen soul, and as they shine, immortal, over life's mortality, man himself passion-tossed below.

Ah, bow down to them, rise to them, be as they—man's better self, his life above himself.

27th December, Tuesday.

Christmas has come and gone, and games and food alone have marked it. Nay, for me not games or food alone, but all uncharitableness, for I have loathed it.

In a dense fog all the week I have thought of, cared for, no one. And how insoluble a problem it is—or, is it?—to know how to care for others. And yet—*Annie* daily cares for others; to do so is her whole day's life. But I?

The only possible assumption comparable with what appear to be the facts of the world is that the world does not admit of adjustment to an ideal, although it may be the occasion of an ideal, that it is a place of trial only, and that each and all of us are severally and jointly *tried*, some by genius, and some by dullness, some by wealth, others by poverty—all alike *tried*, whatever the method may be. It may be that this trial is the essence of the present world. And yet the question, or a question, remains: What, then, are the qualities to be involved in the process?

29th December, Thursday, 7.15 a.m.

“In the western sea Rome had been obliged to rid herself of rivals.”

Why, I wonder, has the world been obliged to proceed upon this principle—the destruction of one's rival?

We are at the Court Theatre, Annie, Angèle, Stella and I, seeing Housman and Barker's play of *Prunella*—a charming bit of imaginative invention in this great city.

30th December.

It is indeed conceivable that upon entering upon the path of knowledge man has mistaken his way, that it would have been better for him to have taken no part, to have remained instead upon a pathless desert, open to the impressions of the undivided world, himself an undivided whole. It is possible. So many mistakes have been made by man that this supreme one may have been, and be, included in the number, and the legend of the Garden of Paradise be the primeval truth. Man has perhaps chosen “knowledge,” and therein and thereby lost what would and should have been his “life.”

If this be so, there is still a pathway open to him to the

recovery of the ignorance which is alone compatible with life—to know that he knows nothing, to immerse all his so-called knowledge in his infinite ignorance, and in the silence thereof to watch the whole which his knowledge has revealed to him, as the undivided man of the pathless desert looks upon the infinitude of heaven, the sun, and moon and stars, shut up and revealed alternately in the alternating light and shade of day and night, of year and year, for ever and for ever.

It is this silence, this solitude and this ignorance, that in reality constitute the “life” of man.

31st December, 8.30 a.m.

It is now the last day of 1904, and I stand on the threshold of a new year. For some days past, till yesterday, a heavy fog has overhung London, but to-day is clear and cold. Last night the stars were visible, and to-day the sun. We begin, then, without a cloud.

And what shall I try to do in the New Year?

Attend to “The Vision.” Without the vision the people, without the vision I, perish.

I will bring European history into view. I have already begun, and am now reading the history of Rome. I hope to read on, and before the year is out, should I live, to bring the whole of Europe into view.

I will try also to revive Italian. And I will, to nourish the spirit, read again and from my Bible, the great Books of the Hebrews, also the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and perhaps, in some translation, Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Plato and Demosthenes. And I will try to make the spirit in all ways dominant and the master of the body, so that the body shall in all ways obey, and the spirit in all ways lead up the body to be one in aim with itself.

1905

5th January, Thursday, 7.50 a.m.

I have begun the year disastrously. But I will not despair. I will begin it again to-day.

6th January.

Some dispositions of the body and soul are specialized for function, but the function discharged, the dispositions should be returned into the whole, and find in the total function their supreme and final place.

20th January, Friday morning.

I am now engaged in making once more a fresh start. I have known that I ought to be up steadfastly at work at my own, and so of other's, redemption, but I have lain inert, and have succumbed in all ways, save for moments of obliged energy, to the lower self, which alone and only seems constant to itself.

I am up—seated at my table. The fire burns in the grate, from my chair at the table I look through the window upon the black silhouettes of the leafless trees, frozen to stillness; but I hear the awakened chirp of birds, and now and again the rush of an early train. Such is the appeal to the senses. But visible dimly to the inner eye, and as it were stretched at an immense distance below, I see Europe, Asia, and Africa surrounding the blue Mediterranean, and, moving from its centre and crushing the peoples, the hammer of Rome.

The question is: Is whatever is to be already in existence, so that we may describe the world that is, as the finite infinite? Or are we engaged in a development towards a goal at present undefined and non-existent, but which we shall define and create as we progress towards it? The doings of mankind, apart from such considerations, appear oppressively futile, and one is filled with despair when one contemplates the engrossment of the young—the old, we have the consolation of knowing,

are about to disappear—the engrossment of the young in the frivolous pleasures of an apparently aimless civilization. When we contemplate them, and imagine all that they might do and be in the days of their youth, in the presence of this admirable universe, we are—in distribution, due to our “civilization”—too many and too crowded, and in the incessant rain of impressions have no commerce with, no exposure to, the greater rhythms, whose immensity is nearer to control and give dignity to one’s own. It has been the aim, I imagine, of all great movements of revolution and reform, to rescue the young, to rescue “civilization” from this incumbency of chaos, and to substitute for it a noble purpose, a goal remote and infinite, which shall draw to it all the energies of the soul.

30th April. The Abbey Hotel, Great Malvern.

I have for six weeks to-day been “laid aside” with rheumatism: two weeks at home, three weeks and four days at Droitwich, and three days here. Many sleepless nights have I lain and groaned with pain, alone, and the world has seemed to take on the aspect of a dark conclusion to the light of my own poor life. But these watchful nights have been healed, and the pain has lessened till it is now little more than a weakness felt, and I am hopeful that in a few days more even this survival may have ceased, and I be wholly well again. But the same? I do not know.

In this interval I have done as near as may be—nothing. I have corrected a few proofs, settled a few knotty points of order, made or modified an old design for the Keir Hardie “Address,” and read a few novels, old and new.

The arts and crafts should be as the flowers of the field which carpet the wood with loveliness, and what one should aim at in dealing with them is to convert them, in creating them, into ideas, and not into cash, income or wage, to get that wide view of their gathered and distributed *beauties*, which the inner eye has of the remembered fields passed through one by one and laid out afresh under the mind’s peaceful,

memory-illumined sky. And so of all the other myriad creations of man, science, religion, the state. To aspire to be one with the universe is but to aspire to be one with one's own widest conception of existence, to be actuated by the same infinite variety of forces combined into unity by the supreme ideas of majesty, order and beauty. I imagine such aspiration to be one with the passion of love transferred to widest issues.

There is one set static universe, the Norm of Life, in which all force is at rest, at rest in equilibrium; and there are the infinitely numerous agitated visions thereof, isolated, unrelated or related, sequent, one; set in motion by passion, crime, terror, frenzy, even by hate, love, madness, ambition, or by the soft touch of the dreamer of dreams, the musician, painter or poet. But be the visions what they may, they are but visions which die again into the Norm, into the infinitude of rest, which is the tomb, as it is the womb, of all motion, the birthplace and the cinerary urn of all change, the All in All. It is with this All of change and rest that the soul of man aspires to be at one.

And yet is it nothing to have seen, to have dreamed, to believe that over and beyond one's self the sublime and inexplicable whole will proceed, will still be, though one's own self is not, and to project one's own being, whilst one still is, to the furthest limit imaginable of the unimaginable illimitable Vision, and in *that* to breathe one's last, and to pass over to *it* the breath which was and is one's self?

Is it absorption into one's self of the All, or into the All of one's self?

9th May, Tuesday, 3.30 p.m. British Museum.

I have just seen Swinburne pass through the library into the Large Room preceded by a lady and Watts-Dunton. Swinburne had on a grey, large, soft felt hat. His head, too, seemed vast, his shoulders, on the other hand, seemed slight and very sloping, and his figure plump but small. He walked

without moving his body, or arms, which were held down straight at his sides. So passed our greatest living poet. I rose from my seat to see him, and pondered upon the insignificance and significance of things. The library remained as undisturbed as the surface of a lake and its whole body of water by the entrance of an undistinguishable pebble.

30th May, Tuesday.

The poets are the supreme craftsmen—the poets at their best. But all life at its best is poetry.

Christianity is a work of art in progress, and must be brought to a finish. Craftsmen are engaged upon it now. Engaged, as the sculptor, in cutting out of the block of traditionary matter the clear lineaments of the Idea. It is not a matter of belief but of imagination; of an aspect or embodiment of adjustment.

27th July. Rieder Furka.

Why does this simple song of the blackbird, a few notes sung by a bird, invisible, nested midst the branches of a tree, seem great as the universe, and commensurate with it? Why this sublimity in a song devoid of meaning, this absoluteness accorded to so few notes? How beautiful, how pathetic how it resumes the song—song of humanity, sung in agony, sung in joy, sung into the void of infinitude!

Without any intention to jest this time, one may well ask once more, what is Truth, and what is its importance and relevancy in matters of religion? In matters of science, of botany for example, it is important for the truth of the science that any given species of plant-life should be accurately described in itself or in its relations to other plant-life. But given the accurate description, what then? Is it the description, the accurate description, the truth, which is important, or is it the plant-life itself? The plant-life itself in the first place, and then the idea of the life, the science of botany. I think it will be seen that if there is importance anywhere, it is first in the

life and then in the idea, and that truth is of importance only as the intermediary between the life and the idea, and that so far as the life itself is concerned the truth of science is of no importance at all, is indeed quite irrelevant. Plant-life, that is to say, can be conceived of as something in itself, independently of the science of botany, though for us that something can only be apprehended as a body of truth, as science.

But the question arises, is religion a something in itself different from its science, a something in the making, perhaps, the description of which may, indeed, give off science, but which as religion is not science, but is us, ourselves? I apprehend that it is *us*, our very selves at our best, that it is the glory and crown of our being; that humanity has been all along striving to become it, the something which is religion—and is still striving; and that all these so seeming objective investigations into the truth of religion are but a subjective striving to classify the same, to become, to be, even as the plant strives to arise out of the seed, which is also it, and ever again strives out of successive seeds. *That* is religion.

In our distress we can only pray to God, who has made us, to keep on making us, and to make us—better!

Survival of handicrafts. As the great sea has its corals and shells, and the earth its bluebells, and the illimitable heavens their bright dust of stars, so shall industry hold amid its uniformities, world-wide, great, and reposeful, the minor and major crafts of the hand, freed from all competition therewith and in their own work “all their power pouring,” with, for fruit, all their leisured beauty, as of the coral and shells, the bluebells, and the dust of the stars of heaven.

Amusement should *never*, even on a holiday, be made one’s main occupation; it should be always subordinate to some great work always going on, and everywhere.

2nd September, Saturday.

I propose deliberately to found my life in the future, as indeed in large measure I have done in the past, on *Wonder*.

Life is too strange to be lived out in commonplace acceptance. Its wonder, its awful strangeness, must be perpetually present to the imagination, and dominate the materialism, the so-called Reality, which is its negative.

24th September, Sunday. River House.

One of the most remarkable things in the teaching of Christ was His "authority." He "taught with authority, and not as the scribes." He heals diseases, also, with authority—by the power of His personality and word.

Again, He died with authority, impressively. He gave Himself to death that so, as by His personality men might learn to live, by His personality men might learn to die. He died by His own authority.

And it is thus that we must live and die—with authority, saying, "I will."

26th September, Tuesday. River House.

On Sunday morning I read Mackail's address on Homer, and cried. I never can read Homer without tears.

Sometimes—this is an old thought—I am despondent, in despair, but we must never give up, never, if we are the voice of the earth, the conscience; never leave the earth in the lurch.

2nd October, Monday.

Where there are two beings of unequal moral development, the higher may associate with the lower on condition that he does not fall to the lower, but holding fast to where he is, and climbing ever higher, he lifts to himself the lower. Christ, we are told, associated with sinners, but not to sin, or for sinners' sake, but sure in His own hope for Himself He extended His hope to the sinner. Let us all hope for and work towards the final good, abandoning none, but helping all as far as may be in us to do so, without presumption, without patronage, only holding fast, with whomsoever we may be, to the ideal goal, the ideal and real good.

18th November.

Sweet little cuckoo clock, setting out with minutes, and half-hours, and hours to measure eternity, and with cheerful "cuckoos" triumphantly to report progress! This I set in its place on the staircase yesterday, a gift from Bessie Hooley. It was given to her mother, who died fourteen days ago, on her wedding day—and has been going ever since.

2nd December, Saturday.

This is my birthday, and I am sixty-five to-day. Sixty-five. This time, then, sixty-five years ago I was lying on my mother's heart, feeling, for the first time in all the ages, the air of infinitude, breathing it as it lapped me round. Infinitude. And I, the seedling of what I am. Since then, have I not sought to appropriate, to make mine, the Vision of the world? The Vision in all its amplitude, in all its strength of magnificent orderliness, its sublimity, its beauty, its touching beatitudes? To be one with it, one with it in its equilibrium, one in action and emotion?

8th December, Friday.

In reading Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, I am inclined to think that Morris's life was something of a tragedy—that he missed his real life; chose the blue cloth, when he should have chosen the red! And that Rossetti was his bane. He should have become an architect, a master builder; he became instead—an upholsterer.

It seems strange that Carlyle, whom they read, so little influenced the "brotherhood"—so little influenced Morris himself. He seems to have made no effort to see him.

1906

16th January, Tuesday.

The days pass unfruitfully, spent on trifles or worse than trifles, and all the while unmindful of that great movement of

the ever unfolding universe which should be the constant spectacle of life, the sole object keeping all thought and all action at its own sublime elevation. I open the window and look out, and the vast dome of heaven is be-jewelled with the shining silent stars, and from behind the house, from the south, shines the invisible moon, and right in front the constant northern star.

O God, my God, O Universe, lift my thoughts, my heart, to Thee, to be one with Thee in daily and sublime advance, pausing never, drowsing never, but full from day to day, from night to night, with the fullness of Thy silent vision!

I resume the studies of my youth. Humboldt's *Cosmos*, vol. 1, author's preface.

17th January, Wednesday.

I have not sought in my work to satisfy the instincts or exclusiveness of collectors, but rather to impart that sense of order and still serenity of beauty which is excited by the contemplation of the universe itself, or of some of its isolated scenes—scenes of order and of beauty in themselves. This I think is essential in all art, be the objects of its creation great or small, the buildings of cities or empires, or the binding or the decoration of a book. And though I should fail to attract the attention of collectors, and fall with my work into oblivion, yet will I not myself lose hope of the goal I aspired to reach, nor of that to which I aspired to direct mankind, but will die in the divine hope that what I have aspired to be and to see, I shall yet see and be—God's face, and God's worshipper, all conscient.

18th January, Thursday.

I am now reading the Bible. I propose to go on reading it right through.

19th January, Friday, 6.15 a.m.

I arise from my bed and sleep, to dwell on God, and to wonder at the mystery of life.

All is very silent, save for the moan or inarticulate cry of remote awakening London. What a Being it is! How multifarious in constitution, and yet what unity!

21st January, Sunday, 6.30 a.m.

London is inaudible this morning. A profound silence envelops the city, and the only sound I hear is the flickering flame of my fire.

Yesterday I continued getting the Bindery in order, but was interrupted by a call from an American lady who wished to become a pupil. Evidently she has a "history" of some kind, some unhappy relation to her husband. For when, after we had talked at large about bookbinding from my point of view, she said that men of course thought nothing of women's work for its own sake or for woman's, but only of it as useful to themselves, and that her own husband had absorbed her own intelligence—she broke down into a sob, rose and stamped her foot, and walked to the end of the room, away from me, to hide her emotion. It was not that *I* had so treated woman, or woman's work, but on the contrary, perhaps because I had made the whole of life, for man and woman equally, to consist in "work," in the expression of the Cosmos in great and small, in man's own mind sphere. I allowed time for her to recover herself, and then that we might touch earth and common things, pointed out to her the drawings on the wall of books "as he would like them" by Burne-Jones, and the design for Chaucer by Morris. It was arranged that if she still wished it she should come to me at the end of October. Dear Annie returned on Friday evening, "bringing her sheaves with her"—the two victories at Glasgow and Bradford. She was looking very bonny and the better for the larger life—the life of public causes and of the goodness of the men whose victories she had helped to win.

I am reading the Bible—Genesis. These old stories are bright and holy like the stars, and have been seen—and herein consists in part their wonderful attractiveness, their pathos—

oh, the vanished sons of men!—have been seen, as have been seen the stars, by such countless generations and hosts of men.

And the birds now are singing in the trees outside—they too, freshly, as in the morning of the world.

22nd January, 6.30 a.m.

There is one idea which emerged from our conversation last night—the distinction between teaching and learning, and that many things may be *taught* which need not be *learnt*. For example, speaking, reading, writing must be learnt as well as taught, whereas history and geography may be or can be taught, but need not in all cases be learnt.

And the distinction is of importance, for it would eliminate a great many subjects from those which are to be learnt at school, and add a great many to those which may be taught. And by taught, I mean brought to the attention of the pupils, presented to them in vision, and that, either to the actual eye, or to the imagination which is the brain's eye, or the very self of man.

24th January, Wednesday, 5.30 a.m.

Yesterday I was busy almost all the day at the Press, inspecting printed sheets, settling "colour sheet" for Goethe, and seeing about initial letters with Johnston and Hooper. And in the course of the morning we started printing the first sheets of the Goethe. Richard was busy sending off Hammersmith Publishing Society's publications. In the evening I read to Stella.

Tuesday, 6.30 a.m.

The bird, my friend which sings, is singing to itself, and the world is swinging into the light of a cloudless dawn.

I lunched yesterday with the Dowager Lady Airlie, and met the Barries; "the Little Minister." When he and his wife stepped into the room, I thought they were some strange little Americans, whom Lady Airlie had made friends with. He

was nearly quite silent, but then *he* had a background of "Thrums," etc. His wife was pretty.

Miss Stanley, Clementine Hozier, and Hugo Wemyss completed the party.

11th February, Sunday.

Lady Airlie called this afternoon, and it was very pleasant, very inspiring to see and hear her. And such an old friend!

Speaking of Positivism, she said she had had a call from Mrs Frederick Harrison the other day, and had talked to her on Positivism—"a bad name," she had said to her, "a bad name; and when the ebb comes where do you go for replenishment? You devour your own entrails, you seek inspiration from yourselves and your like. But that is not enough: the source must be infinite, the source of the soul's life, infinite and unimaginable, yet felt and admitting of approach and benediction, of prayer and appeasement of the gift of the spirit, of the Holy Ghost."

This morning I went to St Paul's. The divine song lifted me off my feet and set me in the stream of emotion which had flowed onward to us, and is flowing beyond, from the prophets and patriarchs and kings of Israel.

Speaking of possessions, Lady Airlie said that her own "order" should be ready to give up all at the command of the majority, for it was by permission of the majority alone that they were there. That is a good saying.

On Saturday we went over to Bromley to call on Margaret Macmillan, and to be introduced to Lady Warwick. We found a little party assembled, the Kropotkins, Hyndmans, and Earl Barnes (the American lecturer) and his wife and Lady Warwick. I was at once presented. But——.

12th April. Hôtel del Subasio, Assisi.

I am sitting at the window of No. 19, and through the window I see the Umbrian plain from Perugia to Spoleto, rimmed round with mountains, and in the midst the dome, a tower of the Basilica, enclosing the Portiuncula of St Francis.

Saturday.

As I write I hear below the cheerful voices of an English family, rejoicing in its life and vision of things new, shouting gaily its nothings each to each, sure that everywhere its own cheerfulness and preoccupations are delightful to all the world. "Breakfast," it clamours; then to the Piazza, to see the funny coloured things there, a woman with one chicken in a basket and two boys to guard it! And then the plans for the day—a solid luncheon, and then! And last night the rain fell and the dust is laid, and the drive, the drive to—will be, etc. And now the order, in ejaculatory Italian, is being given for the solid breakfast after which—the Piazza.

What good nature, what adorable assurance that the commonplace in life—after all, are *they* any more themselves than the one chicken, themselves, their plans, their life, than as one bare chicken in an otherwise empty basket, themselves guarded from all harm and self-suspicion by their guardian, Commonplace? So may the Pharisee write, with his own poor basket empty too. Yet yesterday did I follow a scourged and crucified Christ—did I, even I, yesterday see the poor bleeding feet thrust through the open aperture to be kissed amid the sobs of the women shut off for ever from this so gay world, shut off for ever from the passing pleasures for the life eternal. Poor enclosed women, one by one they sobbed and kissed, and a poor hand then gave up for Christ the flowers of its heart, and the flowers actual for the head where the sharp thorns grew. Was it only yesterday, and did I really see? Twice it was, and then to the monastery, to be laid before the altar to be kissed of all who would, to be kissed till the sweet Mother Mary should come at night with music and with waiting to fetch her son. This too I saw, and walked bare-headed with the multitude. I too this time sobbing, as I saw in passing, in the light, the upturned faces of the kneeling, looking in awed adoration at the dear presentment—or was it not the very Christ Himself, and His Mother, sweet Virgin Mary? What, what is it that in life admits such contrasts? Which is the life to live?

Now the voices of the English are hushed, and all is silent save the vigorous braying—of an ass!

The tender green unfolds on the stationary trees, and along the white road pass the dark cloaked figures of the young men, students at the college of the monastery, conducted along it in a loose array for their morning's walk.

In the afternoon I took a turn alone through the town. In the evening, after an early dinner, it was the intention for all at our table to go to the rooms of Monsieur Sabatier's society, and from the windows and balcony to watch the procession of the Virgin. I went with Madame as far as the door, and then my soul revolted at the notion of *watching* the procession from the window with my own compatriots, and I broke away, and with the descending procession of the Virgin walked bare-headed in the rain to the monastery, which I entered with the bearers of the figure of Mary and confronted a crowd of illumined kneeling worshippers, wonderful to behold. I followed on to the altar, where the figure was placed. After a while, filled by prayer and singing, men and women crowding to the Christ to kiss Him before He was again lifted, the procession was re-formed, the canons of the Cathedral carrying the Christ to the door, where it was taken up again by the draped bearers and preceded by the cross-bearers, and Christ and Christ's weeping Mother were borne back to the Cathedral. I walked as before bare-headed, between Mary and the Christ; great was the crowd in front and behind: but I was alone with the bearers—strange position. The street was illumined with fairy lanterns and lamps, also the little open shops; and as we passed, figures old and young, kneeling and doing adoration with upturned eyes, young and glossy, or old, so old, so dim! I thought of dear Annie's face, and of Stella and Dick—and how could I forbear to sob, I too! O life, O death, O now and after, faces so bright in the present, light so dark in death! O death, where is the sunny side?

I entered again the Cathedral as I had entered the

monastery, and again amidst a dense crowd of old and young, women in coifs, dear eyes moist in kind faces—verily a religion of the people, touching alike to the heart and to the imagination.

What in the “language of to-day” is there, can there be made, to take its place?

The Cathedral was full; children scrambled everywhere; no place was too sacred for them, and no one interfered. It was a popular festival. And yet here and there a smarter hat was visible; and yet under the canopy of Christ it too disappeared, and viewed the emaciate figure. That was yesterday.

I went out of doors and walked to the Carcere. The path leads from the highest gate of the city, along the west side of the mountain, to a wooded gorge on the verge of which, like a swallow’s nest, the chapelry is placed—extended since the time of St Francis, and now bridging the gorge. There was a little piazza, a chapel, a smaller (original) chapel, and a chantry set round with stalls with hardly space enough to stand in the midst. These occupied in a cluster one side of the piazzetta; on the opposite side was the entrance gateway, and between the refectory, and above the bedrooms. Beyond the gorge was a path leading westward to a little chapel or station. It was this path of processional cypresses that Richmond had painted. I inquired for and was shown his bedroom. I was told by my neighbour at table d’hôte that they had been shown over by one of the Frati, who, when he found they were English, asked them if they knew Richmond. He said he had loved being there, and had wept to leave.

17th April, Tuesday, 7 a.m.

Yesterday, whilst engaged in writing my journal, M. Sabatier entered and proposed an excursion *en voiture* to Deruba, to see some pottery works, and to Castelleone, a little mountain city with an extensive view. I had just finished breakfast, so put my clothes on and joined the family and a young Italian, resident in Assisi and interested in the pottery works, at the front door, where was drawn up a

landau and two horses. Monsieur mounted the box, and we inside, and off we started for the day. We found Angeli *en fête*. A procession had arrived, and had evidently been expected. The piazza was full of booths piled with oranges, etc., and, forming a kind of fence around them, were lines of pigs, roasted whole and distended on poles thrust through their bodies. Business was done by cutting off slices at right angles to the pole and the main axis of the body, a shocking sight. At last we reached the little city on the hill—on the whole an unattractive little city, placed on the *flat* of the hill-top, but with the possibilities of a magnificent view. For us the view was clouded—grey clouds having veiled the sky and the earth. But we called at the monastery of women (two women only left!), and Sabatier had a discourse with one, the Abbess, through a grille, one of two immured. We also called on the priest, and drank wine and ate cake with him in his plainly furnished room. The people themselves “so poor,” says Sabatier. But on the other hand how rich they are in their houses of God and of themselves—these homes of prayer, of music, of affecting scenes and moving pageantry—how much richer than our own poor, whose houses of God are houses of the rich only, in which they have no place, or a lower one only. All the inhabitants gathered on to the piazza to look at us, and all the inhabitants waved adieu as we drove away. What an exquisite and eloquent politeness they have—the inheritance perhaps of an ancient civilization, the endowment also of a self-respecting and kindly nature.

The weather here has not been glorious; indeed, for Italy, it has been disappointing. There have been none of those transformations—as wonderful when they happen as of bread into the Divine Body of the Christ—which I associate with the climate of Italy, such as I remember when first I saw Genoa, Pisa, Florence and Siena, and the divine body of the south.

But they may come!

18th April, Wednesday, 7 a.m.

This time in bed, and not at the window, for the weather is not gay and I feel in my bones the chill of the monastery where I sat yesterday morning, despite its coldness, and watched the solemn Mass, under the paintings of Giotto. The priests officiated at the altar and the brethren sang in their stalls, and along the screening rails kneeled five silent women. I sat a little back, alone. And as I sat I gazed around. Was I then there in the church of St Francis? Were those there, those scenes from the hands and heart and imagination of Giotto? And was this the pavement on which so many generations of men seeking God and St Francis have walked and prayed? And were those priests, and were those women and was I, their frail successors, also seeking God and St Francis, and would others come after we were gone, and others and others, until the world itself should end, and how?

Then the acolyte rang the bell, and the priest at the High Altar lifted the Host, and all was silent, hushed in adoration. And every day God lifts the sun in heaven, and every night spreads over us the veil of darkness. Should we not for them also bow our heads in silence, and adore the God that makes them?

I should say here, if I have not already said it, that in the procession, when the body of Christ was carried and exposed to be kissed, I was oftentimes transformed to think it the very body of Christ indeed; so much so that I quite understand how there arises in the heart of the faithful the belief that it is indeed the very body which they kiss, sobbing and waiting in an agony of joy and woe, mixed as are the holy emblems in the sacrifice.

19th April, Thursday, 6 a.m.

I still ask myself what is the secret of St Francis? What is it that he essentially shows us? Sabatier says, the renunciation of private property. But I say no, it is not so poor a thing as that. The renunciation of private property is too

negative, too commonplace—moreover the renunciation of property and the dependence on “alms” asked for and given for “the love of God” is but a manifestation of something which itself is, and not itself the secret. But if this is so, then surely the secret is this same love of God, this love of Christ’s passion, this all absorbing belief in Christ crucified, the pitiful God, Who for man’s sake disrobed Himself of His divinity, and took upon Himself the rôle for man’s sake of man’s own most piteous state: for man’s most piteous sake, “*for the love of man.*” As, contrariwise, St Francis, for whom, *as man*, Christ so condescended, gave up his royal state of man and took upon himself its lowliest, *for God’s sake, for the love of God, of Christ crucified.* It was in fact a rivalry of Love. As God loved, so St Francis loved, and there is the secret of St Francis; *there still* the message of St Francis 700 years ago: *the love of God for God’s love of man.*

But if one does not believe in the Christ crucified—if one does not believe that Christ condescended for the love of piteous man to take upon Himself man’s most piteous estate—“He had not where to lay His head”—then we cut at the root of St Francis: and, except in so far as the love of St Francis is itself an evidence of the truth of the source, the love of St Francis *then* has no message for us, the unbelievers of to-day, for those who can form no convincing image of the God Who gave to us His only begotten Son, or of the Son Who for our sakes assumed the cross and bore our sorrows.

If then the love of St Francis *so inspired* has no message for us to-day, has his love, *however inspired*, still no message?

Can we formulate some other source? Can we even say that the source which seemed to St Francis himself to be the source, was not indeed the source even of *his* passion of devotion, but that this passion of devotion is *inherent* in man, in man’s own great characteristics, change as change may man’s own interpretation of its object, change as change may man’s own interpretation of its source?

Passion of love, then, passion which in its ecstasy would

exceed all bounds, passion which in its creativeness created and passed beyond all imagery—*this* is the secret of St Francis, *this* is the secret clothed in the fancy of the time, this the open secret, the message of St Francis, and of all such men, to the men of to-day as to the men of all time, *the passion of love, the ardour and magnificence of devotion.*

20th April, Friday, 6.30 a.m.

The great moral effort of St Francis has died out along the lines on which St Francis first directed it. The St Francis of to-day must renew the effort on the lines of to-day, and win another victory by a like devotion. Thus once more the times will change, and once more the effort be renewed. Infinite is yet the task of man's creation.

At lunch we talked *inter alia* of Aloys. And I said, incidentally, that not the moral force but the moral imagery of St Francis was exhausted, and that, for the visions on the walls of the monastery, would have to be substituted the axioms of to-day, scientific and historic.

At St Damien's—in the church alone. In this stillness my far-off life seems a dream. I see the Upper Mall, the little house and the Bindery, and the ghostly figures, and all around the ghostly people, and impending over us and within us the changes of the hour. How live in that dream when re-entered? O my God, inspire me here and guide me to usefulness, and others to peace! Let me love, let me remember the ardour of St Francis, who stood within this church and prayed, and gave himself for ever to the great God Who so loved the world that He gave for it His only begotten Son. O God, open to me the new life. O God, give me strength, give me memory to remember when there the prayer here to-day, and when within the dream to live the dream as prayed for from without.

5.30 p.m. I am now on the balcony of the hotel in the sun, but looking towards the clouded west against which, sunlit, I see the monastery and church and tower of San Francesco.

I have had tea, and have read the newspapers—the first for many days; and how the “world,” the vision of the day, is changed, and I with it—though, in the core of my being, not!

The news of the world I may dismiss—the earthquake at San Francisco, that other San Francisco in California—(and might the whole world of man by some great cataclysm disappear?), the release of Jabez Balfour and his impressions of the restored strange world, the Education Bill, Dr Clifford and the Bishop of London, the automobiles and the dust, this and the other notability who has arrived or left—the news of the world I may dismiss; but this pleasant sun and present actuality, these are pleasant things, things “to be” for the moment.

After leaving St Damien's, guided by a little maid of twelve years—what divine kindness smiles in the eyes of some of these child-women!—I walked down to the Portiuncula and sat awhile, still as a stone, in the little chapel; and prayed again the prayer I had prayed in St Damien's.

22nd April, Sunday. Hôtel garni dell' Oriente, Rome.

I am not at home in Rome, and its accumulation of *objets d'art* of various kinds, great and small, without an all-dominating heart to give them unity of interest or plan, distracts me. The consequence is that I neglect them, and breathe the air of Rome only, and hear Mass, and dream of the mountains and *their* steadfastness, save, indeed, when they burst into fire, and consume vain man as nothing.

23rd April, Monday, 5 p.m. Borghesi Gardens.

The multitude spoils all. In solitude only can the spirit find peace—in solitude, and in the Vision. Nature year by year rejuvenates herself, and sweet are spring and autumn, sweet her life, perhaps sweeter still her death and the promise of the spring again. O man, fly to her and to the Vision; fly to the great Rhythm, invisible and inaudible save to the

ears and to the eyes of the soul, of the spirit, of the reason enthroned, enthroned in the mind of man. In the necropolis of Catholicism is no peace.

25th April, Wednesday. Subiaco.

Tuesday morning I bid good-bye to Sabatier, and transferred my things to the Hôtel Mavini, where I got a room (No. 93) with a pleasant outlook upon Miss Leigh Smith's old apartment, which I could see. But I resolved to fly Rome—too noisy, too distracting—so I made my way to Subiaco.

At 5.30 I appeared at the monastery gates (Santa Scolastica) with a small parcel of necessaries, and a vast umbrella (the weather being threatening), which I had bought for five francs at Subiaco, and was admitted, and requested to wait until the Superior could see me. I waited a long time in silence, when the door opened and a grey head looked in, and seeing me advanced with great courtesy to welcome me. He begged me to be seated, and sitting down by my side began to ask me who I was and my history. He was not the Superior, he told me, but, as I understood, the senior monk, and was delighted to see me and bade me welcome. He then showed me my room, took me round the cloisters and into the library, and finally into the refectory, where the brethren were assembled, standing in front of the tables on which were spread white table cloths, and on which were placed plates, etc., and flasks of wine in due order. Having taken our places with the others, grace was read, and we then passed to the other side of the table and sat down, as in college hall, except that we sat on one side of the table only. When we were all seated, a hand-bell was rung and a monk, stationed in a pulpit in the wall, began to read, and read to the end of the meal, which otherwise was eaten in silence. The meal, served by servitors, consisted of a soup with macaroni and bread, afterwards of a kind of cake, made of I know not what, cut into pieces, a piece for each, then of what appeared to be thin-skinned olives of a powerful and

unprepossessing taste. I tasted one, but could do no more. Wine was also provided, red and white, and drunk of copiously by the monks, from a kind of basin lifted in both hands. I was provided with a glass. When the meal was finished we left the hall in silence, after grace had again been said, and my friend conducted me to my room, and again sitting down at my side pursued his inquiries into my history, and the object I had in view in visiting them. This I explained as well as I could in my very imperfect Italian, but he displayed a wonderful skill in putting my disjointed words together, and in seizing my meaning. I had come, I explained, in search of solitude, in search of religion, which had been my lifelong desire, and I explained how I had hitherto sought for it, and how I had framed for myself a vision of the world, and how in the presence of it and in the spirit of it I had sought, and still sought, with much imperfection of effort, to direct and to develop my life. That in fact I envisioned the universe as revealed to me in science and in history, and lived in contemplation of it; and that it was the spirit of this contemplation which had brought me to the door of that convent, as I recognized in the spirit of their order, in the spirit of St Benedict and of St Francis, whose sanctuary I had lately also visited, the same spirit of contemplation, if I might without profanation say so, which had been working, with a far-off resemblance, in myself. At this point I begged permission to retire to rest.

This morning I awaked early, and despite the heavy rain—it had rained I think all night—climbed to San Benedetto and inquired for Don Antonio. Presently he came, and robed, and preceded me to the altar (before which St Francis had prayed) and said Mass, I alone listening. And then I too knelt and prayed before the altar before which had prayed and knelt St Francis. I still lingered behind after Don Antonio had said Mass, and descended to the lower altar before the rock, bed of St Benedict, where another priest was saying Mass. There I again knelt, and there again I was left in solitude.

On my return to Santa Scolastica I found two masses being simultaneously said in the Cathedral. I passed through, and went to my room and then inquired for breakfast. Mariano brought it to me—coffee and milk and bread—in the ante-room, and sat down at my side to gossip.

After breakfast I returned to the Cathedral to hear the chapter chant Mass, and then back to my room, where I now write and conclude this entry. I am sitting in profound silence and solitude in the ante-room. The monastery is now engaged till noon in the work of the morning, mainly study and teaching—there is a school for novitiates in the building—and I shall not see them till noon. The rain is falling still.

It is now long since I heard from home, and no friend knows where I am! Faint and far off seems the world, fainter than the memory of a dream.

6.50 p.m. In the solitude of St Benedict I take up again the story of the life of St Francis. And great is the solitude. I sit alone in my bedroom, very cold in front of the window, from which I see a shoulder of the opposite mountain and an atmosphere filled with heavily falling rain, and filled too with the noises of its falling, and of the torrents rushing in the ravine below. Seated on one chair with my feet on another—the floor is tiled—and the towel horse across my knees for a book-rest, I sit in meditation on the life of St Francis as I turn the pages of Sabatier open before me. Lost as I am, for the moment, to all the world, perhaps I shall find “the way”!

Incredible is the life led in a convent. And yet it is led, and doubtless has its sweetness too. But all its consolations must come from its devotions—the Mass, the hours, the silent prayer and meditation; for of other comforts or of consolations there are none. Cold and silent is the house. Great must be the ardour of prayer, great the belief in its efficacy!

28th April, Saturday, 2 a.m. of the night. Santa Scolastica.

In the silence and darkness the flower of prayer and praise opens, expands to the fullness of its beauty, and, before

the light of day dawns, closes, and the world the while sleeps. So it is in the convent of Santa Scolastica. At nine the convent closes itself in sleep: at 1.30 a.m. in the stillness of the remote night it opens, and for an hour the convent chants, unheard of man, its hymns of prayer and praise. Then once more it closes itself in sleep till the dawn of the greater day.

7th June, Thursday, 6.30 a.m. River House.

The sun shines; the birds sing; and yet I am depressed, mortally sick at heart. The life of the Bindery, is it ebbing? True it is constantly at work, yet it is possible for its books to be unbought. Have I failed in my duty to it? Then, again, is the life of the Press ebbing too?

Again, if the Press is failing, what is to become of Dickie, just apprenticed? Here too, again, looking over sheets of the *Faust*, I find some of the sheets too thin, too transparent: the red looks "washy," as Cole calls it. And altogether I am not now as pleased as I was at the outset with the look of the book. I thus sit at my table on this lovely morning of June, on which the sun has risen in glory, awakening how vast a life on earth, and spread out the clouds which hang above my own poor heart, or seem to hang, and change its joy to gloom. O thou great Being, Which art at the source of all, too great for human imagining, take pity on the poverty of the creature! Enlarge its life, set its feet on the mountains, give it the Vision—without which indeed the soul must perish, perish!

9th June, Saturday, 7.30 a.m.

Last night I dined with the Kropotkins, and met George Brandes and the Moscheles. Kropotkin was as optimistic as usual about Russia, and had staying with him (though not at the moment) an amnestied Russian prisoner, who had been in prison twenty years (since he was twenty)! He had survived incredible hardships, of which most of his fellow-prisoners had died. Gradually their lot had been ameliorated, until at last the "prison" was a little world in which all kinds

of employments were carried on, and so he had finally left prison, as he is now, robust!

On leaving we all agreed that Kropotkin was optimistic and not reliable in his hopes of Russia. Then to our astonishment Brandes launched out in the most vehement manner in invective against the stupidity of mankind. There was no "man" in Russia capable of leading a revolution, all power of brain or leadership showing itself among the people had been for generations cut down or remorselessly exiled to Siberia. Then the Emperor! With the worst blood in Europe or the world in his veins.

Russia—all inconceivable horrors were in store for it, murders upon murders, bloodshed, bloodshed everywhere! And then? And then—who knows? And all the while Nature proceeds on her inscrutable way, by bud and earthquake, by imperceptible change and ruthless irruption in which Nature herself and her child man are—ah, words fail me to describe the wild ruin wrought all in the way of evolution towards the unknown goal.

Unfortunately to-morrow he returns to Denmark. I should have been glad to have seen more of him.

20th June, 6.15 a.m.

At my table looking north; the windows wide open; on my balcony flowers, and immediately beyond the leafy tops of trees, and beyond, the morning sky; and tree-tops and sky and flowers sun-filled and covered. And last night *they* were veiled, and the stars far off revealed, the northern star and the revolving Bear. And I stood, ere I went to bed, at the open window and saw the vision, and then at my bedside, and saw the vision, and this morning I awake to see the vision and—to live!

Ah, God, renew my courage. Bring to my remembrance my happy moments, when the sun has indeed been on the vision, or the silent stars have shone on it, and my hope has been fired that all has not been, will not be, in vain.

Ah, God, remember me.

Oh, how I have wandered about the last few days, heart-emptied and all my world in ruins! A thing of no account; I, and my world, my vision, nothing. Oh, the faintness of it, impalpable, unreal! And *the* world rushed by in tram, and train, and motor, and each day awoke to its real world, its real strenuous joy, its ambition, name and fame, or fell breadless, homeless, houseless, friendless by the way. Yet, *is* that world a reality? Is it *the* reality? Is it amid the stars of heaven, in light and darkness, summer and winter, spring and autumn, the great wide-plashing oceans, the great lone lands, sun-burnt or in frozen stillness, the things of life, and all that has been and ever will be, the extinct and the yet to be—in the presence of all this immensity, *is* “the life of the world,” *is* the “reality” real?

Better to fail dreaming this great dream, seeing all, paralyzed even by its infinitude, than not to see it, than not to dream, than not once to awake on the lone shore of the wide world that is, than not once to awake, see all and—should it be so—perish.

Be steadfast then, oh soul, amid all thy weakness, be ever more steadfast, not “in the main” only, but day after day, night after night. Take the vows: fight the fight: keep the vision.

All will not then have been in vain.

23rd June, Saturday, 7 a.m.

How sweet the morning is, how full of scents and sounds of song and light—the morning, born like a flower of the darkness. Why do we ever read any other Book than this great one of the universe, laid open before us by its great Author, and by His unseen Hand turned over night and day, page by page?

The Bible is not *history*. The Hebrews may, indeed, have a history as we understand history, and the writers of the great books of the Old Testament—or indeed of the New—may have had in their minds in writing of the creation of

the world and of man, and then of the destruction of the world and of man, even history as we understand history. But their eyes were not upon the earth, but upon the great Vision of the redemption of a peculiar people, and its dedication in spotless purity to the Lord; a passionate Vision, full of itself, burning to a white heat, and in its whiteness casting into darkness all that was *not* itself. So for its sake successive worlds were destroyed; so for its sake the world before Noah, so for its sake were utterly to be destroyed (see Deuteronomy) the Hittites, and the Ammonites, the Canaanites, the Hivites and the Jebusites. Did we look upon all this as history, we should be in despair over the iniquity of man; but it is man in the vehemency of his temper, in the gigantic turmoil of his emotions, severing the darkness from the light and in the light creating a new heaven and a new earth

“Wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing and fair truth.”

And it is precisely this, this ardent ever-burning Vision, which makes the Bible so precious to ourselves. For where no Vision is, the people perish.

24th June, Sunday.

I should now like to go through my journals, and to write out an autobiography and to call it

“Towards the Unknown.”

τὰ εἰς ἑαυτόν.

I sit reading of Moses and his Pisgah vision—ah, the anguish of it! This terrible earth, this vast human heart, breaking in the infinite voids of space and time!

Is there anything in all space and time known to us or imagined, comparable to it, this one human heart, this earth—man? Ah, God, what is it to Thee that he there suffers? Or art Thou, too, on the rack? Torture everywhere.

6 p.m. I have to-day remained indoors thus far, and

have held myself mid-air in the Vision, and have read Deuteronomy through with the notes on it in Moulton and the English Bible.

I should like to print Deuteronomy beautifully, and to bind it. I should like to form a scheme of serious Reprints, and make Deuteronomy one. I should like to set out such schemes in the next list, and ask for support:

The Bible,
Milton,
Dante,
Goethe,
Carlyle,
Emerson,
Ruskin,
The books of the Bible separately.

4th July, Wednesday, 6.30 a.m.

I am now at my table beginning a "day."

Before beginning, at my bedside, erect, and before going to bed I "meditate" as follows:

First on infinite expansion—space;

Then on infinite duration—time.

Then, in the great void, I create

THE UNIVERSE.

Then the earth and its solar system;

Then life in plant and animal;

Then man;

Then the apprehension by man;

Of his environment and himself;

Of his civilizations, their passage from the real to the "vision";

The vision;

The beyond.

Then having so meditated, I pass, in the morning to "life"; in the evening to "sleep"; in the future, or some moment to be struck by the clock, I shall pass into the

Beyond. What shall I then have done, what shall I then have become, after my threescore years and ten of meditation, life and sleep?

10th July, Tuesday.

Last night we all went to hear the lecture with "dissolving views" given at the Kensington Town Hall by the Russian prisoner Stavodvorsky, on solitary confinement in the fortress of Schlüsselburg. Dr Coit read the lecture, as the prisoner could not speak English. It had, I suppose, been inspired by him and then translated probably by Kropotkin. It was appalling, overwhelming, and it was only Coit's voice, keeping the familiar world before us, that saved us all from an hysteria of indignation. What unimaginable cruelty, torture! If with one word one should wish to cover all that is atrocious, infamous, malign in the possible or impossible conduct of one being to another being, say the word MAN, and all that it is possible to say is in that one word said. The "tortures of the damned" are man's invention, and man has inflicted them upon his fellow-man.

16th July, Monday morning.

Yesterday morning I attended Mass at the Oratory. A most beautiful service—man's creation! Do not altogether despair or think meanly of man. If all hell is covered by the name "man," so also is all heaven.

A strange and bewildering sensation sometimes comes over me, and I am startled at my simplest action. As, for instance, now when I was putting the sheets of the Psalms I am copying into the drawer, the sheets and the action seemed strange, as if perhaps I had risen from the dead, and seen them again as before I died, ages ago.

23rd July, Monday.

Sunday,—yesterday—I saw Émile Vandervelde off on a visit to Lady Warwick, and then returned to attend to our

Sunday visitors. Dr Südekum came to luncheon, and afterwards came Nellie Hozier, Mrs Dryhurst, Mrs Loui Peters (of Norway), Lady Maude Whyte, Lady Airlie, and Mr Huntington (Putnam's, New York). We had an interesting afternoon in the garden, which was lovely, with its flowered walls, green stretch of grass, apple-tree, ivied roofs in the distance, and over all the changing but always sunny sky.

Dr Südekum told us the story of the escape of the Princess, daughter of the King of the Belgians, in which he had played the principal part; most amusing, and most amusingly told from start to finish.

Nellie Hozier, who looked and was quite bewitching, and Mr Huntington stayed to supper.

26th July, Thursday.

Still the sun shines, and a cool wind blows, and still Vandervelde is with us. We have long talks about ideals and the end and aim of life, and find in him almost a disciple. We are totally in accord on main propositions, and he even proposes to translate *Ecce Mundus* for the miners of Charleroi! But I am not sure that if I saw my ideas in course of translation into other men's lives I should not have to change my point of view. After all, it is the mysterious which fascinates, the key to the chamber, and not the chamber itself, and if the key is in everyone's pocket, where is the mystery?

It is 9 a.m. I am at my table before the open window, arranging the Psalms for a new edition. The wind is moving among the trees and shaking their leaves and branches into sea-like sound of ebbing and rushing waves, and awakens in my soul visions of far-off coasts on which the waves break white, and of far-off times on which forgotten suns shone.

28th July, Saturday. Alderley Park.

I have now to ask myself, is there anything more in it for life than the vision as I now see it? Is there reality, or is all but a vision? Is silence, nothingness, the end of all?

2nd August, 7.45 a.m. River House.

Richard is at the piano in the drawing-room, and the sounds float up to me and set me vaguely yearning. Ah, lovely world, too often veiled! World set to speech, expressed in speech! Ah, how much is man to man! Without the eye of man, the face of man, the sound of man, how would the world look to us? Even the sunrise and the sunset and the full blaze of day are affected by our memory of the eye of man opening or closing upon us, or lit up and ablaze with passion.

2nd September, Sunday morning. The Cottage, Mayford, Worplesdon.

At the window of the sitting-room, 11 a.m. A burning summer's day, not a cloud to be seen; cool little puffs of air from the east wake the trees, which emit sound of summer seas, then die back to silence; the redbreast sings its late summer song, the cock far off crows and is answered. Oh, the silence divine, divine! I am what I see and hear, and in it is it not God? O God, my God, it is good to be here, good!

Yesterday my darling Annie went back to London (we had been here together since Tuesday). She has gone back to London to speak in the Park on behalf of women. We had a delightful time together, a delightful *Zusammensein*. She is so good, so dear, so ever active, thoughtful for others; for herself asking nothing, for others all good things. And so she has left this quiet to face the thousands in Hyde Park.

Perhaps one day I too shall have the courage!

3rd September, Monday.

Again I sit alone, at my window; again the sun shines from a cloudless sky, again the winds set the trees to the music of the seas, rising, falling, surging, whispering mysterious cosmic sounds. And my soul has been set to it all the morning, I silent and still in my chair "as any stone." Ah, there is something in us and about us, which, moving, we miss, a subtle something which pervades all that is, a

something which is perhaps the outermost being of God—His approach. Ah me, my soul sets to it, as to the shore the sea, and as ever again and yet again the sea to the shore. Shall I one day set to it without return, pass the bourn and flow on for ever?

Oh, how wonderful and piercing this silence is. Before me, rooted to the soil, stand the flowers and the hedgerows and the trees, oak and elm, and topping the privet the gorgeous sunflowers, all in the sun's uncovered light, and the wind shakes and rustles, and comes and goes, and no other sound there is. Why are the tears on my cheek? Is it for some unreach'd divine beauty, some spirit world from which I am shut out and fain would enter, some longing unspeakable that can only offer up its tears, the outcome of the pressure upon my soul?

8th September, Saturday morning. The Cottage.

The divine event—another day. The sky is a cloudless blue, the green of the trees is sun-illumined, the leaves of the privet hedge translucent, a liquid green, the sunflowers hold the sun; all is wonderful as on the first day. O divine magical event! O silence, O being! Why do I ever forget thee and lose my soul in fears and disquietude? How terrible the world might be, how pitiless and alien from men! And how sweet it is.

12th October, Friday.

I do not want to make the universe identical with myself—which is egotism; but to make myself one with, to lose myself in, to substitute in myself for myself, the universe—which is altruism.

13th October, Saturday.

“Myself” I find odious; the cause of a depression tending infinitely downwards. I can only bear a joy in myself in “converting” it as raw material into noble form; whenever

I cease or relax this conversion I begin to fall, to be depressed. The secret of a happy life is continued conversion, continued metamorphosis: as of the earth and the air into the flowers of the field, so of the soul and body of man into kindness, into things of beauty and of use. As, however, the conversion of earth and air into the flowers of the field can take place, or does take place, only in accordance with certain general facts of Being and Becoming, so our own conversion can take place only in accord with certain general facts arising out of the Being and Becoming of other men and women.

21st October, Sunday.

Sunday morning last I went to St Paul's. The service was, is, magnificent: the expression of centuries of religious emotion, the work not of one man, but of man, the race.

Why then, now that the reason and imagination are enfranchized, should we continue to "protest"? Why not magnanimously allow that the service of the Church of England, nay also of the Church of Rome, of Christendom, is as magnificent as it is affecting and soul uplifting? Why not warm our souls at its fire, and let heaven open for a while, the heaven not of this man's creation, but a heaven revealed to man by man's own soul, the soul of the race?

Beautiful are the same, same prayers, reiterated by generation after generation; beautiful the enclosed space dedicated to God and to man, beautiful the searching, soaring music, that finds and lifts man's soul to God.

Are there no means available for this second conversion of man, in the presence of the old, to the spirit of the new religion of mankind? No readmission of the light which shone upon the childhood of the race?

Let each man rise before the dawn and watch for one day the solemn spectacle of the day's disclosing, and its departure as the pall of night comes down again. Who in the mood of such a night will deny to religion its ceremonial uses? Who in the presence or memory of such a spectacle will pause

to protest as the voice of the Church rises to hymn the cause of man and of God—the more touching, the more venerable, in that it is *not* the voice of knowledge, but the exclamation of praise, of prayer, of awe?

The magnificence of the spectacle is responded to by the magnificence of the human reply; in the *pathos* of man's lot amid the immensities lies surely the hope of man's ultimate unity, the suffusion of knowledge by the divinity of man—God's spirit, the intimacy of God as God.

Let us then “protest” no more, or, whilst we protest, in “protesting” admit, and at the world's common altar warm our own souls.

23rd October, Tuesday.

Oh, let me not grow tired!

At the hearth of science, at the vision of this astounding universe, let me inflame my imagination, and keep it ever burning, and myself in untiring agitation.

1907

June.

Order and stability are, I suppose, my primary want. Looking back over the years, I see that I have always wanted them; always amid the confusion of the “environment” I have sought for order, and in the order stability; and having order and stability I have imagined that I could let myself go into this and into that, sure to find myself again. Thus it is that of all things visible and invisible, the supreme event is the “order” of the universe as witnessed in the poise and revolution and development of the heavenly bodies and of the earth, and upon the earth of day and night and the seasons; and the earth's history, and man's, all seen in the large, and as parts of one great scheme to be divined as being, though not known or seen. Then for my daily life—well, the daily life has hardly had time to be, so long has it been postponed

to the search for the goal or its Norm; but the daily life I do now daily aspire to is "tenderness" and "greatness"; and when I think of the tenderness of the infinitely great, and the greatness of the infinitely little, I think of the great snow-clad mountains of Switzerland under the stars by night and sun by day, and at their feet, amid their melting snows, the nestling blue of the gentians and sweet forget-me-nots. And this I take to be my standard of what should be the greatness and the tenderness in the life of man: immensity, aloofness, and yet the touch divine of tenderness—the gentian, and the sweet forget-me-not.

16th June, Monday. Outside the study window. Lower Copse.

It is very pleasant, in a silence only broken by the birds who are singing brokenly to one another, to sit and think, whilst the eyes of the body rest upon the silvery grass bowing as the breathing air presses or lifts, and upon the upstanding trees and bounding copse, to open the eyes of the mind, and to see Oxford, silent also in the valley, and Bertie Russell in the room, silent also, behind me, thinking. What a strange process it is, he, and Oxford and I! What are the visions in our brains, apparent to the eyes of the mind? For myself it is always the same: the earth, and man, and men organized to unity; incorporated to-day in forms of force, incorporated to-morrow in forms of persuasion.

30th June.

There are two views of life. In one the ideas and work evolved by humanity would seem to be all-important, in the other, the human beings who evolve and express them, and the degree of perfection to be attained by them in the process. In the former case (and in the latter also perhaps), a large part of humanity would seem to be destroyed, crushed, debased, as part of the process, as so much waste material, comparable to the waste and refuse in a workshop, or factory, or restaurant.

1st July.

It has strangely come home to me to-day, and with a feeling of great relief and rest, that we are not immortal, and that in death our individual consciousness will vanish—albeit that Being itself will *not* vanish, nor its capacity for ever-renewed self-delight.

In Kew Gardens, towards sunset. The sun, though sinking to the west, yet shines warmly over the garden, casting long shadows of the trees to the east. How sweet it is; what peace. The birds sing to one another from far and near, and the little breezes warmed by the sun blow gently on my cheek. It is a blessed thing to think that one will die and be at peace too, whilst the world repeats itself, the sun still setting thus in other times, and other birds singing to each other far and near on other sunset eves.

How pathetic and dear it makes all the vanishing sight, the faces of friends, their voice and touch. And how wonderful the problems of the world, the world and all its generations of men set in the wide universe, to solve their or the world's riddle. I do not doubt the cosmic whole, but in it the individual has but a moment, as the flowers and fruit their single summer.

Sweet world, what joy in peace!

I have no ambitions left, save to love my friends and make them, and to die in peace.

There is nothing so sweet in life as forgetting it—in sleep provisionally, and by death finally and for ever.

1908

3rd January. *Hotel Belle Vue, Boston.*

I am now in Boston, just arrived from New York.

How am I to look back on the last two months, and render an account of all that we have done? I have made not a single memorandum.

I remember saying farewell to a crowd of friends at

Euston—Dickie, Nellie Cobden, Irene Noel; then I remember the hour on the pier at Liverpool, and the slow movement of the Colossus down the river, and the waving farewell as the pier and the ship faded from each other's sight. And I remember the search for the cabins, the first dinner (and almost the only one) in the saloon, and bed. Then day after day of monotonous routine on deck, packed up in our chairs, or walking round and round. We sat first on the north side, and then on the south side, and at first alone, then as part of the ship's great family, friends for the day. We chatted together, and sat and walked together, and always the engines went round and drove us onwards over the sea, and always the sea rose and fell, and with it the great ship, and steadfastly the far-off horizon rose above the deck or sank below it. We all endured it from the beginning to the end, and not one of us, save Stella for one brief moment, and dear Annie for another, suffered even an approach to the dreaded sickness. For one brief moment I found dear Annie prostrate on the floor of her cabin, but I raised her and helped her on to the deck, and then the air brought her round again. The deadliest thing of all was the deadly air below.

Wonderful age; how wanting in all that gives life "distinction"! Everywhere, in every city, I have remarked it, and everywhere when lecturing I have presumed to say so, to make the want apparent. And this—to magnify mine office—I have taken to be my mission. In Europe there is really the same want to-day, but it is disguised by the monuments of a better, or at least a more distinguished time: the monuments of Greece, though in ruins, the monuments of Rome, though also in ruins, the monuments of Catholicism, though in decay. In America there is nothing to catch the eye, nothing to fill the void above the roofs, the unclaimed vacancy, no tower or steeple of embodied hope, no idea caught from the whole of life and set up on high, man's mark, his hold upon the infinite. What this should be I told them—even the Vision; and I told them how the great continent

had been withheld from men till man should have attained to the Vision, that upon the great new continent, unencumbered by the ruins of the old, and in the great vacancy, the Vision should be enshrined, and that in the light thereof, as of a new dawn spread backward from the west to the east, men should walk till all the world should be within it, and that then "the end should come."

This has been my message, and yet I have only spoken of Bookbinding and of Printing, of the Doves Bindery and of the Press.

11th January.

I am on board the *Lusitania*—one more amazing experience. We came on board this morning, and were seen off by a number of affectionate friends, and when the moment came to say farewell, the great ship on the one hand crowded with passengers, and the great crowd on the shore on the other, a convulsive emotion clogged the throat—what was it that made this mass of people one, what that made their separation thus seem to bring their union into view? How pathetic—how much kindness in the world of man for man. Here was displayed the love of man in the very midst of where man was competing with man, in the business of the seas.

We waved farewell, and soon the great ship was righted, and her bow turned to England, and we were on our way. The vessel is a marvel of human invention and power; so vast and so luxurious. And now our visit is over, and our task accomplished, and I have of it all but a dull remembrance. All that mighty continent, all those many cities, all those faces of friends, Stella herself, who is left behind, have faded away. They are as if they were not.

On Thursday night we gave a reception in the hotel, and invited all the friends we had in New York. It was a brilliant little party.

12th January, Sunday. On board the Lusitania.

The writing-room before the fire, in an armchair, reading *Helena's Path*. The fire is warm and genial, the chair and sofas are covered with a pink brocade. The walls are white, the mantelpiece of marble, and over it and set in the plaster a mirror; in the ceiling a circular dome; over it the sky; and, wailing in and out, the wind. I look up in wonder at this floating city built for the ocean and—for me. And I ask, where are the hands that built it, the finger-tips that moulded it, and the mind that fashioned it?

10 p.m. The wind has come, and the big boat rolls and the wood-work creaks, and accompanying the incessant roar of the water a wail of wind rises and falls as I saw the sea-gulls rise and fall on our way out over the swelling waves of the ocean. It is difficult to imagine that this brilliantly lighted interior has for its outside the frame of a ship lashed by the wind and rain, afloat, and forging its way through the dark and moving waters, under the guidance of hands and eyes invisible to us, but all throughout all the days and hours at their posts.

Monday evening. In the writing-room, Lusitania.

Truly it is an amazing thing to cross the ocean thus. Apparently we are at rest; we sit, we move from chair to chair; we go down, we go upstairs; we go to breakfast, lunch and dinner; tea is brought to us; we go to bed, and we get up. All around outside is dark in the daytime, because there is a fog, and nothing is visible beyond the windows at night because it is dark, and we are in bed.

Incessantly, though seeming at rest, the great vessel moves on. But the human content of the floating world is silent; we are unknown to one another; for each one all the rest are moving shadows.

I began by saying it is all amazing, and now the most amazing part of it all seems to me its silence. We are immersed in silence. On land, in New York, its noise was incessant; here humanity is silent within and without.

24th January. *River House.*

A dense fog clothes us all in gloom and dirt; it has been upon us day after day since our return from America, and a similar spiritual gloom has for the last few nights deepened upon me, finding expression in dreams. On my return from America, America itself seemed a vision indeed, a faint impalpable memory, all gone to silence; but the land to which I had come, the still reality, England itself, seemed stranger, a memory too, one as impalpable, and all silent as a dream, though men spoke. And night after night the stricken spirit within gave expression to itself, in fantastic forms of failure, of searching for some goal it could not reach, terrible in depression, and mad as mad could be.

Inexplicable universe, where all that is, the impressive whole, can so vanish, both the memory, the reality, and worst loss of all the Vision can so vanish, and leave behind but the torture and depression of the vehicle in which they had all their amazing root.

13th April, Monday, 7 a.m. *River House.*

To-day I resume my erect attitude. I will face it out, upright. I will strive to do my duty, and, as becomes a man to whom is entrusted the sole power of speech and of thought, think, or try to think, and speak as becomes a man so dowered with responsibility.

15th April, Wednesday.

The above I wrote on Monday, after a period of profound depression. Yesterday I regained hope, and to-day a strange happiness seems to be fermenting in my brain and to be moving to envelop the world! And yesterday Annie and I came to a decision, and Annie gave purpose again to our life! Are great things involved in symbols so small? We have decided to continue the Press, and to print Shakespeare. For months past it has been a question—what are we to do with the Press and Bindery? At one moment I came to the con-

clusion that we must close both and at once, and I arranged a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the books printed, with prologue and epilogue.

But on Monday Annie called on Mr Bain, and on Tuesday morning when I went down to her room she said she had made up her mind what should be done with the Press. It should go on, and print the English Classics, and begin with Shakespeare, and Shakespeare with *Hamlet*. I immediately assented. The Press should go on, and print the English Classics, and begin with Shakespeare, and Shakespeare with *Hamlet*.

And light shone once more on the path.

Good Friday. The Cottage, Mayford, Worplesdon.

I came down here yesterday, cycling all the way. I am alone, as Annie could not leave. I had a pleasant ride, the wind from the east being at my back all the way, so that though I carried a heavy knapsack I was not at all tired when at 6.30 p.m. I reached the door. I found the fires lighted and tea things at hand, and Mrs Lane ready to lay the cloth. After tea I started off again, and cycled to Woking to do some shopping. I bought, and brought back with me in my knapsack, a small teapot, half a dozen Java oranges, a pound of apples, and a latch for the back door. I called on the carpenter at Mayford and asked him to come along and fix the latch. This he did this morning, and now I can slip in and out at the back door unseen and unseeing, and no one need know whether I am in or out, here or not. For, oh, I love the solitude and the silence and the "wonder" which is born of them alone! And, oh, what a glorious time it has been, day and night, night and day! The silent rising moon, at the full, the descending stars, the darkness of the vast vault of heaven. On the morrow the risen sun, and again to-night the resplendent planet above the red west, and the rising moon. Who would wish to lose in chatter this sublime and passing show?

9th June, Tuesday. *The Cottage.*

I sit in silence in the corner of my little white-washed room. I am as still as it; sheltered from the outside by the drawn white curtain over the window's half, I sit in steadfast contemplation of the obvious, common—and yet how strange and awful—facts of life, and birth, and death. And as in some other world, or as in this, myself absent, I hear the common sounds and see the common sights of life going on—the train, the cart, cockcrow and song of birds and children, and human beings civilized.

And in the silence I create the Vision, and project infinitude of time and space.

I believe in infinite space, and in eternal time.

I believe in the innumerable and infinitely distant stars.

I believe in the sun, and in the wanderers, the planets.

And I believe in the earth and in the silver moon.

And I believe in the earth and *in its oneness*.

And I believe that what I have to do, what man has to do, is to make himself one with *it*, one in majesty of being, one in like creativeness, one in greatness, one in exquisite gentleness: for the power which englobes the earth makes also the flower which adorns its bosom.

And I read the poets too, Tennyson. And I pause in amazement at *his* power of imaginative creation, the polish to perfection of it all: *The Lady of Shalott*, *Ænone*, *The Palace of Art*, *A Dream of Fair Women*.

11th June, Thursday, 11 p.m. *The Cottage.*

I have lost a day, and put myself out of humour! I met Miss Ritchie, and she told me she had been staying at Eton with her sister Mrs Cornish, and how lovely it was. And I was taken with a desire at last to go and see Eton, which I had never seen. So yesterday, I mean to-day, the desire ripened and I went.

But I went first to Windsor to call on Fortescue, the librarian of the King's Library. He had been to see me at

Hammersmith, and I had bound a book for the library. Well, I hate being shown over libraries, and shown books—taking as I do only a “cosmic” interest in them. I hate to get to close quarters, unless alone. I missed the service at the chapel. I was too late, and found the door closed. I had much wanted to hear Handel’s music fill the choir and my own soul—but it was not to be.

I then wandered through the town, and down to Eton. I called first on Macnaghten—out. I then called on Mrs Cornish—out. But I suppose I looked so tired and disappointed—which I was—that the maid compassionately asked me in to wait, and, as still no one came, to have a cup of tea. Tea was ready on the table. The tea refreshed me, and after leaving a note for Mrs Cornish thanking her for the maid’s hospitality, I went out again, and again explored the little world I had come to see—the chapel and the hall, and the famous playing fields. All very beautiful, all very English, but all so dull, so “settled” and so commonplace—or was it only I, out of humour? I tried on my way back once more to find Macnaghten—but, though he had returned, he had gone out again. Discontented, I made for the station and returned to Mayford.

And as I sit here and look back upon it all, I still see upon it all the blight of commonplace. It wants an earthquake. It is not real. The castle, too, is a ridiculous anachronism.

Nor on my return home did I find Tennyson any better. Perhaps after all, as someone said the other night, he is but a fifth-rate poet.

Give me back the emotion of but a day or two ago! Oh, the dreams, the seventh heaven! It is the Vision that I lack to-day, the immense, the infinite

18th June. River House.

I yesterday left Dickie installed at the Cottage, and returned to River House, where everything has been spring-cleaned and is resplendent with polish, and in the perfect

purity of my room, and in its reflecting surfaces, the mirror which gives back the green, and the green itself, seen through the balcony window, there is too a pleasure of its own, an intellectual delight and stimulus. The "loneliness" of the Cottage and *its* delights were of brief duration: it had to be brought about by so many precautions that it could with difficulty be sustained, and when another came it was like the incoming of a "newspaper," and of all that I had banished. So now for the loneliness, as I can make it, of River House.

24th June, Wednesday.

If one thinks oneself great, how small must be one's conception of the world; but if one sees that the world is great, how little oneself must seem.

29th June.

How clothed about the world is with the thought of man! The bee swings humming by; I hear the sound, but not the sound alone, I hear with it man's accent, for man has noted it, and it has been bathed in man's emotions, and re-emerges human too.

And, oh, the wind, the wind, the wind! How that has entered into man's life, and been born again, and is now human too, and speaks to the human ear with an accent charged with all life's sorrows, and charged with all life's joys.

Yesterday I called on Thackeray Turner, and as we walked through his beautiful garden I thought it was the holier for the memory of the woman who had planted it, and whose spirit walked abroad in it, and lifted like the wind the leaves, and dwelt amid them—that which had been.

A thrush pluming itself in the shadow of the hedge—a silent song. From behind a cat springs, and the song is no more for ever. Strange, and seeming cruel. And the hand and the soul that fashioned the one, fashioned the other.

And, heedless of both, the tree shakes in the wind, and the wind shakes the tree, and overhead the sun is.

Oh, that wonderful wind! How it still blows! And so it must have blown from the beginning of the world, swaying its things of growth and shaking them into music, or howling and shrieking in waste places, or in the crevices of the height. But if there were no ear? Were there, then, sounds?

30th June, Tuesday. River House.

Yesterday at this hour, 8.45 a.m., I was looking south through the window of the Cottage, on to the greenery of the garden shaken by the wind. This morning I am looking north through my window on to the tree-tops, near and far, shaken too by the wind.

Yesterday I seemed to see a primæval world, before man was, so shaken and yielding sound—but what of sound without the ear? What of sight or things *seen*, without the eye?

Man is the instrument upon which innumerable and unimaginable agencies work, and, working, produce *in him* the universe which he projects in Vision, and *realizes* as Reality, a universe outside him; but outside him, only because he sees himself too!

To-morrow is the 1st July, the first day of the second half of the New Year.

To-morrow, nay, to-day, I will be born again, and take up the thought of old—deploy it, live with it, be it, and—project it for others.

9th July, Thursday. River House.

I have been in the dimmallest frame of mind, void of purpose, and haunted with discontent. And yesterday I went nearly mad with rage when things not done came up all at once to do, and I stood in presence of my shattered and useless memory. I forget, I forget, and cannot hold a purpose of even an hour ago.

But all the while the universe *is*, and the mighty forces which are *its* impulse abide.

17th July, Friday, 8 a.m.

Lately I have been reading about the poets. Beautiful as are the visions they create, wonderful as are the ways in which they use the images and colours of the world for the creation of their own, their visions are yet visions only of their own creation, they are not what *is*. It is this absence of Reality in the higher sense which alienates, which makes me feel an alien in their midst. I am only at home in what *is*. Not indeed in what *is* to my senses, the immediate revelation which is the experience of the moment, but in what *is* to the imagination (that one faculty which combines, in itself, into one, all the faculties of the body, and resumes into one all the visions that have separately formed the worlds that have been) and would be to the senses were their scope extended in time and space, to the past and distant, as they are limited to the present and near. It is then the higher Reality, that which, extended in space and time beyond the immediate revelation, *has been* as is the immediate revelation and *is* as the immediate revelation will instantly become. The problem of the science is my problem, the creation in the imagination of the universe, and the creation within it of man's world. Man's worlds that have been are as the species of a genus: they are "extinct" as species are extinct; but, as new species are now in course of formation, so are new worlds of man's creation within the infinite one, also moving on, of God's. What are these new worlds, what is the one to which they all tend?

I should like to think of the Doves Press as working beyond my own lifetime, and printing in "monumental" form the great Thoughts of all time. Doing slowly, beautifully, in its own way and within its own limits, what I would have man to do in *all* ways, and especially in the way of building up the world to be. Nor would I limit its activity to literature—in the narrow sense. I would have it to print great works of scientific thought. Side by side with Milton I should like to place Newton, and side by side with *Paradise Lost* the *Principia*.

So I should slowly build up the idea of monumental thought, and slowly would emerge the Vision of Cities dedicated in their public buildings to Thought, to the majesty of the Universe, to man's part in its imaginative creation.

And as I would nobly print so I would have thinkers nobly think, and set out in spacious terms, yet restrained and true, the wonders which are our Universe.

Then we should have noble music, noble architecture, noble adoration, and noble goal set for man's education, the city of the world to be. Such is the Mission of the Doves Press.

I see things, or try to see things in the light of the infinite. The finite without the infinite does not interest me; in the end it bores me. That is why "collections," as such, bore me, and generally all "possessions."

18th July.

A scheme of education should above all things aim at providing modes for the evocation and expression of energy. So there should be singing, dancing and gymnastics, and declamation; also all the crafts should be introduced for the cultivation of constructive thought and imagination—not for the sake of the objects produced, nor even for the sake of the crafts which are their methods of creation, but for the sake of the bodies and souls of the children, and of the body and soul of the community of which they are in their maturity to form a part, and collectively the whole. So, whatever the play or agony of emotion may do or demand, the energy of the universe may find its counterpart in the energy of man. Knowledge with a view to action, and only such knowledge as is capable of transformation into action, should be the knowledge to be communicated to childhood in the schools of the people.

22nd July, Wednesday, 7.50 a.m.

What an exquisite morning after the prolonged dullness—cloudless sky, sun-illuminated green leaves and branches re-

spondent to the touch of the passing breeze, twittering of awakening birds, rush of distant train, in the silence of the all! So joy awakens again within the soul, as it looks out upon its fellow, the world. At Alderley Lady Stanley and I paid a visit to the cottage of a dying man, and as I stood outside, the soul of the man passed away; yet there was no sign outside. So now in all that I have described as visible from my window there is no sign of the travail of the world "within," no sign of generation even now proceeding, no sign of birth, none of death, or of death's slow agony. Yet all that is; as surely as behind the screen of the cottage wall was that unseen passage of the soul, whilst without not a leaf moved in sympathy, nor a bird hushed its song.

26th July, Sunday morning.

At my table, looking on to the trees fully clothed in leaves. The sun shines through a thick veiled sky, a very light wind moves the lighter leaves, the flies buzz and the birds twitter and chirp, and, across the green, flicker with many returns a flight of white butterflies. On the ledge of my verandah are pots of flowers: geraniums, fuchsias, mignonettes.

I sink into the silence, and am one with the strange sight, and all around me is the universe, the inexplicable whole, containing all the answers to all the questions which God or man can ask. Can I not absorb them without question asked or answer made? They are; I am.

Yesterday there was a procession, or series of processions, in support of the Licensing Bill. Annie with Stella went off early to join in it under the Suffragist banner. I tarried behind, doubtful how I should spend the afternoon. Should I go out to the Cottage and return on my bicycle? Should I stay at home and read and bring my mind to a poise? Should I go to Kew? I compromised, and read Morley's article on the Positivist Calendar, and then went to find Annie and join the "Movement" in the Park. I took the Turnham Green omnibus at the top of Rivercourt Road, and drove to Hyde

Park Corner. There I got down, for already a procession blocked the way. I stood at the gate and watched the passing whirl; not a great stream, but great "the cause." Presently I saw a motor in the thick of it, trying to extricate itself, come to a pause. In it was a stout, grey-haired, hot and worried-looking lady. The crowd opened and it came through. The lady was Lady Carlisle, and the other occupants Cecilia and Dorothy! I looked at Lady Carlisle. Her eyes were elsewhere, but Cecilia's and my eyes met, and she gravely bowed, and the carriage passed on. Eheu, time's changes! Stout, grey-haired, hot and worried. So had appeared to me that divine young face, with beautiful eyes and braided hair which I had first seen nigh half a century ago. She then but eighteen years old, younger than the daughter at her side. And yet what of those outward signs? Was not her spirit young still, and, in its way, divine? Was not the cause *her* cause? Had she not made it hers all her life long? Was it not now herself?

I wish amid the infinitudes of all things I could conceive some near goal, some one port to which to direct the daily actions of my life. Truly there are the Bindery and the Press, which deserve more "real" attention than I give to them; but they are perhaps too individual and personal, too much conducted by myself alone. I ought to have some goal which is more immediately the goal of other workers, with whom I may co-operate. Such a one is education, if only I could concentrate myself upon it.

The day advances. The birds are louder voiced. The butterflies come and go. I have read Morley's essay on John Stuart Mill. Thoughts, like the butterflies, come and go and flicker across immensity. I have noted one or two. And now I think of the Italian runner who, nearing the goal, fell. Keep running, thou. Keep running, and keep the goal in sight. The divine, the awful expectancy! The light at last will shine, and what we are, and God is, that at last shall we see.

27th July.

And now another day is dawning, with every beauty around me so much admired, so much bewondered, yesterday by all who came to see us. I am still at heart depressed. A sense of failure haunts me, and a want of drive. Why have I not more energy? Why am I always in the air? Always alone? Strife for a cause, save for brief moments, I have never tasted. Causes to be won by strife seem not to interest me. What is not already in the nature of things, a birth of the spirit, immortal, from all time and for all time of their own essence, I seem not to care for. What *is*, "the sublime Reality," the all in all, *that* attracts me, yet leaves me spinning endlessly around my own axis.

But see what strife, what contention does. "Contention," says Morley, "is what engages most interests, kindles most energy, brings into play most force, is the centre of most effort."

Alas, for me!

But happily such contention, if necessary, is abundantly represented in the world's affairs. For my own part, of my own nature, I must "contend" that the object of it all is *rest*, is the balance, in equilibrium, of all the forces brought by contention into play.

6th August. *River House.*

I have left my diary at the Cottage, and as I must talk to myself I begin another book; a new one which, fortunately, I find ready to hand. I am alone at River House. Annie is at the Cottage. It is vacation time at the Bindery and Press, so I am alone there also. I am taking the opportunity of overhauling the Bindery, and putting my affairs there in order. This time next year I shall, I hope, have closed the Bindery, perhaps also the Press, and have let River House, and be at work upon something else and elsewhere. I discussed this situation on Tuesday with Annie. Annie would like to take a house in the country and to start "the little culture" in

“French” gardening. It would be a delightful change. This place, lovely as it is, depresses me; and this particular room more than any room I have ever occupied.

9th August, Sunday morning.

Facing the west, the sun risen in the east, the sky cloudless, all the bower of greenery at rest save its fragile limits, which tremble in the moving air.

In the stillness my soul recovers its poise, and in the still atmosphere is a purity in which shall be burnt out the soilure of yesterday. Oh, that one could live the life divine, were it but for one day, for one hour! But this inability to live the life divine in detail, to make the divine dominant, or for the divine to make itself dominant—this inability, what is it?

A few moments ago I witnessed what appeared to be a pitiful tragedy—while yet, had it been, it would only have been a fulfilment of the world’s plan. A white butterfly caught in a spider’s film. Over the tops of trees the white butterflies fluttered like the souls of saints. Suddenly one was caught in a film wrought from leaf to leaf, and held. Its wings worked incessantly, and the film shook for long minutes, but the film held. Then I seemed to see the spider, that other of the world’s plan, approach and seize the captured body, for at that moment the vibration of the wings seemed to quieten, and then all was still, and all, I thought, was over. But no; again the white wings woke to motion, and finally lifted the creature free. Intense and helpless pity seized and held me as I witnessed the capture and the struggle. But why? It was all prepared, all in the world’s plan. Is there then something amiss in the world’s plan? Or am I of another world, of another world built, or to be built, on another plan?

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Apropos of the Women’s International at Queen’s Hall.

So is Dives disturbed by the presence of Lazarus. Lazarus at the door of Dives is a filthy object, an “interruption” viewed from the house of Dives, or from across the street.

But from the higher point of view it suggests a higher synthesis than Dives' or Lazarus', a higher synthesis than of either taken separately. So Lloyd George and the suffragette together suggest a higher synthesis than either if taken alone; so even do Peace and the suffragette, or the Licensing Bill and the suffragette, than either, and it is this higher point of view from which the interruption must be judged for the judgment to be fruitful of Progress of the higher life, which is the blind desire, one may suppose, of each.

10th August, Monday.

The motto of the Cobden Club should not be Peace, Goodwill among *Nations*, but Peace, Goodwill among *Trades*, Trades taking the place of Nations.

What is the *raison d'être* of "Nations" as a system or scheme of organization? Is there anything in the nature of things to make them essential to human well-being, and to prevent its dissolution? What, if any, is their essential and indispensable function?

11th August, Tuesday, 7 a.m.

Reality is a poor compromise of irreconcilable dreams. This comes to me as I lie on my bed in the window and—dream. Brilliantly illumined are the trees with the sun, and washed pure and now cloudless are the skies after yesterday's rain. High in heaven a little flock of birds sail, and circle round and glitter in the sun. Near at hand the voices of hidden birds call each to each, perhaps each to all, and now the wind rises, and sets the leaves in motion, and gives to the air the sound of the sea.

Last night, all last night, from the great northern stations, thousands of men accoutred with guns were rushed to the north, to be spread over the moors in "sport," to destroy millions of birds now nestling in the bloom of the heather, calling each to each, perhaps each to all.

O murder—is this a compromise of passions?

Yesterday I went over a great exhibition of “works of art” at the South Kensington Museum, gathered from all the quarters of the globe. Much imitation and arrangements of nature; but are they comparable to a field of daisies? And are they anything but pernicious if they will draw our eyes from the fields of God to dwell upon the makeshift fields of man?

At the exhibition I met many visitors from America. Them I invited to see me, and yesterday afternoon they came, and I showed them the Bindery and the house, and gave them tea in the garden: dear kind faces, some of which I had seen in America—but I remember nothing.

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My window is wide open, and I look right out upon the tree-tops and over the near ones to the Lombardy poplars, and as I see them all rejoicing in the morning light, and the innumerable peduncled leaves of the poplars exquisitely vibrate to the passing wind, I wonder if that is a survival of the fittest in the struggle for being? Surely not everything is due to struggle? It even struggles itself. I undress when I go to bed, so let me as I lie there close to nature put off too the conventions of life, its state, its science, and nestle into it, as nestle into the bosom of the trees the birds.

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I am I. But I am distinct from each function.

12th August, Wednesday. The Slaughterer.

Peacefully the sun shines out of the blue. Stationary seem all the trees, save here and there a branch, and save the surface leaves. The rattle of the lawn-mower comes up from the garden, telling one suddenly yet pleasantly it is midsummer.

Exquisite moment. And many another scene of many another time and place comes into the memory, pauses awhile and fades, and hopes stir the inner air like spring.

This is peace—and bliss.

Infinite space and eternal time.

A content divine.

This morning I have had the following from William James:

....The *Credo*, the *Note* and the *Men and Women* have arrived. I have delayed acknowledgment till I could decide whether I ought to invest in Milton. The beauty of the Browning made me long to, but my conscience tells me that I can't afford it, so thus temptation is at rest.

The *Credo* in addition to its physical beauty—I don't know what I have done to merit such a gift—is a wonderfully fine expression of a naturalistic faith, a precious document on that account.

Thanking you for everything, and hoping that we may meet later, I am

Very sincerely yours,

W. J.

16th August, Sunday, 6.50 p.m.

In Kew Gardens, within the wall which skirts the Richmond Road, seated on a bench, watching the red sunset beyond the opposite trees, through which it darts its fast-vanishing beams. I am the only occupant of this portion of the garden, and alone watch the sun's decline. The sun's disc has vanished, but its brilliance still pierces the trees, in such silence it sets. And is it possible that its actuality is more than a dream? Is there a sun? And yet I say—"I believe."

18th August, Tuesday, 6.10 p.m.

At my table in my room at River House, collating *Hamlet*, Second Quarto, and the Globe edition. And as I sit the blessed quiet enters into my soul and I am quiet also—almost at peace! And so wears life away. Yester-eve, at about the same hour, I watched the red sun set beyond the trees; to-night the sky is grey-clouded by the east wind, which brings all London over us.

The daily question is, shall I, and when shall I, close the Bindery? And shall I close the Doves Press as well? Close the Bindery I should be glad to; but to close the Press I am

not yet willing. So many things there are I should like to print. But—will the public care to have them?

19th August, Wednesday.

So the days pass—yesterday it was the 18th, to-morrow will be the 20th; so, blest or curst, pass the days away.

The Vision of the world to-day is not ripe for literature, is not ripe for the Press magnificent. Beyond the power of contemporary imagination to express it, the awful Vision impends. In its shadow men grope. But that power, which from age to age is the genius of man, has laid bare to an astonished intelligence the great order, and will in the end achieve the Vision also. Then may some happy Press give expression to the world's wonder, and inaugurate the great time!

Meanwhile *Hamlet*, and meanwhile perhaps Lucretius—meanwhile “some work of noble note,” not unworthy of men.

Upon this as I struggle and am “indisposed,” let me fix my gaze.

Last night the stars, the golden fires shone out; to-day the bitter east has hung the sky with grey, and the air appears but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. Vapours of the world's metropolis, vapours of the little city, as it was then, in which this same Shakespeare walked.

24th August, Monday.

Had I been a binder pure and simple I might have been a binder still. Had I it in my mind only to produce lovely things I might have had many customers round my door. But my mind was really far away. It had for its Vision primarily the universe—it was that which, in little, I sought to re-express; not itself, though that I held to be man's function through the ages, but in its action upon myself, its order, its aloofness, its wonder, and sometimes its beauty. This I had and have in view, and having it in view I responded coldly to the demand for mere “things in themselves,” even for the

Book Beautiful, in itself. Ah, the Vision—could I realize that, were it in symbol only, and set the world to worship it! Then the things of beauty, and of order, and of wonder, would follow of themselves, be life's life-expression, be the worship God intended. Aiming at the one, I have missed the other. But that other still abides—as my life's aim.

All day long, and on waking, I am haunted with the sense of unreality, and why should I be? What reality is there to make the real unreal?

25th August, Tuesday.

I went the other night to a concert at Queen's Hall. It was a Promenade Concert, and a Wagner night. The Hall was packed. To get in I had to go to the end of a long queue extending round the building. I paid 2s., and got a seat in the balcony. The music was very loud, and filled the Hall like a great sea, and beat up into our ears as the sea does into the caves and hollows of the shore. And how absurd, too. One lady sang an appeal to the Virgin called *Elizabeth's Prayer*. What, I wonder, was Wagner's object, and what the singer's? To be heard of the Virgin, or of the audience?

Having resolved to close the Bindery next year, it seems to follow as a matter of course that I should close the Press also. But whereas I seemed to come naturally, after twenty-five years, to the former resolve, to come to the latter seemed to be against nature, there are so many great books to print and so few to bind. But the wealth of nature in the latter case must be the reason why I must call a halt now, for the end is in myself.

26th August, Wednesday morning.

In the note on the Doves Press prefaced to the *Catalogue Raisonné* of the books published by the Press, the intention was expressed to publish the plays of Shakespeare. Such intention or expression should have been limited to the one play announced for publication in June 1909, the play of

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, with which it is now resolved to bring the Press to a close. Many and great and beautiful are the books which for a moment came within the view of the Press as, after the first essay accomplished, it conveyed the worlds of man's making spread like suns over the great plain of man's history. But that future, to which in a moment of enthusiasm the Press looked forward, is not, it is found, for the Doves Press itself. Not the realization, but the Vision, was, it would seem, the goal of the Press. And now like the fabled trees which, when they had grown to a height to see—what was it?—perished downward to the root, only, however, again and yet again in renewed generations to reaspire, so will perish to its roots the Doves Press on the publication of *Hamlet*, only, however, in its contemporaries and successors again and yet again to reaspire to the heights, to renew the great quest, the Ideal Book or Book Beautiful. The Doves Press will have done its best, and in the words of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, "the rest is silence."

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Last night I went to bed early, not feeling well. And as I lay on my bed with the windows wide open, and myself as it were outside, I gazed upwards upon the stars, bright in the dark, unclouded vault of heaven. And are they *actually* there, I asked, those immense bodies in infinite space, unchanged in appearance since man on earth first gazed upon them? Slowly they wheeled round as I watched, and watching I fell asleep—and sleeping dreamed; and as I slept and dreamed, overhead the silent march went on, and ere I awoke day dawned.

Saturday, 6 a.m.

The sun has arisen this morning in a cloudless sky. I awoke between 4 and 5 o'clock. The air was then rosy, the leaves were touched by the coming sun. And all was still. Later, life awoke along the high road beyond the trees and sent its noise into the air, which was now fully illumined.

And now the sun has arisen above the horizon, and the day has begun. Overhead, but close at hand, innumerable swallows celebrate its advent in incessant labyrinthine flights interwoven, and now vanish into the upper air in ever-widening, circuiting flight. I sit up and light my spirit lamp, and take my books, and for me also one more day begins.

The swallows have come down from the higher heavens, and once again are circuiting in intricate flight immediately over the trees. And in the trees I notice certain brown spots. These are birds, too, but at rest facing the sun, pluming themselves. And perhaps they are watching, as I am watching, the restless flight of swallows round them. Occasionally they emit a chirrup. Otherwise they are, or seem to be, quite solemn. One in particular sits like a Lord Chancellor, full facing the sun and as motionless as the swallows are restless.

29th August.

The heights are not the seats of civilization. At the most they are the seats of hotels *brought up from below*. But they are sources or conditions of inspiration of wide views, of mental and imaginative altitudes. And as with physical height, so it is with philosophy, perhaps.

1st September, Tuesday.

A high wind and gloomy sky and torrents and volleys of rain and cold everywhere inside and out—such is our to-day; a transition to autumn and winter. And I am restless under it, and faintly miserable. But despite the wind, the rain and the cold, I am reading James' *Pragmatism*—though to confess the truth I would fain lie down and go to sleep.

11th September, Friday. Westminster Cathedral.

Pontifical Mass. Largely actuated by curiosity. Lamentable that with the ceremonial of the Mass there is not associated a ceremonial for the congregation. The men's heads are tolerable, but the women's should be veiled, for their

headgear silhouetted against the High Altar is grotesque and irreverent. All attending so solemn a ceremonial should themselves be masked.

Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Utrecht. I entered by the left-hand door, showing my green ticket at 8.30 a.m., and had no difficulty in finding a seat, though the church filled up afterwards.

The Sanctuary, with the new lustres illumined, was very beautiful and impressive, especially when the sun sent a great shaft of light through one of the windows, producing a strange atmospheric effect in the whole upper area round the suspended Christ. The music, largely composed of Mozart's and Bach's, was heart-searching and expressive, and would have been most solemn had it not been for the presence of the congregation, which, though devout, was inevitably, I suppose, moved by curiosity to *see* what was "going on," as well as to divert its own soul heavenward. Also, as I have said before, the detestable attire of the women, their grotesque, obtrusive and obscurantist hats, detracted greatly from the solemnity of the occasion, though in the guide they were invited to wear "the black veil in lieu of hat or bonnet."

Beautiful it all was as a ceremonial, but I could not help speculating on the sterility of the Catholic mind which was officiating, and recalling "the mentality of a Bishop" which Loisy deposes to. Still, it was affecting, and it was imposing. I dreamt, too, as I looked up into the shadowy domes, of a ritual in which the earth might be symbolized, man's dwelling, God's creation, and the union with it of man's intelligence.

12th September, Saturday, 8.30 a.m. Westminster Cathedral.

As I sit here waiting for the Mass, my thoughts turn to Annie, and through Annie to Daisy Lord, sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years for the murder of her "illegitimate" child. And I think of the meeting on her behalf in Trafalgar Square, at which Annie is to take the chair, and I think I too ought to be there, standing by her.

Show respect for human life in concern for the destruction of the child, but show it also in consideration for the mother who destroyed it, even her—otherwise how do we show respect for “life”? Are we not ourselves murdering it? Shutting up the mother, only a child, too, for twenty years with her own thoughts, her own memories, and our own displeasure. Alas, it is too cruel. My thoughts wander—it is still ten minutes to nine, when the Mass begins.

13th September, Sunday, 7.45 a.m.

At the wedding yesterday I saw many old friends, recalling old times. A certain pathos attends the reawakening of things past. One feels that the present occasion also, brilliant as it is, will pass, and be but a part of the great pale recession of things forgotten, to be recalled in its turn as the newer occasion comes, and so pass us all into oblivion.

Yesterday morning I started early to be present at the Byzantine Mass. I entered with a red ticket, and, though many were already in the Cathedral, found a corner seat in the side aisle, and waited for the Mass to begin. The congregation grew, and little processions, antlike, moved towards the front along the narrow aisle to find seats, but returned to take them further away. At last after long waiting a weird, wailing voice was heard, and torch lights were seen approaching from the sacristy, and the celebration began. The altar was veiled by a screen with three draped openings, spoiling the beauty of the sanctuary. The wailing advanced and grew, and presently I gathered that all had assembled and found their places at the threshold and beyond the screen. But I could see nothing, and I attempted to see nothing. Not so minded, however, was the congregation. Stronger than their devotion was their curiosity, and presently, after craning their heads this way and that, the more shameless or the most devout (?) mounted their chairs, and presently the great part of the congregation, emboldened, did the same. I sat, immovable, and listened to the strange movements of sound that came wailing from the in-

visible sanctuary. Finally, in some disgust, I might say much disgust, I declined further to take part in the conversion of so solemn a mystery into matter for such contortionate curiosity, and I gave up my seat and withdrew. The outer world I found the outer world still! I then made for home, and prepared to take part in that other more personal ceremony, the Churchill wedding.

14th September, Monday.

On Saturday, all dressed in our best, Annie, Stella and I—Dickie had refused to go—started, as we thought early, for St Margaret's, Westminster, where the wedding was to take place, but we found that many had started still earlier, and that already the streets were filled with a crowd and that there was already a queue at the door of the church. As we passed Jarvis, the police-inspector, inside the porch, he asked us with a smile if any more were coming—meaning suffragettes? Further on we met Bill Hozier, who told us to go up the aisle to where David Mitford was guarding the way. He showed us into a pew on the right-hand side. Presently there entered the pew in front of us Lord Morley of Blackburn, his wife and daughter-in-law. He asked Annie if she were going to make a demonstration?

Gradually the church filled up with friends, relations and strangers. And at last the bride arrived, and passed on the arm of her brother slowly up the aisle; and very beautiful, very grave and calm she looked. The wedding over, we made our way in a hansom through crowded streets to 52 Portland Place, to see the presents and the bride, and many old friends resuscitated, and their children. And so the generations come and go.

Wednesday, 8.30 a.m. In bed.

The windows wide open; blue sky; sweet sun; Nature fresh from her bath divine, reborn. Really to live with Nature one must live with these changes of weather. Yesterday it

was cold and grey and wet. And how restorative is the dawn, and the sun's ascendancy!

21st September.

And if it turns out that matter itself is only energy in equilibrium?

25th September, Friday.

In the last twelve months, what have I done? Have I advanced, carried the play higher? Got nearer the centre, seen to a further horizon? Is it something if I have only not gone under?

29th September, Tuesday, 7—8 a.m. In bed.

Windows open—pure delightful rain-washed faint blue heaven. Gentle wind, tree-kissing; benedictory sunlight shining on the leaves and houses, and filling and touching all things with peace now and to come; bell ringing, birds chirping, distant noise of passing train.

Sitting up in bed waiting for my little kettle to boil, my breakfast as usual at my side, I felt I wanted a fuller and a wider range of thought than I had been occupied with for some time past—something to be always going on whilst I occupied myself with the text of *Hamlet*, and with my patterns, and with *Men and Women*. I explored my shelves, and then I suddenly bethought me of the long-neglected Lübke which I had gotten long ago from the London Library. This I took up and have now before me, and now I see my work for many weeks to come. And how joy springs up in the presence of so full and so beautiful a world, man's past, the world and all the life to come. Rustle dear trees, shine sun, warble and chat, ye birds! Earth is wonderful and divine. May man evermore rise to the height to which his soul would project him, imaging his emotions, and in the framework of the world finding his invisible God visible.

30th September, Wednesday, 7—8 a.m.

Yesterday, once again, the same pure sky, the same golden-green of the trees in an absolutely peaceful air, the same twitter of unseen birds, the same far-off noise.

4th October, Sunday, 7—8 a.m.

Again a thick fog fills the air, hides the sky, and holds the trees. Yesterday was extraordinarily fine and warm, bewildering. At the Bindery I looked through nine copies of *Men and Women*, vol. 1, which Wilkinson had just cased. This done I hurried off to the Press to overlook the printing of sheet M just laid on, and to get some proofs of the Notice of the publication of *Hamlet*. Then back to the Bindery, where I settled some points in the arrangement of the plates to one of Ruskin's books.

In the afternoon, so beautiful, I dreamt of many things. But *Fors* took me to Richmond, then to Clapham, and then to the Garrick Club to see if I could get an introduction for Nannie Leigh Smith to see the pictures. Then, out of the immense and moving powder of mankind, into an omnibus for Hammersmith, tired and useless for the remainder of the day. I lay on the sofa and read of Sir Lancelot du Lac, in Malory—absurd romance; and incidentally a review in the *Westminster* of Swinburne's new book *The Age of Shakespeare*. Oh, what a bad writer of prose is our greatest contemporary poet!

And now another day begins with a white mist to open to perfect sunshine.

6th October, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

This morning though the sky is veiled, it is clear. The wind is awake and stirs the trees, and the sun shines on them.

On Sunday I heard there was a meeting of the unemployed in Trafalgar Square, and the men, and with them their leader Stewart Gray, seating themselves on the pavement, were arrested. Annie, who had been at a meeting for the

unemployed at the Scala Theatre, went to Cannon Row to see what had happened, and thence to Westminster Embankment, where on the benches she saw the homeless seated asleep, or staring hopeless into vacancy. Last night she was engaged in writing of what she saw to the papers.

What ultimate solution is there but death?

Kew Gardens. At the end of the long green walk looking on to the River. The distance is in a haze, the near ground overspread with the golden sunlight, the sun itself in a blaze of light overhead, the wind from the north-east blows cold on my ear, and rustles through all the trees. I sit on a bench alone, and in silence. It is 3.30 in the afternoon.

I have been through the greenhouse ablaze with flowers, and I have walked by the stone-pines, and I have looked at the roses in the rosary.

8th October, Thursday.

Hamlet once more, and the Doves Press edition.

It seems to me that the shortcomings of *Hamlet*, as of the other plays of Shakespeare, whatever in these "finished" days one might call its crudities—spelling, punctuation, alignment and presentment in acts and scenes—are as characteristic of it as a work of Shakespeare, and of Shakespeare's age, though on a lower plane, as are its sublimities and beauties, and that we should be as conservative of them as, happily, we are of those characteristics on the higher plane, which make him for humanity a poet of all time, or which tend to make him for all time humanity's supreme poet.

Richmond Park, 4—5 p.m. An exquisite afternoon, filled with mellow autumn haze and sun, all the fever of the summer gone. As I stand here on the mid high road, carriages with the ancient noise of yoked and trotting horses bear past me ancient couples out for an airing, and all things speak of settled repose. How exquisite it is. A great bird flies across the upper sky, some purpose in its flight—what is it? And from the unseen distance sounds the assuring "caw" of the rooks.

How exquisite. Thus Nature passes on through the years, detached and alone, let man worry as he may.

11th October, Sunday, 8—9 a.m.

Once more a clear rain-purified sky, with restful sunlight on the leaves, thinned and shrivelled, soon to vanish.

The *Times* has so far taken no notice of my letter on the unemployed. No wonder! Yet I am more than ever convinced of the coming power of voluntary death, as an instrument in the perfection of Life. Wonderful indeed, seeing that Nature is always and conspicuously using it, and that in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest we have come so near to making it the artificer of all it is, we should yet hesitate to adopt it into our ethics as the condition of altruistic progress, progress towards an ideal, and fail to see that though those who so sacrifice themselves, themselves shut themselves out from a participation in the future of the ideal, yet share in it *in the present*, in the moment of such self-extinction. Then too it opens up the larger hope that man's aspirations may rise again elsewhere, that when one door shuts another opens, and that the man who for this world dies may in continuation of that effort rise triumphant in another.

Pursue then by Death the great movement towards the goal in this, immeasurably aspire to the larger world beyond the closed dark door of Death.

12th October, Monday.

Yesterday was a lost day, save that in the morning I was at Westminster Cathedral and St Paul's—the former, by the way, was the finer. St Paul's seemed littered up with columns and architectural ornament, and the arches under the dome hideous in the meanness of their junctions coming down together, and Richmond's decoration has not enlarged them. The effect of the Cathedral, on the other hand, with sun and shade and enclosed atmosphere, was quite beautiful. In both, however, the singing was enchanting. For the

afternoon I cycled to Richmond, and sat for a while on the terrace.

Yesterday, the 11th October, was the anniversary of our departure for America, one year ago.

13th October, Tuesday.

Yesterday also was a lost day. I wonder why? I feel restless and nervous. Perhaps because to-day is the women's raid upon the House. Annie returned last night from the meeting of the unemployed on the Embankment (after a deputation to John Burns at which she spoke), and reported that there was a warrant out for the arrest of Mrs Pankhurst, Christabel and Mrs Drummond for sedition.

14th October, Wednesday, 3—4 p.m. Kew Gardens.

I came to see the great lily. But one had flowered and passed away in a day, and the next would not flower till to-morrow. I walked round the tank and saw the blossom of the flower to be, and its vast leaves outspread upon the water, slowly born and quickly dead, and so on from age to age.

Yesterday the Women's Social and Political Union was to have "rushed" the Houses of Parliament. But the power that is ringed the House at a great distance with police, and the House remained untouched, whilst outside the ring, and against, a vast rabble pressed and rioted aimlessly. Through it from time to time were sent from Caxton Hall their streams of women, "deputations" to present to the House resolutions passed at the Hall. Thin fragile wedges, they but reached the ring, and there, blunted and broken up, they vanished in ones or groups into the unled crowd. The rush was a failure. There was no rush. The barrier was too extended, the Houses too far away. But within the House by accident a rush was made by one woman, and one woman entered the House, and cried aloud within to the astonished assembly, "Cease your vain talk about the children, and give votes to the women who

bear them." Of the great lily plant, one blossom was born to perish in flowering. At once the woman was expelled, and Homeric laughter shook the House. Alas!

At 6 o'clock Mrs Pankhurst, Christabel, and Mrs Drummond—where are they now, and what doing?—had been arrested on the charge of inciting to violence and bail had been refused.

Inside Caxton Hall, Mrs Pethick Lawrence alone appeared as the representative of the Union. I was not present when she made her first address and sent off the deputation. I saw them pass along the corridor and enter the street. I then went into the Hall, and sat down next to Annie. Annie then told me a "secret." At the meeting at Queen's Hall she had volunteered to go to the House, and had now come to the Hall in expectation of being called; but perhaps because she was not a member of the Union, perhaps out of consideration for her position and for me, remembering how on the first occasion I had been overwhelmed, her name had not been called, and so we sat on together and listened to Mrs Lawrence. She told us of the arrest of Mrs Pankhurst, Christabel and Mrs Drummond, then of each woman's duty, and then begged the whole meeting to go out into the crowd and do each one what she could to cheer on the deputation, and to call aloud "Votes for Women." The meeting hardly stirred, but Annie and I came out and went into the street and approached Parliament Square, but we got no nearer than the site of the new Methodist Central Hall—the barrier of people was impenetrable; so we passed on to the left into George Street and St James's Park, thence by Spring Gardens into Trafalgar Square. There we saw the fringe of an immense crowd, and motor-buses and buses following fast one the other as they were deflected from Northumberland Avenue towards Cockspur Street. Finding it impossible to approach the House in that direction, we returned by Spring Gardens, the Mall, and St James's Park to the Hall, whence we found other deputations of pale fragile forms on their way to the House. But

there was no leadership, no go, the heart seemed to me to be out of it, and I pressed Annie to come away; there was no part for her to play. And so we left, and returned home. This morning the papers are full of it.

Me this kind of thing makes miserable, and wearies inexpressibly. The mob cannot be an instrument of Progress, and now the mob is being invoked, the weapon of the Social and Political Union is sullied, and the movement is blunted at the point. I am glad that Annie was not called upon. It was a generous, devoted offer; it would have been in vain. And yet, though this rush has failed, this effort of the women will be for ever memorable. And surely now the Government may be magnanimous. Surely now they might admit the obligation, and announce a time when the women's franchise should be introduced by them and pushed forward with *its* force, and man do now what woman without the man cannot do.

It should be mentioned that before the women arrived Caxton Hall had been "rushed" by a number of men, but to their credit when appealed to by Mrs Lawrence they got up and vacated their seats, and left the Hall to the women.

18th October, Sunday.

I meditate on life and death, and seek to sink into the heart of things, and thence outward again to life's image and limit. And as I sit the day advances, and the sun lights up the sky, and I hear from the trees the leaves falling in showers, and see them. And thus the pomp of summer decays, and form gives up its elements to be refashioned and refashioned as the earth returns and summer's sun resumes its summer's sway. Ah me, I look out to-day upon the trees and skies. Some other day, to which as a ship upon its midmost course time is bearing me at rest, shall I for life's last time look out on them, for the last time see them moving in the wind, and filled, ah, for life's last time with life, then close my eyes and cease to be? These very trees and skies, and Annie, and Stella and

Dickie? Oh, the love that one should lavish upon what is ever for ever and for ever, never again to be!

19th October.

John Burns has been picked up by the King, invited into the Royal saloon (travelling in Norfolk), and at Sandringham put to sleep "in one of the Royal beds."

O John Burns!

And "the people," his especial charge, out in the open.

Yet, am I just? Are we not all in royal beds who are in beds at all, whilst Christ has not where to lay His head?

20th October, Tuesday, 7—8 a.m.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the Women's Social and Political Union reception at Queen's Hall. It was full of men and women. Mrs Pethick Lawrence was speaking when I entered. She dealt with men's slander on women—the episode of Palace Yard. Then Christabel spoke. Her slim figure, always in movement, swung now backward and now forward, and her young voice, raised now in defiance, now uttering some whimsical mockery of man, was very attractive, alluring, and no wonder she has a great vogue. I made notes of her speech as she went along—on the whole, however, I was left cold, and went away without waiting to hear Mrs Pankhurst, who was to speak next. And yet I am not happy. I long to encourage them, to show my sympathy, but I am withheld by invincible shyness and a feeling that I am a visionary, and that I am not in it corporeally as are they.

Perhaps I can best help the cause, and the cause of all causes, by holding aloof from all participation in the forefront of the fray; but then I must gird up my loins and work at the sources of vision. I must pray, and pray without ceasing, and with my whole, whole heart.

9th November, Monday, 7.15 a.m.

Life is a struggle upward out of the brute into the man; and of each into the all, or of the one into the type. Many fail and fall backwards and downwards; for them the struggle, if it has been a struggle, is unavailing. They do not serve any purpose, they simply fail of purpose, and are devoured by the forces which they have not controlled and whose control is life. (The All receives them back into its formless matter.) Life is not a going to and fro on earth, but a vast movement of thought in the amplitude of time and space.

I awaked in the night, and on the half window opposite saw the bright full moon. It shone steadfastly; it moved across and vanished, yes, apparently across the window; but in space it had a vast movement also; it is a thing almost infinitely remote, and yet and in its remoteness I am one with it, and in the mind's chamber see it, as well as in its nearness on the window-pane. And such is or may be life, in its nearness and in the remoteness of its scope and aim.

Last night came to supper Dr Furnivall, his young friend Munro, Professor Manly of Chicago and his sister, Mr Daniels, and Jack Mackail, and we had a *Hamlet* symposium. Professor Manly had views about the origins of certain portions of the Quarto, which he imagined to have been prepared for presentment on some occasion which fired Shakespeare to do his best, hence the "inserted" passages, which are hot metal fused into the body of the text. I pointed out that the fusion was not always apparent, as they had rather the air of cuttings inserted mechanically with the air, not of fire, but of paste. His other view was that they were omitted from the Folio as unsuited for the less elevated purpose which it was assumed to aim at, perhaps the common stage itself and mixed audience. But here again I was able to point out that it was more probable they were printers' omissions due to "repetitions," upon the later of which the eye of the compositor fastened to the omission of the intervening matter. Indeed in the majority of cases this was clear to demonstration. I think the Professor

was a little downed by my reception of his views, but the discussion was amusing, and the evening altogether delightful.

In the morning I went to the Cathedral at Westminster—most beautiful the building, most beautiful its living light and steadfast shade and shadow, and most beautiful the Mass, *Ecce Homo*, Palestrina.

27th November.

Behind us all, behind all Nature, there is a magnificent soul sustaining it all. The soul plays through all, through each of us, if not out of tune or unstrung, as upon an infinitude of instruments, of different make and timbre. Be mindful then to be in tune and well strung, then wait; and sometime, and from time to time, the voice will come, and the great musician will play to us through us.

Death—embodied in how many forms, not of disease only, or of age, or accident, but of life also, and how each one of us may be the death-form of the other, as the lion of its prey, the hunter of his spoil, the murderer of his victim, justice of crime. Science and art will in the end take on the forms of Death also, and for Life's sake be Death's instrument. This I thought yesterday, as I watched Madeleine's blue Persian kitten watch through the window of my balcony the birds on the railing and trees outside. His eyes burnt with desire, and his desire was Death: Death of the Life without.

29th November, Sunday.

Looking back to April, I see that I awake wondering at dreams. Are they an original creation of the self, or are they an emanation due to an impingement upon the brain of the light of day?

In *Samson Agonistes* Milton wonders that vision is limited to one little organ. Why, he asks, has not the whole body and every part of it been made sensitive to light, made capable of vision?

2nd December. *River House.*

My sixty-eighth birthday. On such a day sixty-eight years ago, I, who seem always to have been alive, was born, and began sixty-eight years only ago.

20th December.

The Mackails, he and she, called yesterday. I asked Jack if he had read *L'Île des Pingouins*. Yes, immensely clever, and the last few pages very fine. I agree, the pessimism of the book is redeemed by the optimism of the conclusion, the belief that after all there is a something in man and in woman which can arise and say: This is too bad to be borne, it shall be destroyed—and can in destruction find the goal which man has failed to find in creation. And this something shall survive its own destruction, or another and higher something be therefrom born, and this will keep going the Hope of the World.

Christmas Day, 10.30 a.m.

I am now nearing the end of this book, and at the same time of 1908. Last night, or rather this morning, I attended midnight Mass at Westminster Cathedral, sung by the Archbishop. The Cathedral was quite full, every seat occupied, and I sat alone at the extreme west end, looking up the aisle to the altar. It is all exceedingly beautiful, and it dealt in its way, and in the most noble and impressive way, with what the heart of man in some way will surely always be striving to give utterance to—the inchoate emotion of creation, creation and transformation, the divine, God.

1909

3rd January, Sunday.

I begin this day to read the Bible, and I will read it day after day till the end. I hope also to read through *The Iliad*, *The Odyssey*, Curtius, Mommsen and Gibbon, Draper, Merz. And to print *Hamlet* and *Faust II*.

12th *January.*

We love, in our vulgar day, the sense of consecration, and of dedication and devotion. It is *so* I would dedicate and consecrate the Doves Press type, and so dedicate and consecrate it I will.

14th *January, Thursday.*

The weather is glorious this morning, clear and cold, and my brain is clear and my spirits rise. Yesterday I was down, and so was the weather. Myself I am one, and one with the earth.

21st *January, Thursday.*

The blackbird's song, or is it the note of the thrush? O ignoramus!—but whichever it be, welcome first note and herald of the all-healing spring. Again Nature after her winter's sleep wakes up, the large sunrise and glory of the world.

And now the earth in her tireless wandering, revolving and evolving Thought and Being, comes to that lover's meeting, and with the sun creates another year. O sweet child-spring, and glorious full-grown summer, my own heart beats young again, and with the first bird-note I too welcome thee! Come, sweet spring; come, full and glorious summer.

30th *January.*

Annie has just been in to say that Mrs Pankhurst has been proposing on the telephone to come and see her this afternoon. The Women's Social and Political Union want Annie now to speak on their platform, perhaps "to go to prison."

I am against these proceedings of the Women's Social and Political Union. Annie must concentrate. Neither she nor I have the driving belief in the efficacy of "Votes for Women." As a means of obtaining a social reorganization, it will be rather a consequence than a cause. The Labour Party, and especially the "right to work," is Annie's field. She has

contributed her unit to the Women's Cause. I do not think a second imprisonment will strengthen the effect of the first. I think that imprisonment as a *means* is exhausted, however much it may still be a *consequence* of other means which may have to be adopted. But all the already adopted means, deputations, and interruptions, seem to have lost their efficacy for the moment.

1st February, Monday morning.

Another month to live through on ideal lines. And slowly and beautifully the dawn came to-day, great with the spring.

I was at Kew on Saturday, and walked through the flower-house; lilies, lilac, azaleas, camellias, carnations, all, and others in sweet flower; and around them, outside, the bare dreaming trees, whose time is yet to come.

On Sunday afternoon, yesterday, Mrs Pankhurst called. She was gentle and affectionate, but, as it seemed to us all, tired. The prison immurement seemed to have damped her fire. And Christabel, we gathered, had lost something of her cheerfulness and spring.

That is an odious result of prison, and an argument against its use as a weapon of revolt.

Annie must not go again.

At Birmingham, where I am going to speak, I must preach the reorganization of society by means at once of Science and Art. The art of the schools is only incidentally an introduction to the arts so called; its great aim is the cultivation of the artistic spirit—"order touched with delight"—and its ultimate application is to society. It is in the schools of England, in their transformation, that the hope for the future of England is—transformation into schools of Science and Art, and out of the mediæval and Christian dream.

The churches and chapels all must be eliminated from the nation's schools, from the schools which are to be the womb of the future and great with the thought of to-day. The schools

will gradually push upward and crack and crumble off the encumbered social structure of to-day, which will dry up as a scab dries up, no longer nourished from below, and as a scab it will vanish, revealing in its place the new growth.

I have the profoundest admiration for that great creation of the Middle Ages, the Roman Catholic Church; but it is a creation of the Middle Ages, and as a creation it is finished.

So far as relates to the vital creative future of the world it is historical only, it exists in the retrospect alone; it exists in the retrospect as the long ago abandoned constructions of Egypt, of Babylon, of Judea, of Greece and Rome. Mighty it is and nearer to us, but vitally it is as remote. For the beatific vision has to be substituted the great order of the revolving world—a vision, it may be, also destined to disappear, but, in the vision of the whole, it, with the vision of the aforesaid, will still survive, will still be. Whatever has been shall be, world without end for ever and for ever.

How magnificent, too, is the conception of the children of Israel, bound unto God, the Lord their God, as His servants, and unto the Law of God given unto Moses on Mount Sinai.

The two great religions which essay to dedicate a whole people to God, as one consummate whole are the Religion of Israel, with its seat at Jerusalem or Mount Sinai, and the Religion of Christ, with its seat at Rome. All other religions pale in comparison with these two.

For the transformation of society we must expand the idea of elementary education; we must give it an expansion and a *force* which shall in little give the child—race—the notion of a new life which shall be vital, irresistible, in its upward push, strong to embody itself in new forces, as the seed into the tree, the forest, to shell off the old, as sterilized, earlier. The child must be washed and clothed and fed, its senses and faculties must be developed and warmed and exercised; it must be shown the wonder and beauty of the earth, and the wonder and duty of man's existence; and it must be taught the crafts of construction, and the art to touch

them with beauty, as upon the altar the lights are kindled, and as in the heavens the stars shine.

In Catholic education the end is defined to be "to know and serve God in this life, and to enjoy Him for ever in the next." And it has all the advantage of a definite theology and of an immense administration in support of it, together with the most gorgeous and at the same time most touching and searching ritual, with all the associations incidental to its age and historical development.

In lieu of this—which moreover, from one point of view, is man's own creation—but using the same forces of illimitable aspiration, we have to substitute the great Creation revealed to us in each day and night, and in the process of the ages revealed in Scientific Vision; and, for action, meditation thereon, and creation of all things both in big and little in sympathy therewith, and in sympathy above all with man's own ecstatic devotion to the good, the true and the beautiful.

9th February, Tuesday morning.

I have striven to present the text of *Hamlet* on the workmanship of the printer of the Second Quarto imprinted in 1604. I have helped his punctuation by the hand of his contemporary, the printer of the First Folio, and in one or two instances, where this help failed, I have sympathetically applied my own. I have also in the same way corrected what appear to be misprints, withholding, however, in the matter my own hand altogether; and when there was a reasonable doubt as to whether or no the seeming misprint was the perfect or imperfect expression of another thought than would be the reading of the Folio, I have respectfully allowed the doubtful word to retain its place. Of these words—and they are not many—I have given a list in the appendix. The plays of Shakespeare are not finished products. They are great, and almost as careless as they are great; and their carelessness is an attribute not to be glossed away. I have eliminated only the errors of the craftsman, the printer, or have sought to

do so; the work of the poet I have sought to present as he presented it himself, or had it presented for him in the language and spelling—the workmanship of his time.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that in so doing I have restored to Shakespeare something of the grit which he is in danger of losing in the slippery perfection of an adulterated text.

It is my wish that the Doves Press type shall never be subjected to the use of a machine other than the human hand, in composition, or to a press pulled otherwise than by the hand and arm of man or woman; and this I will see to in my Will, though, if I forget, I desire that this which I have written shall operate in its place.

13th February. West Malvern.

Here I am in my old childhood's home, West Malvern, within a walk of that ancient "Pale," whose orchard, garden-front, and roadside pond wherein I paddled, still abide within my memory, along with the mysterious hill I climbed to come into the dark beyond, unknown, untravelled by my young feet, and full of fears, as it seemed to me then, and wonders. And not far away a brickfield—full too of childish memories, one of a picture painted by a long since vanished hand, in which I sit in the foreground, a child in petticoats, on a hill overlooking the field and wooded plain below. And near by is Worcester, with its fuller memories of its great Cathedral and the echoing cloisters where we children of the adjoining Grammar School had played, and in my memory still play. It is sixty years ago. And fifty years ago I went up this very year to Cambridge to be ordained a priest, with the Lord "for my inheritance," with the Lord my Vision. And here am I now, an old man now, but still with mine eyes on the Vision—but how different a vision now! Now the Lord has withdrawn, and no more than the children of Israel can I see "His Face"; but I see the Creation which is His, for if not His, whose? I sit here in the daylight, surrounded by common things, but my mind's eye rests upon the northern

star invisible, and ranged all round it in equilibrium rests and moves the universe. In that vision I rest too, and move and wait. It is "God's Face" for me.

Art and Science are the two doors by which all children should pass out as finished scholars into the world. A work of art so called, except as a contribution to something beyond, is to-day an impertinence. What a sublime problem is that offered to man, to *know* the universe and to *create* in its similitude. How worthy of the God Who made it and us.

The refuse of humanity oozes from under the pressure of civilization as fashioned to-day, as mud from under the pressure of one's boots.

7th March, Monday. River House.

Sunshine and clear sky after a little winter, compressed into a few days of frost and heavy snow. It is long since I wrote in you, old diary and friend. Was it on the Malvern Hills I last wrote, walking in the sun, watching it set, and the moon arise, crescent, wonderful, and the stars? O world, wonderful thou art, more wonderful still our own sanity in thy presence! Why are we not in ecstasy?

2nd April, Friday.

The multiplication of books all in one type, however beautiful, was not my object—the object was to create a standard, and *so* to encourage *good* work, and not work all out of one fount.

Easter Monday. Malvern.

Yet how alluring it is, to go on printing, printing the beautiful things the world and man together have thought. And to have dedicated to that a Press and a type! Oh, it is heartbreaking—the bonds of being seem loosened, and I without form and void!

Once more the wind wails mysteriously, as with invisible hands it grasps the trees, and holds and shakes and releases

them and passes on, leaving them to silence, the all-enveloping. Once more the stars gaze with hidden eyes out of infinitude, gaze with amazement, and are seen of me, unseen, unknown. Once more the sun sets, dips, how suddenly, out of sight, and leaves to vacancy and me the darkening skies. Once more in privacy the earth is changed to a flower, which grows unseen save of the "tenderness of the infinitely great" which conceived and created it. In this world of wonders, what is man? And to what uses does he devote the Vision?

I came to Malvern on Friday afternoon, and put up for the first time at the British Camp Hotel.

I have walked the hills, and watched the sunset and the night come on, and the stars in their multitudes shine; and I have listened to the wind sweeping through and setting to an ancient music the bare tree-summits, and I have sought to be one with it all and to realize its wonder. But hard and obdurate are the senses, and they shut one in, and the "wonder" is hard to come at. The heavens are the heavens still, and the earth the earth, and the invisible still invisible. Yet the soul of man is of all things the most wonderful flower of God; and how it should open and respond, as respond and open the flowers of the field and of the wood—respond and open, respond and open and re-create!

To-morrow I go back to London. Alas, what waits me there. River House—that beautiful home—to be undone; the Bindery to be closed; the Press to be moved to 15 Upper Mall; Bessie to leave? All irrevocable. All full stops in the literature of time.

I am now in my room. It is after supper-time, and I have come up to be quiet and to read. The wind which has been busy all day is howling still, and shaking the window and door. It is cold, too, but I am wrapped up and warm, and behind me the gas throws a comforting light on my book and round about, and when I shut my eyes I see the daffodils, so unspeakably beautiful, the unleaved woods, the mountain side, and overhead the flying clouds, wind-driven. And as I

sit and re-create the invisible-visible, the visible becomes unreal and strange and a wonder—that which I saw, that which actually *was*, that which, now, is not.

14th April, Wednesday. River House.

Yesterday I left Malvern in the rain, and returned to town. Before leaving I had an interesting talk, the only talk at Malvern, with one gentle-voiced—what beauty and what revelation there is in a voice—woman, waiting alone for her husband, absent, mending their motor-car. We got at once into the heart of things, and she asked me—strange question for such a place, and she was not a “beautiful lassie”—what I thought would be the end of the world. What *that* remote ending might be, I replied, was very hard to say, but it was wonderful, in our present surroundings, the busy hotel, the motors, the excursionists, to think that our own might be so very near and unknown. But do you not think that we shall survive this change, and go to higher and better—if we strive to do so? Surely in the power to resist temptation there is indication of a power to survive and to rise to higher things, to a higher and enduring life? And higher and higher? And she came from an unknown somewhere in the close neighbourhood of Birmingham, into which town her husband went daily to business, and she had a small garden, and had fenced it with wire, and had sought to protect it from the little enemies of her flowers, the rabbits, the moles, the worms and the birds. And when they were both weary, their motor gave them wings to fly, and they fled to solitude in the hills, and leaving their little motor—it was a low horse-power—in garage, wandered on foot till they were buried and rested in the silent All. Gentle voice and happy and sweet smile, buried for me now for ever in the somewhere unknown near Birmingham!

15th April, Thursday.

Yesterday was an exquisite creation. It began with rain, but passed into beauty as the day grew, into “clear shining

after rain," than which what is more beautiful? And it died in a glory of colour, spread over the western heavens. Then the night came on, and the flowers of the sky opened their bright petals, and when I went to bed and lay down by my open window, my eyes were on them, on their glory, full and clear, shining after day.

And now another day dawns in sweet sunlight, and every moment so swiftly passing, charged with change, is precious beyond the desire of words to express. Let be: it is. In the great ritual of nature let thine own prayer be an inaudible murmur of prayer, of praise, and gratitude, that thou hast been permitted to be aware, and to arrest thine own goings-on, whilst its glorious pageantry of worship unfolds.

A few doors away, a little girl sits at her window looking out upon the passing life with dying eyes. It seems pitiful. *Her* life is not engaged in life; it is engaged in death, which approaches with the certainty of night. What a pathos and significance such approach should give to each passing event! And yet how is my own case in essence different? And is not my own and every man's death approaching with the certainty of to-night?

What room in so short a span is there for passion and ill-will against one's fellows?

O Cobden-Sanderson, be kind and merciful! Seek only what is kind and just. Seek the benediction of this all-beautiful dawn, and die toward the sunset and the glory of the stars.

Yesterday my last pupil bade me good-bye. I wrote her name in the books I had given her to bind for herself, and when I placed them in her hands, and said good-bye, she burst into tears. Poor child.

19th April, Monday.

In June River House will know none of us for ever any more. It is let for seven years, and the family will be scattered.

22nd April, Thursday.

Window wide open. The sycamore now in leaf, with a few leaves yet to come. The chestnut's tender leaves still pendant; the far-off poplar clothed as yet only in a haze of green, and still, all silent; above the blue and under it, slowly moving islets of white cloud. Such is the aspect of the earth, of the universe, this sweet dawn of spring.

Oxted, en route for Baxted to see a cottage for sale.

How beautiful! Surely in time to come man will go out from his man-made beautiful cities to salute and worship the coming on of spring, God's nascent touch of tenderness upon His creation, the earth's self.

And surely in time man will come to look upon himself as destined vice-lord of the dear earth his home, and his supreme mission the earth's beauty and his own. God cheers the earth once a year in spring, cheers it age after age, always—to the end. Then—the rest is silence.

24th April, Saturday. River House.

The rooms, how patiently they wait and submit! First one occupant and then another, and all the while how silent. Stella's room, which a little while ago we beautified for her, is now emptied of her life; Dickie's room, emptied of him; and how patiently they await what may happen next, and the next out of what has been elsewhere is hitherward on its way, and the next will occupy them as if they had been theirs everlastingly. So into the world we come, as it were to live in—everlastingly. But it has had many occupants before us, and many hereafter will follow us.

2nd May, Sunday evening.

Yesterday McLeish left the Bindery, whither he had wended every day for sixteen years: the first act in the closing of the Bindery. In the afternoon we went over the Bindery together, and I gave him a number of things which he thought might be useful to him.

He proposes to set up a shop with his son Charlie.

9th May, Sunday.

My darling Annie, and Dickie, and Stella, this is my testament: I leave you my love, and the Vision. I have had magnificent dreams, I have lived aloof, possessed by them. I bequeath them to you. I bequeath my love. Share them amongst you and be one with one another and with me, and let us, with the whole world, await here or elsewhere the impending great Event. I have lived aloof from "to-day," but not from "all-time"; with *that* I have lived wrapt, through all its ages, as with a little day to-day.

Farewell. From day to day, from little day to little day, for all the days I shall be still seen of you, I will stretch out to you in patient, forbearing affection a husband's and a father's love. Then farewell indeed, and with my eyes on that last farewell, farewell to-day.

23rd May, Sunday.

Pure blue sky, fleeces here and there of out-drawn cloud. The green fully out; the laburnum a blaze of yellow; the birds talkative, and the silent butterfly a flutter of white in and out. Yesterday Meredith was buried at Dorking, and there was a "service" in the Abbey. Annie and Stella were present, I not. It is well that England's great men should be buried here and there in the country, separate places of pilgrimage, and it is well that a great service should be held in the Abbey, but it is *not* well that the service should be such as it is.

I am so solitary, I see, because I want space. Society crowds out the Vision, and before all things I love the Vision. I am not at home on the platform.

25th May, Tuesday.

How exquisite again is the day—"sweet shining after rain." The night before last and yesterday there was heavy rain, the first for many weeks, and just in time to save the country, thirsting for water.

During the change, however, and no doubt in relation to it, I have been very eye and brain tired, swollen lids and incapacity for thought or purpose; but this morning, after a long night's rest—I went to bed at 9.30—I am well again—clear shining after rain. Moreover I have been worried with Annie's row with the Poor Law Guardians here. She is right; but such conflicts, involving letters and what not, upset my mental balance, and I toss as a ship, rudderless and blind upon the surges of the sea.

Whit Monday, 5 a.m.

I could cry, bitter tears, for the mere beauty and glory of the passing day—alas, that it should pass! Yet of what infinitude, plenitude, must be that All out of which it comes. Oh, source of All, infinite, incomprehensible, hold me in meditation; let not the wonder of Thy Being, not in a single day, pass by unworshipped, unadored.

This morning in a cloudless sky the sun uprose and woke me, and I opened my eyes on its golden splendour, filling the hollow of the flown night. Tenderly it touched the tree-tops, tenderly each leaf, and on all the dark sky spread its veil of blue, hiding till to-night again the ever-watchful, shining stars. Behind my eyes there is a pressure of hot tears, which press onward and suffuse them. Tears, idle tears—what is it in this silent Beauty, this glory of the dawn, the unheeded passage of the great sun, the coming on of night, night and again the dawn? What is it, oh, what?

5th June, Saturday morning.

Rain-clouds for some days past have covered the skies, hidden the sun and the blue, but they have replenished the earth with their discharged burden of rain. But spring in the change has vanished, and we are now in mid-summer. This week has been one of great fatigue, and mental worry. I have had to move up and down, in and out, and arrange the furniture at the Bindery and convert it into the Doves Press

and Bindery, and yesterday and Thursday I was at Cook's, arranging for Bessie's departure to British Columbia. It is now fixed up that she is to leave on the 30th July.

The punctuation of the Sonnets has been an engrossing and captivating occupation, entirely destructive, however, of the freedom and leisure I had planned for myself in putting the Sonnets on the press. But when I had got mid-way I became aware that a sudden change had come over those done, and was casting its shadow in advance, as of the shadow cast by the sun as it moved in the heavens and the landscape changed in hue as it moved. This came to a crisis in one of the Sonnets, *When to the sessions of sweet silent thought* (one with which I was very familiar: I hope I have quoted it right). I placed the comma after "when," and this disturbed the mental picture I had always had of the instant uninterrupted sequence, "when to." With this disturbance in my mind, on Friday night, the 28th May, I went to see Jack Mackail, and took him for his amusement a copy of the *Hamlet* and of the printed sheets of the Sonnets. He admired both (though he would not agree with me that it was right to put Ophelia along with the players in the open), but incidentally observed of the Sonnets that he would have liked the old spelling. This clinched it. When I got home again I immediately turned to the text and re-read the Sonnets, to see how far the old punctuation would do unaltered. So looked at, I found that, as in practice I had found, it really had a system of its own, with a few errors here and there of application which might easily be corrected, and that any other system did *really* alter the impact of the rhythm, for better or worse, on the imaginative eye and ear, and the groupment of its facets of thought. New punctuation came to appear like the resetting of a jewel composed of many stones: all the jewels were in the new setting, but the setting was different, and the resultant effect was different.

I resolved then, as faithful printer, to cancel all that I had done and begin afresh, keeping to the old punctuation, and

altering it only when, by error, it departed from its own plan.

I was glad to find the labour involved would be less than I had anticipated, as the type had not been distributed.

Having then cancelled and reprinted the Sonnets with the old punctuation, I get the following card from Dr Furnivall, to whom I had written *re* his letter on *Hamlet* incidentally mentioning what I had done and undone in the matter of the Sonnets: "I am very sorry that you are not going to re-punctuate the Sonnets. They want it badly. You will surely supply a word or two, or put blanks in CLXVI, line 2, and thus edit it. Your *Hamlet* practice was the right one: edit, and give notice of change. Let facsimilists reproduce old blunders, uncorrected. Tell me when you move."

I should add that in the matter of the capitals I do not always complete them, i.e. follow a rule. For inconsistency of use is the characteristic of the workmanship of those times, as over-consistency in workmanship, a characteristic of machine production, uniformity, is of our own. Those days and their work were more impulsive than ours, and were the impulse of a mood, not the pressure of a system; resulting in a capital here and there where the emotion was felt, and its omission where the system would put it, but the emotion, having ebbed, no longer needed it for self-expression. It has its analogies in "tooling": the pressure of the hand using the same tool varies in weight and direction, giving rise to varieties of facet, with resultant incidental charm, which is always so fresh, so captivating, like the unstudied movements of some gracious animal, all which vanishes with so-called "perfection," identical pressure, identical direction.

I have myself not always been consistent in following or departing from the text, in this respect, of my predecessor, the printer of 1609, sometimes having an involuntary bias towards the system, at others held in check by my respect for the text. It will thus happen that, in my own despite, the text is neither wholly mine nor his. I can only claim identity

with him in the patent fact of imperfection, and the more remote one, perhaps, of good intention, with which all rough roads are paved.

7th June, Monday.

Yesterday was a very wet day. In the afternoon I went to service at the Cathedral. Ah, how beautiful! I should like to cry out all my sorrow and yearning, like a child. Alas, is sorrow then the last word of life?

We are now in the midst of our move, and River House is partly dismantled.

4th July, Sunday, 9 or 10 a.m. The Doves Bindery.

In the upmost room of No. 13 Upper Mall, with opening into and out of the Bindery. Alone.

The little caged bird at the window, though caged, is singing with all its little might. Why am not I?

For some twenty-four and more hours I have been submerged in gloom, depressed by the dip yesterday afternoon into Masterman's *Condition of England*—one vast hollow space, with man gone mad or astray!

But even now the gloom lightens, and the majesty of God's great work reasserts itself, larger than man's purblind use of it. Still the mountains' summits are touched with the golden light of dawn and eve, still the spring comes with its enchanting youth, still old winter receives it into its arms and gives it rest, whence again it is born still for ever wonderful as at first, still what man has named it—spring! And in the infinite laboratories of all space, other worlds are forming to inconceivable great ends, and still this wonder of mind, man, watches, and, as he watches, himself creates and is. Shall man, the divine, dwarf his vision to the rumour of the streets, fashion life upon the decay of states, and forgo his heritage divine of all that is and is to be?

8th July, Thursday. The Bindery.

Oh, what a wet and dreary June and July! And what sadness of soul for me.

Bessie is going, and so the Bindery and the past die—McLeish has already gone. Wilkinson and Alice remain, with changed rooms, and the Press has taken up the ground floor, and I the attic. It is wonderfully beautiful here with my two windows, one looking up the river to Chiswick, the church near which the restless Whistler lies at rest, and the eyot, and the other down to the bridge and the tall chimneys—very beautiful and wonderful. But I feel left. Annie, whose energy is everywhere, is herself at Brighton on a visit. River House is let. But why should I feel left? Because the Press is not in the world's eye and the object of all men's desire? Have I not a faithful and devoted few?

Yesterday I took a ticket for a change of place on this great globe, and on Saturday I take train for Brigue and the Rieder Furka, there once more to make mine the great solitudes, the sun's uprising and setting, the steadfastness in motion of the world's evolution.

I will not allow myself to feel "left." I must take up the struggle for "the whole" once again. Many times again I shall have to take it up. Give me, only, the wages of going on, give me still for my goal the Vision, not alone by book-binding, nor by printing, but more at the heart of the book still, by thinking. And for this it is necessary that I should once more, in prelude, climb the heights, be alone, touch the primæval in the world, Nature's simplest things. Before in the valley beauty was born, on the heights the sun touched the snow. I go to the heights.

16th July. Rieder Furka.

Clouds everywhere.

The men of the hills are far apart, but they are not therefore lonely. Their lovely and far-reaching cry fills the hollow of the air with delightful sound, and comes home to each,

apart, who hears it. So afar are heard the cattle bells and the ever-falling stream, and for the eye are the stars by night and the sun by day, great sky travellers, or the clouds which hide them, and enwrap the summits of the hills and their valleys in one heart-searching mist.

18th July, Sunday.

Under a cloudless sky on the hillside. The only important things in the world are two: (1) the world itself, and (2) the mind of man confronting it; and these two are not two but one. Nations and their divisions are not important; they are but means to an end. Still less are individuals; they are but instruments still. At a little distance all these merge into one and are but one thing: Mind, the illuminant and illumination of that other thing, and yet itself the World.

The last thing in the world I want here is company. Solitude is what I want, solitude tempered only by the presence of those who minister to my immediate wants.

The cowherd's cry, it fills the valley full, as wine the goblet to the brim.

Poor devils—they work so hard, and such heavy burthens bear. But the sun shines on them and makes them warm, and their labours make them sleep, and to-morrow they awake and have some hope from yesterday, and so the days run on, and life, and what has been but remains, and to the life that's spent another comes its place to take, and so runs on life too.

Another comes, a burthen on his back too. They are the tree fellers whom I saw yesterday at work. The trees had been felled and sawn, and they were splitting some with their tools, and shaping some for use; and the sun had arisen and illumined the spot for them, and the wind swept by, or played on the butterflies or moths and flies, and the trees about grew silently onward to their own like doom, and grass kept green and the cones red till night shadowed all, and one day's work had been done. To-day they carry on their shoulders the spoil of yesterday.

21st July, Wednesday. *The Rieder Furka Dépendance.*

I sit here on the little terrace facing the still rising sun, reading *Julius Cæsar*, and sometimes, as above, looking at the passers-by. How sweet it is here, and how well I feel, and how full of a strange yearning. Now the cattle which passed this morning early are passing back again, their tails swinging, and their bells ringing. This morning I awoke before the sun had risen, and went to the window and knelt to the east out of which the dawn was shining. All was still, and night's stars yet shone in the whitening sky.

After breakfast, early and alone, I climbed the hills and walked and prayed and worshipped, and then came back here to sit alone and think.

And I think of you dear ones at home, and of you too, dear Bessie, so soon to go away, whose blue gown and bright face in the Bindery I never shall see again. I bless you, and will pray for your happiness, and in the place which you have left remember you, and though you are far off in a new land, new life, your form of blue and sweet kind face shall still be there with me.

22nd July, Thursday.

Flowers in my hat—it is as symbols of immortality I carry them. *I* renew them; they die.

23rd July. *Rieder Furka.*

I have rearranged my room and placed my table at the window, so that sitting at it I look south as at home. In front of me is the hotel, and at the east of it the Rieder Horn. I have taken the shutters from the window so that the view may not be impeded. I received last night a proof of Sonnets cxvii—cxxi, and I have just revised them, and as I sit here looking south, so I can imagine far away the Press at work. Cole and Albert in their room, Mason in his, Wilkinson and Alice in theirs, and Annie at the bureau writing, or with pen and

dimpled thumb suspended in a dream, gazing at the distance through the window, or downward at the alley.

So I work too, as they.

The sun has passed the zenith, and now slopes slowly to the west; and all day long I have kept my "session of sweet silent thought," and let the world outside unheeded go its way.

And dear Annie is returning, having said good-bye to Bessie Hooley at Liverpool, and will to-night be alone. Dear Annie; we must renew the purpose of our lives, review it, renew it, and on, together, to the dawn.

I could develop a world of sadness if I were to allow myself to dwell upon the past, for ever past days, of the Bindery. But I shall not do so. I shall not look back. Nor will I dwell upon a single day of it, nor a single memory. It is past, vanished; let it then be past and forgotten. The future expands before. It is to the future that I shall look, and that future I will try to make fruitful, and that future I will try to make beautiful.

14th August, Saturday. The Cottage, Woking.

I am seated in the garden overlooking grass still green to right and left of me, and a straight run in front; the rest, brown-purple earth, fruits, flowers, and vegetables. The day is warm and moist, the sky overclouded; a breeze quickens, stirs the trees and dies and quickens again. Far off a parrot calls and whistles. A gardener is at work, and a boy at play in imitation. And that is all. Open at my side is *Beauchamp's Career*, a fascinating book, full of great wisdom and of the horror of impending catastrophe. I read and put it away, and read again, precisely as the wind quickens, shakes the leaves, and dies only again to quicken, to shake the leaves again, and again to die.

I left Rieder Furka a week ago last Thursday, taking advantage for the descent of a fine day, and went for two days to the Hôtel de Londres, Montreux, to see dear Pollie. On Saturday I took the afternoon train for Paris, and stayed the

night at the Terminus Hotel, and on the morrow crossed via Dieppe. I arrived at the Bindery at sunset, entered, climbed the stairs, and found myself alone in the old familiar attic. Annie was at the Cottage, Stella in her garden, Dickie in a valley of the Alps. I was alone, and the sun.

O wonderful thing, memory! O wonder of wonders, the Past, past and not forgotten! I sat alone, and wondered, and recalled the past, and repeopled with it the silent, empty garret.

On the morrow dear Annie returned, and we began together our alternate life, I sleeping here, she there, and I going daily into town.

What a dear, enchanting fascinating hero-boy, Neville Beauchamp.

Dear Meredith, why did I go once only and kiss your hand?

20th August. Bow Street Police Court.

Waiting for trial of Annie and Mrs Despard and other suffragettes, arrested yesterday for attempting to present a petition to the Prime Minister. Oh, what a chapter of life, this present action before the magistrate—in court of Justice—of sin and crime! Women for “accosting men”—poor souls; men for drunkenness, and violence and what not; the sentence—prison. No wonder women want to come to the front, saviours of this horror of crime and punishment—but, oh, the sinking of the heart, and the hot sand in lieu of blood, burning my poor body as in a furnace for the dead!

21st August, Saturday. Bindery.

What a week! But from the sky of heaven the clouds have vanished, and the sun shines clear again, and each day life, “the near,” begins again, whilst “the whole” remains unchanged, the great, the divine. On Sunday I was at Carpenters, on Monday evening I returned, and Tuesday I lunched with Annie, my sister Fannie, and Gwen from America, at the Holborn, and then took the two latter to

see our parents' grave at Hampstead. Wednesday I remained at home all day, for it was Annie's mysterious day on which something was to "happen," I did not know what, but I wished to be on the spot in case of need. Thursday—nothing "happened" on Wednesday—I gave up to Fannie and Gwen. They and some of their party came to the Bindery. I then took them to see Buckingham Palace, The Mall, St James's Park and Downing Street, and as we rounded the corner of Parliament Street, on a poster of the *Evening Mail* I saw "Arrest of Suffragettes." Then I knew that the something had happened. I bought a paper, and saw that eight had been arrested, and amongst them Mrs Despard and Annie. I then walked down Downing Street to the Prime Minister's residence, then to the Foreign Office, and so on to Cannon Row. When about to cross the road, I saw the suffragettes on the opposite side. We crossed and saluted them, and they drove off to the headquarters of the Women's Freedom League, and I took my party off to the South Kensington Museum to dinner. We dined in the Grill Room, and then explored the museum. Dead tired, I reached home about 11 p.m. The next day I went to Bow Street for the trial of the suffragettes, but at their request the trial was adjourned to next Friday. I waited to kiss Annie, then lunched at the Holborn and returned to the Bindery.

In the evening I went again to see Annie at 29 Buckingham Gate, and there Fannie and Gwen also came, and then later I set on their way to their hotel and bade good-bye to.

Oh, the fatigue of it all, and something else—indescribable. But Annie is splendid, and her cause just.

There was a good leaderette in the *Daily News* yesterday apropos of the arrest, and a good letter in to-day's from Annie and Mrs Despard, also from Lady Constance Lytton.

24th August, Tuesday morning.

I am living in a world of ghosts, and there are things to do and I sit amid them, but they too are but as shadows, and

they infect me so that I sit and think to do, but make no progress. I could sit and sit with my head in my two hands, and let time sweep on and over all I am and have to do, till at last great silence came and stood and filled all space, and time and all was brought to rest.

Dear Annie's imprisonment impends, and I feel for her and for the women's cause an infinite pity—should it not rather be infinite action?

25th August, Wednesday afternoon. The Cottage.

I came down yesterday to be with Annie, who arrived in the morning to put the Cottage in order, in case she is incarcerated. She has just gone back to town, but I stay on till to-morrow. Yesterday afternoon in a fit of impatience I sent off a number of *Hamlets* to American customers who had not replied. Let them have them I thought, and if they do not want them, return them. It is raining in fitful storms—this very minute the rain is pelting the earth, and all round the heavens the thunder cracks and bursts in agony, and the lightning flashes a swift light. The poor harvest—the corn cut, and still standing. But how small a matter is man and his harvest, though to himself so much and seemingly the all of life. Well, what is the All? This immense mass of existence, this immense theatre of life, and life itself?

And as I sit, I think of my own dear Annie, and that I will write her a dear kind letter that she may receive on the eve or morning of her trial.

29th August, Sunday.

Looking back I see that I left unwritten something I was about to say about a letter to Annie. Well, I wrote the letter, and posted it the next day. And the Friday I went to Bow Street, taking with me the Bakewells just arrived from the Continent, and there met Stella and Annie—Annie of course “in the dock.” The Women's Freedom League had engaged Tim Healy for the defence, and he made a brilliant speech in

the afternoon, and by his presentment both of the facts—and he called no witnesses, but relied entirely on the evidence supplied by the police—and of the law, compelled the magistrate, Curtis Bennett, prejudiced at the outset against the women, to adjourn the case for another week that he might have time to consider his judgment. I was not present, as I had to leave after luncheon to keep the work of the Press going. But Annie telephoned to me the result.

How difficult it is to see things as they are apart from the ideas, conventions, which man in the course of his development has associated with them. Love for example—what is it in its nature? What is the passionate desire of the sexes for one another, and what on the other hand is the real significance of this insurgent demand of women for freedom and a share in the directive power of the world?

The insurgent woman has grown out of, or is growing out of, the desire to make of man her world, and in her insurgence is seeking not to separate herself from man, but, as a primitive force in co-operation with his own, to act directly on the world which hitherto she has entirely neglected, or acted on only indirectly through her action on man himself. It is indicative of and consequential upon the development itself of woman's will and intelligence. And it is opposed on the one hand by men who desire to have this larger world to themselves, and themselves to be the objects of women's devotion and flattery, and on the other hand by women of minor intelligence and instinctive outlook, who feel that the world of fiction and domestic office is sufficient, and the outer world an alien one, which they may comfortably leave to the coarse violence of the man nature to overcome and temper for their more delicate habitation.

In fact, the movement and problem involved are profound, and not on the surface, and involve a complete readjustment of the operative ideas and forces of mankind.

11th September, Saturday.

Mason has been appointed superintendent of the Printing School at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. But we have arranged that if possible he should still do the compositor's work here, I taking the "dis" and the red formes. He will be able to give twenty-four hours a week instead of forty-eight. And perhaps he may, with energy, get into that what he used to get into forty-eight. I should be sorry to lose him. He has been with me since the start in 1900, and I really like him.

25th September, Saturday, 5.30 a.m.

This is the first time since I have been at the Bindery that I have been awake and up so early. It used at one time to be my usual time to awake; I must make it so again. Mason has gone. In his place I have Jenkins, whose name appears as compositor in the first part of *Faust*, and so his name will appear appropriately in the second part, which we have just begun. McLeish too has gone, though he comes back from time to time. He is established with his son in Swallow Street.

I make many mistakes, but I hope to make fewer, to be more on the alert. The other day, having printed and hung up *b*, I discovered I had printed the description of the second scene in black. It ought to have been in red. This I must print over again. Yesterday, in revising the red for sheet *b i*, I overlooked a misprint in the marginal note of "Thorne" for "Throne." This I only discovered when I went to look at the work. They had already printed 70 sheets. These must be printed over again. Finally, for the moment, on looking at the first Sonnet I found a comma conspicuously out of place at the end of a line (after the word "abundance"). And this on the capitalised and initialled page. But this I painted out with Chinese white, 250 commas, and 15 on vellum. But I must pull myself together and see that I make no more. It is a great waste of time and of material.

My accounts at one time, and now my list of subscribers, hang as a cloud across my path. My accounts and the way of keeping them I think I now understand—they are really simple enough. But my subscribers are a haze. And yet I must clear them up, standing orders and others, and send them notices, also try to attract new ones by notices, etc.

By the way, I might issue a general form, inviting subscribers to all publications till further notice.

4th October, Monday.

How reality passes into memory, and what is, is not. This morning the little girl over the way died, and now lies a little silent body, where so long she lay—alive. I went to see her on Saturday and I saw her in her wide bed, where now she lies, visibly dying. I gave her some fruit and flowers; she smiled and looked who looks and smiles no more. How common it is, and how wonderful. To-night unchanged; from the dark roof of heaven the stars shine out, and are amid the eternal silence of all that is the same stars that shone ere man mirrored them, the same that shone for all the earliest men whose lives are known to us, the same that will shine to-morrow when we of to-day are gone. What survives? In the ages when even they pass from reality into the memory of Him Who alone is? And He, how shall He be known—and remembered?

7th November, Sunday.

For weeks past I have been preparing for to-morrow the publication of the *Sonnets* and *William Caxton*. And now all the lists are made out, bills and addresses, and all the copies to be sent out are packed up and waiting, and to-morrow will carry them to France, Germany, Denmark, and I think Sweden. The copies for America were posted last Monday.

20th November, Saturday.

To-day Stella told me a great secret. She is engaged to Ferdie Speyer. It was at the Euston Station—not the engage-

ment, but the communication. We had just seen Annie off to Manchester, and Stella put her arm in mine and told me she had a great secret.

She asked me to guess, but I could not—and then she told me. She is delightfully happy, and so am I. She had told little Mother some days ago, then Aunt Melicent, and then it was thought too unkind to keep me in the dark, so I was told too.

Amazing, amazing!

11th—13th December. Alderley Park.

On Friday night Annie, Gwen and I dined together at Eustace Miles', and then went on to see *The Blue Bird* at the Haymarket—an enchanting play.

On Saturday morning I took my books to Unwin's Exhibition at Clifford's Inn, where I found Dickie in command, and then lunched with Annie and Stella at the Lyceum Club, and finally took the 2.40 train for Alderley. Here I found Maisie, her two daughters, and Mrs A. Stanley. Lyulph was at Oldham. I was informed that the Churchills would be staying the week-end in the house, but that he was being entertained to dinner at Manchester, and would not be back till late. About midnight he arrived, accompanied by Arthur Stanley and a Mr Baker. His secretary, E. Marsh, had dined with us. On Sunday Clementine appeared. She is pretty. He is not as ugly as his photos, and he is, or appears to be, absolutely *naïf*, frankly confessing his ignorance where he is ignorant, and of things which, common to others, seem to be quite new to him—as for example, what is the meaning of *sine qua non*, what is the meaning of pragmatism—and confessing that he had never learnt any Latin. He has not an agreeable voice, nor does he speak well in conversation; and I daresay he can be rude on occasion. To me he has been rather specially polite, but at tea on Sunday, after perhaps Clementine had reported our conversation together, in which I had explained to her the election policy of the Women's Social and Political

Union, he was incidentally impertinent, and raised a smothered laugh which seemed to envelope me as his object. He was telling what, and what not, to put in his election address. "Don't," he said, "put in a lot of little things, as for example, 'Votes for Canaries.'" "Votes for Canaries"—and the women laughed. I let the laugh be smothered and subside, and then I asked him if he thought it unreasonable that women should strive by means of the cry "Votes for Women," and otherwise, to cast off the restriction imposed upon their sex, and to take their share in the development and conduct of the world's history; and whether, admitting their right, he should be led to deny it by any "tactics" which they might be led to adopt in support of it?

26th December, Sunday. Hill Top.

We are all now nearing the end of the year and the beginning of a new one; fit time for meditation, and the making of "vows"—those buds of future fruit.

In the course of the year I printed *Hamlet*, the *Sonnets*, and the *Credo*, also *William Caxton*, and have begun the second part of *Faust*, and this I carry on into the New Year.

It has been marked by Annie's condemnation to a week's imprisonment for attempting to present a petition to Mr Asquith—a condemnation, however, which has not yet been carried out, nor has the "special case," which on the application of Mr Tim Healy was stated by the magistrate, been yet set down for hearing. And in this connection it is amusing to read that Mr McKenna bought a *Hamlet* of me to present to Mr Asquith on his birthday.

1910

6th February, 10 a.m. The Bindery.

At the fireside. Reading Pater's *Pico della Mirandola*, feeling the warmth of the fire, the repose of the "atmosphere,"

and feeling through the window the shine upon the water of the clearing sun. And sometimes the wind wails gently round the room, and brings up memory of the days and years long and for ever gone.

I look now at the river. How sweet it is, how sweet the sun-filled sky, and the bejewelled brightening water, and, oh, the monastic retired quiet of it all!

It is long since I made any entry here. I am very happy. My life tends to a great tranquillity. I seem to be nearing the great surrender—the absorption of all in all. And as I go, I touch wistfully the vanishing present—the great authors, the kind men and beautiful women who are or might be my friends, and watch the great revelation night after night.

God be with me, and, with God, I.

1st May, Sunday. Florence.

The Kropotkins, Pierre and Sacha, left us and Florence yesterday, she for Paris, he for the Lakes.

I may be of no account in my own family, but sometimes on some seem to make a strange and wonderful impression. And dear Kropotkin spent an almost sleepless night “in ecstasy,” in consequence of a few words of mine about the Cosmos, spoken as we crossed together the Ponte Vecchio—so he told me. We kissed each other on both cheeks when we parted. How dear and affectionate he is. We were very happy together, the times we met. They arrived on almost the same day as ourselves, and we met almost daily in the churches and museums.

4th May.

Italy and Florence, beautiful to the point of pain, God's miracle to-day! The roses glow and burst in the sun's embrace, and the sun is an unapproachable glitter in the skies, and at the eve he sets magnificently in the west. And all the stars come out to see and watch as he sinks, and over him they lay at last the illimitable veil of night. It is all too wonderful.

I have no word for it, but like the roses I too am all aglow—and abashed.

I wander about alone, round and round the circuit of Florence, till I too, footsore and tired, sink to rest, and over me too the stars stretch the veil of illimitable night.

Yesterday I lunched with Lady Airlie to meet Mrs Bontine. Then I made a tour of Bellosguardo, sitting like a lizard on the warm wall, and gazing into space or into the deep green of the poderes or tender blue of the mid-distance, and then on again, between shadowing walls from height to height, till at last I saw the river and line of light, and overhead the Great Bear pointing to the Northern star, of whose true, fixed, and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament.

And then I thought of the north, and home, and so passed musing through the streets of famous Florence. Thus I “moon” about, conjecturing rather than seeing all that is to be seen in Florence.

And I know not how to tear myself away.

But one day I shall make a sudden start, and then nor Bellosguardo nor Fiesole will see me ever again, but I shall be for ever sitting in my attic, steadfast still, staring at the setting sun, and at the infinitely distant and innumerable stars as they lay over me the illimitable veil of night.

I cease to read the papers. The world falls away, and I am alone with the heavens, the stars, and God.

5th May, Thursday.

Wandering down the hill from Arcetri the other day I was bowed to by a lady coming up, seated alone in a carriage drawn by two horses. I acknowledged the salute without seeing the lady, for my attention had been elsewhere. When she had passed I thought it must be Mrs Lyde, at whose house, in her absence, I had just been drinking tea, so I ran up the hill again to thank her. The lady leaned forward to shake hands, and, lo, it was not Mrs Lyde, but—Mrs Humphry Ward! We then had an amiable chat, I forgetting, or not

remembering, her stupidity *re* woman, and afterwards, lower down, I met the daughter. They were not so surprised to see me as I them, as they had already seen me coming out, one day, from Bonciani. Apropos of "woman's sphere," it would not be so bad if it were entirely outside man's, or if man did not profess to reign and did not reign over it. Then man might have his sphere, and woman hers, each independent of the other and each coming to the other for common task. As it is, woman's sphere is within man's and controlled by man. And woman, to gain her small ends within her sphere and over man, has only the resource of the poison of the subtle serpent, which destroys alike her own sphere and his.

In Pullman wagon Newhaven to Victoria. By and by all the world will travel thus, calmly and with dignity if they please, and the "workmen" will have suitable clothes in which to travel, clean and decorous.

These are the results which modern art should aim at, and not "pictures" on canvas, but living forms relieved upon the background of a worthy world, and the superfine background of God's creation.

8th May, Sunday morning. The Doves Press.

I left Florence on Friday at 6.30 a.m. and travelling first-class reached Victoria Station at 7.20 p.m. last night. The boat between Dieppe and Newhaven was very small, and was considerably knocked about and washed by wind and sea and rain, but I crossed without sickness and on the whole reached Victoria without much fatigue, and for the last few miles was greatly refreshed by the ease, spaciousness, and let me say quasi-dignity of the Pullman car, and by the beauty of the country and the splendour of the clouded sky. At Victoria I was met by my dear wife, and was taken to dine at Buckingham Gate where she is staying. After dinner I came on here.

At Paris I learnt with the utmost astonishment the death of the King, and read the particulars in *Le Matin* which contained the announcement.

24th June.

I am reading *Jude the Obscure*. It appears in the form of a novel—a work of art for man's amusement. But it is a profound study of human passions, or perhaps of animal passions, common to all things that live, and, by their own impelled actions, reproduce; and of the soul's passion for escape out of them, or for their transformation into "purer" modes of expression. It is a ruinous failure, or the story of a ruinous failure. I have been reading it for my delight; but delight is turned into an agony of tears. Neither the delight nor the tears, is, however, the purpose of the book. I must read it again, with a view to the solution of a trouble of which the book is an impassioned statement, leaving its solution suspended in the air.

What in time to come, or now, is the solution?

9th July.

I am now reading a very different book, Tyrrell's *Christianity at the Cross Roads*, which indeed offers a solution—but in the other world. This world is but the slough out of which the soul rises to Life Eternal elsewhere. Ah, insatiable hope! Is there then "another world"? Or is this or nowhere our "America"?

No book for years has produced upon me an impression comparable to this book of Tyrrell's, *Christianity at the Cross Roads*. It has revealed me to myself, given my tongue to passion, set tears flowing, given me again the God whose throne in my aching heart stood vacant. The need of the human heart is to worship, to be prostrate, and to love.

Ah me, how I have felt it in my finger-tips, exploring like a blind man the features of the invisible, felt it in my finger-tips as I have printed and bound and patterned, felt it with the radiance of my soul as I have watched the dawn, and followed the sun, or in the night stood still with the stars.

13th July, Wednesday. Doves Press.

Christianity at the Cross Roads. What marks Tyrrell's writing, as it marked Newman's, is his crystal candour, the beautiful *naïveté* of sincerity with which he points for discussion the astounding position of Christianity and Christian tradition.

And standing aside for a moment to observe dispassionately, if that be possible, Christianity's statement and solution of the world problem, how astounding it is. But not more astounding, perhaps, than the problem itself, regarded from the same remote and dispassionate point of view.

Worried, hot, and dusty with too much abiding in the commerce of my dusty life, I went out last night to bathe myself in the silence and solitude of heaven's empty space, upon the heights and amid the unmoving woods of Richmond Park. What refreshment, those trees untouched by human emotion, that luminous sky emptied of its sun, but receiving one by one the homage of its innumerable stars, so inconceivably remote, of such an inconceivable age—tranquillity immense!

23rd July, Saturday.

Yesterday I wrote a new dedication in Stella's *Unto this Last*, and gave it to her anew for her marriage to-day week, the 30th.

23rd September. Berlin.

We are now in Berlin.

This morning at 9 a.m. Annie and I went over the Reichstag Gebäude. Very magnificent in the modern style. But oh, what a refreshment, refreshment and consolation, we afterwards found in contemplating early Italian art in the Friedrich Wilhelm Museum! It is what art should be to us—Peace and Refreshment.

What an exquisite subject, what a divine invention, is the "Annunciation." "Sweetness and light" have vanished from the age. We have neither. They exist, if at all, only in the

unseen, unadvertised dawn, and in the silent places of the earth, in the colours of the sky, and in some flowers.

The clocks of Berlin are striking the hour. To what other memory and associations are we awakened by the clocks and bells of Florence?

With Raphael the dawn, the vision and the mystery vanish. The sun has risen, and we see things as they are.

Saturday. Old Museum.

Exquisite Greek works. Oh, such repose. But at the Greek vases I paused, dead tired. To-morrow.

When I look at a work of art I extract its spirit, the spirit which created it, and in that spirit re-create the world at large. So I draw into myself, as I breathe in the air of heaven, the spirit of Greek sculpture, and in that spirit recompose the tumult of the world and regain the serenity of heaven. And this to me is the worth, is the higher use of Art—to give immediate delight, indeed for or in itself, but also the larger delight which fills the mind, and sets it thinking and dreaming and acting, in the same sublime and delightful way.

When we enter a great city, especially a great capital city, we should ask, What are the sources of its inspiration, where is its best self concentrated for its own guidance, refreshment and encouragement? Where does it go, where do all its citizens go, to drink of the fountain of life? Where does its divinity dwell? And its divinity, what is it?

I suppose one's own ordinary first thought is, Where is its best hotel, which hotel most suitable for me?

So judged, what is Berlin? So judged, what should Berlin be? So judged, what are the "guides to Berlin"—Baedeker? And what is "seeing Berlin"?

With all its faults and worldliness, the Christian religion remains the sublimest attempt yet made to raise the spirit of man to the height of its divine capacity.

28th September.

I have many things to take up when I get back to the Doves Press:

The study of cities and their institutions.

The study of history, the parent of to-day. Continental history.

The practice of German, French and Italian.

The study of London and its institutions.

1st October, Saturday. *The Doves Press.*

I must now proceed *to live*. Energetically to take *life* in hand, and to make something of the years which remain to me, and so earn the title, if it may be, still to live on. O gracious provision of life, sleep! How else could we endure the strain of life? So between life and life there may be again sleep; but after such sleep surely another "life," than the old life sweeter still; though a new life interwoven with some dear memories of the old, though with the new presences surviving some of the unforgotten old?

2nd October, 11.45 p.m.

Looking out of the window into the starlit night and the vast of space and then shutting my eyes, I feel that it is not with the outward objective universe that I am akin, but something within, correspondent to it, or it may be its own self seen and felt otherwise. The outward is a shell only, not the self which I am. The self that I am is within, is all myself, and yet directed upon something unseen which is not myself. And such is love for the something not oneself in another, and which again that other's outward self is not. That one will clasp in vain in search of it, it is not *it*, but again something within it or all around it, or I know not what; something which is, and yet eludes, and is not for us otherwise than in the vain appearance.

21st October. Friday evening.

I worry myself all day long, and often am weary both of body and soul; then comes a moment in the evening when all have gone, and I alone am left, alone. Then as now, comes a moment of soul-refreshing rest, when the worries fall away, and like a great dawn the sublime Cosmos in silence takes their place and breathes as its mission Peace, Peace; for in the All is already all that is to be. There is no forward movement or backward; Time stands still, and space is all in all.

22nd October, Saturday, 8.20 a.m.

My book—and the year—is drawing to its end, and my life—and my life! Keep then the Vision, hold on to it, into it breathe all that you have still of life; let no lesser object distract you from it, or draw from it your whole heart's devotion. How often must this have been the prayer of the Christian—to give himself wholly to God!

Some fourteen days ago, wandering into St James' Court in search of a flat for Dickie and myself (whilst Annie stays close by with Nellie Cobden), I heard that No. 319 was to let—the very flat, Mrs Harding's, which Annie had described to me as the kind of one to look for. It was shown to me, and I at once offered to take it just as it was, and as soon as it was vacant. It is a charming set of rooms on the seventh floor, overlooking Buckingham Palace, the Mall and the Green Park, with two included bedrooms, and a bath and a sitting-room. My offer was accepted, and on the 11th November, if not earlier, I take possession. On the 12th is Dickie's birthday. Him I have told of my proposal that we should set up house together. He is delighted. And I have shown him the rooms, and they have surpassed his utmost hopes.

On his birthday, then, we must together begin the new life.

23rd October, Sunday.

Who, in the beginning, sees the end, and in the end the beginning, and in all the great Meanwhile sits in silent con-

templation of the whole? Man ever seeks the larger Vision, sphere after sphere unfolding. All that has been is folded or insphered in all that is, and all that is in all that is to be, and all that is to be in all that was and from the beginning is.

God the great Creator, omnipotent, Alpha and Omega, in Thee is all that is and is to be, Thou alone art always outermost and inmost, plenitude in sphere and sphere.

Man alone becomes, and the joy of his life is changed, unfolding from sphere into sphere.

Man is an instrument of God's thought, an instrument in space and in time.

27th October, Thursday morning.

Last night I read again in Isaiah, and again this morning. How sublime it is. How I long to print it in a book to itself.

The armies of the world are at peace, but not so mankind, massed into the two opposing hosts of capital and labour, of profit and wages, of upper and lower. There is a vast fight ever going on, compared with which the intermittent collision of the "armed" forces of the world are as nothing. Vast, continuous warfare, day and night, year after year; and is it to be also, age after age? For ever and for ever?

Labour Exchanges are all in the interest of the capitalist: they are the recruiting ground whence he may pick and choose his labour—arranged, tested, tabulated for his use. It cannot be *common ground*. There are not there, waiting, unemployed capitalists, as there are there unemployed labourers. The capitalist outside the Exchange absorbs labour, and, contracting, pours it back into the Exchange. The labourer or labour does not absorb capital, nor contracting does it pour capital or the capitalist back upon the Exchange. Labour is passive; is there for capitalism to take or to leave. Capital alone is active, takes the initiative and leaves to the state or to labour itself the labour which without capital is helpless. In the presence of this warfare, labour must gather together into its own camp all the unemployed, and utilize them on

the side not of capital but of labour. It must insist on the exclusion from the open market of all unsupported labour; it must insist on the banding together of all labour, employable and unemployable, on its solidarity, till the war shall have ended and capital shall have capitulated to labour, and the needs of "man" are triumphant over the greed of capitalism, and over all combinations which have for their object and effect the exploitation of human energy. Labour Exchange! Labour Dépôt or Depository would be its more proper name, for with what does labour "exchange"? Labour is bought at a wage, or not bought, as "goods" are bought, or not bought, at a store, and it is the capitalist who is the customer, buying and returning at his pleasure, and labour is the goods on sale *and* return.

7th November, Monday.

Yesterday morning John Mavrogordato and Tom Balston called to see me. In the afternoon I called on Lady St Helier, the Sheffields (out) and Mrs Cavendish Bentinck (out). And last of all at 29 Buckingham Gate, where I found Miss Meinertzhagen, and Hobhouse, Helena, and Arthur Potter. I stayed supper there, drove with Annie to Lady Low, where I left her and came on here. Before going to bed early, I looked through my list of William Wordsworth's poems. I read the other night a short essay, or lecture, on Wordsworth and German Philosophy by Bradley, and was amused to see that I escaped by the skin of my teeth from being born into the time of the ebb of "great men." "No great man," says Bradley, "has been born in any part of the known world since 1840." My birth-year.

Surely my attic is a lovely place. Here I sit in bed, in the shadowed limb of the L-shaped room, and into the other see the golden sunlight pour, like an upward flowing tidal stream, its full flood of light and I pause, intoxicated.

20th November, Sunday, 11 a.m.

I am sitting in my wicker chair before the fire in my new and glorified attic, 319 St James' Court, pondering on J. W. Mackail's just published lectures on Greek Poetry, and hearing the clock strike eleven. Dickie is still asleep in his little bedroom opening out of mine, and his breakfast is still laid out, waiting on the little table at my side.

The morning is grey, and raindrops are on the windows. All else, save the ticking of the clock and the hum of the kettle, is silent. And this a moment in all eternity, this, so silent, so simple. Ah me, my poor dear attic at Hammer-smith, all deflowered and forsaken! I could shed tears in thinking of the loneliness in which it is left. Ah me, all that life, like many another earlier, vanished, and here another begins. I salute the coming time.

I think one may be too literary, and lose sight of the Reality in seeing only its reflection in the eyes of literature. The great thing is to see Reality with great clear eyes, as it opens and expands in the ever awakening brain of Man, to see it, to be it, and in all ways possible to man to re-create it.

Yet how profoundly interesting—the disappearance of the spirit of man in the decline of a people and tongue, and re-appearance in the rise and speech of another. Each, as it rises, touched with the dawn, and each as it sinks, red with the radiance of approaching night; and all the while the immeasurable whole steadfastly holds its own—immense, incommensurable.

24th November, Thursday.

I am reading Jack Mackail's lecture on Homer, etc.

And I am thinking too of the movements of to-day—the Woman's movement. The truce is at an end, and the women have resumed their raids upon the House of Commons, the ministers and their houses. What courage; and what contemptible figures, the hustled Ministers! Annie was in one of the raids on Tuesday on Downing Street, and was left by the

surging police alone, after they had driven out all the main mass of them, for she had fallen to the ground. On getting up she saw Winston Churchill approaching with a bevy of policemen. She went towards him to speak to him. "What is that woman doing here?" he exclaimed, addressing his police. And instantly they laid hands on her, he looking on, and hustled her down the stairs into the Park, she protesting the while and claiming her freedom, or, if she had done an illegal act, to be arrested and charged with it, and not to be thus violently assaulted.

A notice of it appeared in the *Pall Mall*—how did it get there I wonder?—but without her name. In another paper I saw it stated that Mr Churchill had had a narrow escape. A "woman" had approached, but she had been seized upon in time by the police, and Mr Churchill had escaped. Annie has written to the *Pall Mall* stating what had occurred, and it appeared yesterday.

Here comes Dickie with the *Times*, and in the *Times* is a very good review of Tolstoi, just dead. "Experience taught him this above all things, that the meaning and purpose of this life are not to be discovered 'within the life.' For him the final judgment really was not man's, but God's, and if life here seemed to be ruined according to earthly standards by following an ideal, he was ready to approve of the sacrifice."

1st December, Thursday.

Last night may perhaps be the point of departure in Dickie's life. He brought home to dinner a friend, and after dinner I read to them my letter on "The City Planned," and then, encouraged by their attention, my letter on the entrance of the new processional on to the Mall, and finally, further encouraged, my *Credo*; and then I talked to them about the meaning of it all. After his friend had gone, Dickie, who had gone out with him; said on his return that they had had a delightful evening, and that his friend was most enthusiastic and hoped he might come again, and then Dickie went on

to describe his own delight and proposed—oh, what a change—that we should read something together aloud! This was indeed a new start; and how often I had wished for it, and always hitherto in vain. But now I may hope that he has entered on the “Path,” and I must do my best to unfold to him the wonder of the universe, that he also may see it and live.

16th December, Friday.

The essential safeguard of our lives is power to push back “the environment” which is ever threatening to close in closer and closer, and to crush us within the walls of the commonplace.

1911

17th January.

It is possible that I am not profoundly interested—I use the word literally—in the questions of to-day, except as dependent upon the Vision which is at the root and top of all. They affect me “profoundly” for a moment as they swing, or I, within reach. But I, or they, swing away again—I forget.

20th January.

What is the solution of the problem of love? The transference of its energy to the creation of ideas. As raw love it creates or provides for the creation of ideas in the creation of its instruments of creation, men and women. It is possible, however, for love to proceed to the direct creation of ideas by the transference or transformation of its energy, even of the whole of its energy—resulting in sexual sterility—into thought and its imaginative creation. It may also be diffused and made to shine in the treatment of all kinds of relations, even sexual, diffusion taking the place of concentration; but ordinarily it may be said that “work” is a “love-conductor,” leading passion safely into life, which might otherwise shatter its media.

26th January, 7—8 a.m. In bed.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs Skipwith came here to tea; a charming lady. I read to her my *Credo*, and gave her a copy. In the evening I read Wallace's *World of Life*, and Dickie (quite a reader now) read and finished G. Smith's *Memories*, and then took up Matthew Arnold's essays.

I am reading Meredith's *Poems*—for the first time.

The poet's is the right way of looking at life, and is in that sense, as Matthew Arnold says, a "criticism of life." It gives what science does not give—atmosphere and emotion; it also gives "wholeness," which science aims at but cannot achieve. It is, finally, "creation" in the spirit of the whole, whose vastness is beyond our reach, though not beyond our aspiration.

12th February, Sunday.

It is not we alone who are moving forward. The whole Cosmos is moving, rushing forward with us. The whole animate world is not static for our contemplation, but is animate with us, and with us advancing, bound after bound, as, downstream, all the body of water rushes onward pell-mell to the sea. So I must not think of all things as centred in me, but rather as I centred in the centre of all, I with all on-rushing.

18th February.

I have left many things unnoted in the last few weeks and days. Some weeks ago now Dickie came home one Saturday afternoon in a state of excitement from which I gathered, as he then presently confessed, that he was engaged to Dorothea Dircks. And it is particularly delightful that all members of the family—ever widening—should welcome her with joy. This is the culminating news. I hope there will be no recession, and that in another volume I shall be able to note a happy marriage.

On Sunday last I called on Maude Stanley. Madame

Novikoff was also calling, and Lord Halifax, both belonging to the long ago. Lord Halifax is enchantingly good, but what a brain!

I am reading *The New Machiavelli* (Wells) without much interest. I feel it is common; yet it has clear and interesting statements and presentments of many interesting things.

Two visions I must note. On Wednesday I attended Mass at the Westminster Cathedral. It was almost empty, and the chairs were cleared off the central floor, leaving the great space unoccupied. Far off—I remained seated, alone, at the end of the central aisle—was the altar and the officiating clergy, and over them, and lighting the incense as it rose, rayed great shafts of sunlight from the windows in the overhead dome. And the voices of the choir rose and fell, and the intonations of the priest, and the bell rang, and the Host was raised. And all the while the shafts of light revolved slowly, as slowly round itself revolved the earth and slowly round the sun.

The other vision was on Westminster Bridge. Immense, the city gloomed and shone, and the great river ran onward to the sea. But against the parapet of the bridge, looking east and over the river and against the sky, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of seagulls were flying, and from the parapet men were throwing to them scraps of bread which they caught as they flew, and all the air was full of them and quick. *Dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching*—in its mystery. How trivial the central act—the catching of the bread; how superb the setting; how wonderful each bird, each feather; and greater and more wonderful than all, the silence of it all, the all enveloping silence.

28th March, Tuesday.

On Sunday by appointment I called on Saumarez, at his club in Piccadilly. Alas, the labour of the years! We should not have known one another. And it was with a painful puzzled feeling that I conjoined into the personality the present

and the past. We talked for an hour of old friends and old times, and of our own lives, spent apart, and then we separated, each going back into "Time" to work its last upon us. I doubt if we shall ever meet again.

There is something wrong in my life. I am getting nervous and dissatisfied. It works up, whatever it is, into my dreams. I dream of failures. It may be only that I am old and tired; that I have not the same clearness of vision and the same energy; that the sun is setting.

I am growing timid. I shrink from the disagreeable, or what appears likely to be so. I have a horror of broils, of raids, of clamour and insistence upon "rights," whatever they are. I long for the peace of the "whole"—that wonderful silence, which is before life comes, and is again when it has vanished.

But let me rally. Let the Vision be my sole occupation, and all other causes leave to those who can better support them. To Telemachus there is one duty, to Ulysses another.

6th April.

When at Manchester yesterday I was going through the laboratory of the Manchester University, I thought how delightful it would be to be young again, to be for ever young and a student; and quickly came the thought that man was that—the race of man, or perhaps rather the Brain of Man, for ever young, a student of the earth, student and poet.

20th April, Thursday. Carlisle.

On Monday I saw in the *Morning Post* "the death of the Earl of Carlisle"—the death of George Howard. This sent my mind travelling over the past. And the next morning I resolved to attend his funeral, which I saw announced in the *Times* to take place at Lanercost Abbey at 2 o'clock to-day. I took the 2 o'clock train to Carlisle, and here I am. In the train I found Sir C. Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, and Philip Burne-Jones, and at the hotel I found Tom Armstrong. We

spent the evening together. They are leaving by the 9.25 train for Naworth, but I wish to be alone: alone to remember the past, and alone to harvest the sensations, sorrows and hopes of the moment, and in the light and shadow of them again to summon up the Vision upon whose face they are. Forty or fifty years—what are they with all their joys and tragedies, hopes and aspirations and failures, what are all they in the unending passage of the ages? Man's death, Man's birth—which is the happier or the better, and to what either leads, or what either is, in the great All, which is the Vision, who shall say?

Oh, the opening and the closing doors of life, and all the shadows and lights between, illumining and darkening the growing and declining lives of men! Oh, lights and shadows and encircling All, be with me as I too approach my end, be with me as I stand at the grave of him who was my friend, and on whom the shadow has earlier come. As in the home we sit round the fire on the hearth warming our hands, and the light shines upon the face of each and dies out, so life shines in life upon each—oh, the wonder of it—and then dies out. But on the morrow the fire is kindled anew, and other and younger faces take the places of the old, and upon them, upon them through the countless ages of unexhausted time, life and death play their flickering light and shade, each to the other giving place in turn.

I shall be alone and silent at the funeral, and I will try to return to town to-night. It shall be my unspoken homage—not to death but to life, to the days when we were young together, when upon our faces young life shone.

Sunday, the last day of April.

I have sought, and still seek, to round off my life into a perfect whole. Errors of omission and commission are of daily occurrence, but they are not of the essence of my life, nor shall they prevail against it. What is fittest, what is fit, will survive, and what is fittest of all is my life's purpose itself. My

bound and printed books shall witness to it—order, touched with delight.

1st May, Monday. St James' Court.

Yesterday I slipped on the marble at the door in the Court, and came down with a crash on my left side, and now on May Day I am in bed barely able to move; and such is life, and we never can tell! And the things which seem so cheap when lost are found invaluable. Yesterday morning I got up with ease, and thought nothing of it; to-day I am a cripple.

On Sunday morning I went to the Westminster Cathedral to hear Mass.

I sat, and stood, and watched, and listened; then my thoughts wandered to man crucified, to the long travail of man through the ages, and the priest's voice seemed his appeal, his cry from first to last. And my thoughts wandered again to a "last supper," and I imagined myself to be seated in an assembly of my friends, and to be drinking the last cup, and to see them fading as I drank, and my eyes closed, never on them ever to open again.

And I dreamed that so might all men take their leave of life, and pass voluntarily at the chosen moment, as had passed all mankind before them, into and through the mystic portal of Death.

17th May, Wednesday.

I am expecting Nigel Mavan, whom I have not seen for half a century—not since I left Cambridge. I remember I coached him for his B.A., or his Little-Go—I do not remember which—and he gave me a bronze tray for my pains. He passed. We were then in our sunny age. He is now probably a hale old man—stout, no doubt, and white of hair, if not bald. But we shall see. I remember him, as he was, perfectly. I wonder what he will think of me.

Last Tuesday, 29 Buckingham Gate was let, and Annie

moved into Queen's House, where I had taken a bedroom for her, 68 a. She is out all day, but comes over here to breakfast.

19th May, Friday. 68 a Queen's House.

I am in Annie's bedroom, 7.30 a.m. Annie is asleep. I opened the door gently, and saw her grey hair spread on the pillow, and the dear face buried out of sight—asleep. But what if she had been dead? Out of reach of touch or voice. Dead. I stood and watched, and thought of all the years gone by; thought of the birth of Dickie, thought of the birth of Stella; as dreams they had come, as dreams out of the night. And am I not in a dream now? Asleep, yes, to-day, this morning; but some day it will be the sleep of death, and I shall have already gone before, or still be left alone to explore the silent heavens and call upon her name in vain. Oh, that this could be borne in mind—the great departure, the last adieu!

May I remember it, and forget it never.

Last night I spent in the dark and silent great Westminster Cathedral. Light shone in one of the chapels to the left of the High Altar, and there a service was being conducted, and women knelt upon the floor, and some men. I stood and saw, and felt there would long be need in the world for the assuagement of sorrow in the contemplation of the pitiful, sorrow-stricken God—the projection of man's own sad self.

9 a.m. At the Bindery. Before I had finished writing the above, Annie awoke and exclaimed to see me already in her room. She was feeling and looking better. Presently her breakfast was brought up, and I adjusted her pillows that she might sit up comfortably, and then after a little talk about her engagements for the day I left, and came here on my bicycle, through the Park all lovely in its spring livery.

10th June, Saturday. St James' Court.

It is now 3.30 a.m. The sun has not yet risen above the horizon, but this city now does

like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

It is London. From my window I overlook Buckingham Palace, and beyond I see the line of houses, which is Piccadilly, now just touched by the risen sun, and beyond, and at the horizon's limit, the heights which are Hampstead and Highgate. And it is London—where half a century ago we all lived together, Fannie and I, and Pollie, and the dear lost Father and Mother—all lived together in Regent's Park Terrace. Since then more than half the whole world of human beings has vanished, more than half the whole world of human beings has been born. Wonderful thought. But it is not upon this that I want to dwell at this moment, but only to recall my own particular past—that vanished life at Regent's Park, at Regent's Park Terrace. I see it plainly enough—Father, Mother, Fannie, Pollie and me. I see it plainly enough, but how seldom I remember it. It was for me a time of horrible struggle, enclasped in a world which I could not understand, whose bounds and bonds I longed to burst. And I remember bursting them. I remember the first time when the visible horizon vanished; when it ceased to be *me*, and I felt and “saw” myself, and the whole round globe and all that therein is, to be “in space” infinite, and “in time” infinite. Then all the enclasping world vanished too, and I was, as I remain, alone, save for the hope, which still possessed and still possesses me, that in the infinite, in the vast All of things, I should find that All to which the soul of man sets, as to the shores of the earth set the myriad waves of the sea. But indeed I had not meant thus to write about myself when I began. I meant only to recall that past when still we were all living

together, Fannie and I, and the dear Father and Mother, and Pollie, and in that past to find the old affection which still blooms and flowers.

The few hours I had at the Press I gave to clearing out the rubbish—a task still incomplete. Such an accumulation of “overs and wastes”!

My sole other task is printing *A Decade of Years*, but I must have my eye on *Antony and Cleopatra* and, still more remote, on my next German book. I have already had an inquiry from Germany, “What is it to be?”

11th June, Sunday, 7.15 a.m.

Yesterday at the London Library amongst other books, I picked out Lockyer’s little book on Tennyson as a student of nature. Tennyson’s descriptions are magnificent, but they remain descriptions—from without. Tennyson is not in them, nor are they in Tennyson, which, I suppose, is what Wordsworth means when he says “he, Tennyson, is not much in sympathy with what I should myself most value in my attempts, namely the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances.”

Tennyson in fact says what science says, in the same spirit of “observation,” and he says it magnificently. But science is not, nor is Tennyson, the last word. Nature must be transmuted into man, and man into nature—as in the sacrifice of the Mass—before the last word can be said, and then it is both man and nature, the one in the other, and each in both, which utter it. Think of Wordsworth, writing of sensations produced in him by his first vision of the “sylvan Wye,” *after* it had become a part and parcel of himself.

Wordsworth *is* what he observes and describes, nor is there wanting that something which gives to all things their unity.

My Last Will and Testament. *To the Bed of the River*

Thames, the river on whose banks I have printed all my printed books, I bequeath The Doves Press Fount of Type—the punches, the matrices, and the type in use at the time of my death, and may the river in its tides and flow pass over them to and from the great sea for ever and for ever, or until its tides and flow for ever cease; then may they share the fate of all the world, and pass from change to change for ever upon the Tides of Time, untouched of other use and all else.

25th June.

“There is no use in a better ‘society’ except to produce better human beings.”

Surely this is an error. I suppose that though I remain the same, my *position* may be indefinitely improved by the improvement of society, and the use of society is just to improve my position. I am not altered by the height of a ladder, but my “position” may be greatly altered by it. Indeed, my very existence may depend upon its height. So it is with society. The improvement of society may in fact be precisely my own improvement, in the degree in which I intellectually and imaginatively identify myself with that improvement. I have a mirror. It equally and dispassionately reflects what is disgusting and what is refined. Endow it with sensibility, and it will proceed to react upon its environment so that its vision shall be adjusted to its sensibility. And in such a case we should be entitled to say there is progress, even though the progress shall have been not in the sensitiveness of the sentient Being, but in the betterment of the environment.

28th June, Wednesday evening. St James’ Court.

Alone, stretched on the sofa watching the evening sky clearing itself of its clouds, and the sweet thin sickle of the new moon. I long for some kind of purification and re-direction. I long for clean pure air, for mountain stillness, for “an awful rose of dawn.”

Annie is now in Norway, making her way down to Bergen.

14th July, Friday.

Dear Annie returned from Norway Wednesday morning, and took me by surprise, opening the door of the sitting-room of No. 319 and looking at me as she held the door. I was sitting up in bed at breakfast. She was quite well, and very bronzed with the midnight sun!

28th July, Friday.

It is glorious summer weather, but the heat is prostrating, and the flat was so hot last night that I had to spend the evening bicycling in the cooler open air of the Mall outside. Yesterday I took a ticket for Rieder Furka, and now I must see about the things I want to take with me.

30th July, Sunday.

The heat has been for some weeks almost insupportable—though in other respects to the mere man the weather has been delightful: to the mere man, because to the earth, the mother of grain and of fruit, it has been and is death.

3rd August, Thursday, 9.55 a.m.

I am again, after a long interval, in the reading-room of the British Museum. The same smell, the same secluded silence, the same sounds of shifting feet and of books banged and closed—the brain of man toiling amid his own creations and discoveries, toiling for more Creation and more Light. And I have brought in my pocket for reading by the way *The Birth of Worlds and Systems*, and at page 97 “the theory” (not even a capital T) is, that the solar system originated in a deep grazing impact of two suns, largely gaseous.

On Sunday I go to sit upon an Alp and on the great heights, to think, think, think.

8th August. *Pension Rieder Furka.*

On Sunday, after many hours spent in packing, both early and late, at 11 a.m. I took the train for Brigue, proposing

to leave from Calais by the Simplon Express. On the boat an engaging young man, whom I recognized as George Lewis, approached me with open arms, and welcomed me as a fellow-traveller. We found that we were bound by the same train to the same destination—he and his wife, also on board, for the villa, I for the hotel, at Rieder Furka. Presently I had the pleasure of seeing his very pretty wife, so we very cordially travelled through the day and night to Brigue. At Mörel they mounted the horses provided by Sir Ernest Cassel, and gaily rode away up the mountain side. I followed on foot, blue shirt, white trousers, hatless, and with a large red umbrella and walking stick. The sun shone fiercely, and the ascent was hot and tiring; however, it was at last accomplished, and I reached the hotel at 2 p.m., having started from Mörel at 11 o'clock. I have a room, new to me, at the south-east angle of the chalet, in which I get the morning, mid-day and afternoon sun, and outside a little terrace skirted by the "garden" of the hotel,—garden which supplies the lettuces for salad.

From being hot, the weather is now cold, cloudy and windy—still, there is plenty of sun on the mountain side, though the summits are hidden in masses of slowly changing white clouds. I propose to take things quietly, to sit in the sun, and vary sitting with short walks—the neighbourhood, covered with "ghosts," is fairly well known to me, and I have no curiosity to know it better. Let me sit and think, and read, and project the Vision.

At dinner last night I counted twenty-four more or less elderly ladies, and five ditto gentlemen, of which latter number three were German, two English, and of the two English one was a parson, the other myself.

I have brought many books with me. Amongst the larger, I have Lafcadio Hearn's *Japanese Letters*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Merz's *European Thought in the Nineteenth Century*, and Weismann's *Germplasm*. Amongst the smaller, Hardy's *Tess* and *Woodlanders*, Meredith's *Poems* (a selection), the *Odyssey*

and the *Iliad*, *Introduction to Mathematics* by Whitehead, and one or two others I do not remember. I have also Goethe's *Iphigenie*, my own proof, and the sheets of *A Decade of Years*.

I suppose I am entirely modern, little affected by the "fancies" of ages long ago—modern in the sense of modern science, which goes for the "facts" of the universe and not of man's dreams about them. But then I also "go" for man's creations in the spirit of, and inspired by, the facts discovered and set in order, in the order of the universe, by science, the clear mind and speech of man. And in my bones and blood I feel, not the old strange thoughts of man, thought before he knew, but the bones and blood and rhythm of the divine Cosmos, more wonderful to my mind than any of the many "inventions" of mankind.

3.30 p.m. The day has mended. At 5 a.m. it was, I am told, cloudlessly clear; then the clouds gathered, and, shutting out the sun, shut out the source of warmth and hope. But now the clouds are only a vast decoration of the great blue vault, and the sun is almost pitiless in its unveiled splendour and heat. I am sitting on a rock, which just catches now and then the little flying vortices of wind, which catch and shake singly the pines which stand upright and alone on the sheer hillside. The roar of the water under the glacier making its way to the falls and the valley, comes up to me and tells me that all else I see is silence, silent. How pure and sun-filled is the atmosphere, and where and what is London now? I am still reading L. Hearn's *Japanese Letters*. What a lot of modern books, deep and wonderful, have been lying all around me, and I never heeding.

9th August, Wednesday, Rieder Furka. 10.45 a.m.

I awoke this cloudless day at 6 o'clock, and after a few moments spent in awakening more fully, got out of bed and dressed. After breakfast at 7 o'clock, I set out for a walk along the new gravelled path, which I found completed right round the Rieder Horn. It was magnificent all the way in the silence

of the sunshine, and in the presence of the snow-clad mountains, set all in array under the sun and the blue sky. As I walked and pondered on the path thus made by the will of one rich man, I thought of what greater work he still might do. Found a University, for the study of the universe scientifically, with a beginning of the Art which shall ultimately render back to man, integrated in terms of the imagination, the results of the world's analysis. What a superb essay! And the Villa, which seems destined to be a Sanatorium, might be made into one of many such buildings, erected all the world over for the rest and for the integration in meditation of the workers at the university.

Sir Ernest Cassel has withdrawn from the common use and joy a large patch of the mountain, and now, where all was at large, we see notice boards announcing and warning the traveller that it is "private." At these heights the mountains should be open to all. He has, moreover, introduced luxury, which is alien to the spirit of the mountain, a spirit which is abstract and rare.

To the mountains we should go for recovery from the overcharged life of the great cities.

12th August, Saturday morning.

I am sitting on a mass of rock covered with bilberry and juniper, above the Cassel Road, overlooking the Rhône valley, or rather looking on to its other side and the Simplon. No human being is in sight or hearing. I live in these mountains with the sun and moon and stars and day and night, becoming ever more and more one with them, for ever more and more they fill my mind, and are myself. On this green-covered ledge of rock, the little grasses upstanding above the green are waved to and fro by the passing breeze, and dance as danced for Wordsworth the daffodils.

A bee hums by, and far off the grasshopper screeches and grinds and grates, and the air appeals to the ear with a sound of many notes, blending distances into one sustained

but distant movement; and about the summits of the hills the white clouds gleam and cling.

Warm is the sun.

17th August.

How completely "civilization" has put "man" apart from and in opposition to Nature. He is no longer of it, as are the birds and butterflies, or the trees and shrubs; and yet he is no less earth's product than are they.

Now I am alone, amid the lonely hills and Nature's great felicities. What a silence! How vast, how solemn, broken only by the mountain torrents which fall, as it would seem, for ever and for ever. At hand a placid tarn mirrors the whiteness of the sky. This is Nature's life alone—and is to what end? Nature's own, or man's? How exquisite it is, the coming and the going of the sun, and all day long his welcome warmth, and all the night night's darkness and the Stars.

18th August, Friday morning.

9—10 a.m. On the mountain alone.

The sun supreme in a cloudless sky. Before me, as I sit, the range of mountains snow-capped on the south of the Rhône valley; the Matterhorn and Weisshorn on the extreme right; Monte Lione in front. Little winds blow by me and stir the grasses; bees buzz, and sudden flies whirl by. All else is silent, motionless.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, a University was founded for the salvation of Prussia, or of Germany. To-day we want one founded for the salvation of man; a University based on Science, with Science for its goal, and on Art with Art its goal, the twin great goals of mankind. Let him who is rich take thought of this, and found for the future a University to-day.

Other hope for mankind there is none—other hope than the majesty of Science in its revelation of the world that is,

the work of the great Creator; other hope than the beautiful world of man, by man made beautiful and pitiful within the majestic world of God—twin hopes. Again, then, let the rich take note, and for the future of the world found to-day a University. The Universities we have, both new and old, are obsolete. Obsolete as are our Churches and their aims.

25th August, Friday, 4 p.m.

I am sitting in my room at my writing table, *History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century* open before me; open also all the windows, two in front, one at the side, through which, looking, I see the steadfast mountains in sun and shade, and above them, drowsily moving, masses of white cloud, and between and above these the limpid blue of heaven.

I bow my head, and pray that I may be ever more and more at one with what I see, more and more at one with the order and delight, the human view of God's great universe.

1st September, Friday.

To-morrow the children, *my* children come up—that will be delightful.

5th September, Tuesday, 8.50 a.m. Bel Alp.

In my bedroom. I have just made my bed, and sit down to rest and think awhile. On turning over the pages, I see I have made no mention of the arrival of the "children." I remember that I wrote all about it to Annie, but I may add an outline here. Early Saturday morning I ascended to the Villa, to say good-bye to Sir Ernest Cassel who was leaving in the course of the day. I found him at breakfast on his "platform," which runs round the house. He welcomed me cordially, and gave me a chair, and asked me to have a cup of coffee. The view of the mountains, the wide circus, was magnificent, and there amid them, eating his egg, sat the great "entrepreneur." We chatted awhile, and then he said, "I am building a chalet," and he took me round the house

to the other side, to show me its site. It was for the grandchildren. Happy grandchildren, to be surrounded thus amongst the everlasting hills. We then said farewell, and he invited me to look him up in London. I then took my way down to Mörel, in the sun—very hot. I arrived soon after ten. I ordered lunch, and then went along towards Brigue to meet the children. Presently a carriage approached, and it was they. A hand waved a handkerchief. The carriage stopped, and I got in. They had arrived!

How curious this is—once present, now past yet remembered, clear as if it were happening over again.

Arrived at the hotel we had lunch, a rest, and then at 3 p.m. set out on our climb. Acting on Sir Ernest Cassel's advice I rode up to Ried, and thence we all walked together. At Ried we met Sir Ernest on his way down, and I introduced the children to him, and he gave us the freedom of his villa and walks as a parting gift.

8th September, Friday, 6.30 a.m. Bel Alp.

Yesterday morning at 8.30 I left Rieder Furka, intending to walk to Brigue, by way of the Bel Alp, to catch the 7.45 train for Lausanne. The children accompanied me. It was still one of the wonderful days of this wonderful summer, and on the glacier a most refreshing air blew from its upper reaches, making me regret that I had not been oftener upon it—the air seemed more invigorating than the air blowing over the hot earth of the mountains. But the ascent in the hot sun was fatiguing, and I reached Bel Alp exhausted, and at 2 o'clock the children bade me farewell and returned to Rieder Furka.

I soon recovered from my fatigue, and after watching in vain for the passage of the glacier by the children, I went up to the chalet to call on Mrs Tyndall. She received me hospitably, and gave me a most refreshing tea. We had an interesting talk together, and she emphatically agreed with me that England was hopelessly at sea for "ideas," that the

present "men of science" were "commonplace," and science, as one great whole of knowledge, quite lost sight of. After leaving her, I climbed the mountain to see the Tyndall monument. I found it finer than I had pictured it from the Rieder Furka.

Then I descended, dined in the old dining-room at a side table alone, and after dinner went straight to my room. I confess that Bel Alp is more to me than Rieder Furka. It is altogether on a grander scale. Then, too, it also is a "place of memories," both of people, and of hopes and dreams. How many summers I have spent here; how many times I have laughed, and how often I have searched the hills and "souls of solitary places" for the solitude I love!

9th September, Saturday. Train de luxe.

Yesterday I walked down from Bel Alp to Brigue. Very dusty and hot. Thunderstorm at station. Tea; and changed shoes and socks. Took ticket for *wagon-lit* at Brigue for London. Discoursed to two ladies about Education. As we might never meet again, I bequeathed them my latest views, namely that the English people would never be properly educated, that the Church and Nonconformity were insuperable obstacles, and that all England's institutions would have to be ploughed out of existence, and the land lie fallow for an age, before a university based on Science and Art could be planted in it for the education of the people and the culture of Ideas.

10th September, Sunday, 8 a.m. St James' Court.

I reached London yesterday about 7 o'clock. "Home" I found solitary, but sweet. Flowers were in the vases, and apples and biscuits on the table, and a dear little letter from Annie. And now I am in my dear bedroom again, surrounded by my pretty things, and wondering why I ever went away!

29th September, Friday, 5 a.m. Betty-fold, Hawkshead.

Annie had been invited to spend a week with Kate Holliday at her charming home at Hawkshead, "Betty-fold," and I took the opportunity of travelling down with her to see Wordsworth's, my poet's, country. We arrived at Windermere on Saturday afternoon last, and parted in the rain, Annie in a brougham to drive ten miles to Betty-fold, I to spend the night at Rigg's Hotel. On Sunday morning, which happily was fine, I left the hotel, and with my rucksack on my back set off to walk to Hawkshead, and reached Betty-fold just as the little party had sat down to luncheon. They all rose and embraced and welcomed me, Katie, Winnie and Annie. It was a sweet and affectionate party, in a sweet and affectionate home. Katie would have me to be part of it, and a bed was found for me on the ground floor—the house is entered mid-most of its height, being built on the slope of a hill. I stayed Sunday and Monday, and on Tuesday returned to town, leaving Annie to follow to-day. On Sunday afternoon Winnie took Annie and me to see the tarn above them. A most lovely spot, a mirror of heaven set in a tangle of wild hills, brown and golden, and amid them, opposite, the raven crag on which Wordsworth the boy was held, pressed to its face by the gale.

All Monday it rained, but I spent an hour in Hawkshead exploring its quaint streets, and the dear little cottage in which Wordsworth laid his child head, and looked through the window at the waning moon.

On Tuesday we all drove to Grasmere, and lunched in the cottage (Dove Cottage) by permission of the old lady guardian, who in her childhood had known the poet. But oh how impossible is the cottage now, the garden and the little terraced orchard, without the living poet! It is his soul only which can transform them all, and make them the Cottage, the Garden, the Terrace and the Orchard, which we know:

Sweet garden-orchard eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found.

Wordsworth was not there; but we reverently explored that one time happy home—explored, and drove away. There is a peace, and settled conviction, at the heart of Wordsworth and Wordsworth's poetry which is wanting in Shelley, Keats or Byron.

11th October, Wednesday, 8 a.m.

All last week I was busy at the Press passing the sheets of *A Decade of Years*. I finished them yesterday, and began addressing the envelopes for the issue of our new notices.

19th October, Thursday.

If I am to have any influence at all, it would seem to me to have to be postponed till after I am dead, when my whole life will be rounded off, and what I aimed at seen.

In the evening Annie and I dined with the de Morgans in their new house in Church Street, Chelsea—two houses thrown into one, with a great studio imposed on the roof. We were shown his little study, where he sat and composed his novels, morning, noon and night. He told us that, with interruptions for meals, he sat all day in his chair, writing and falling asleep and waking up and writing again, all in the same chair at the table. Illustrating Bergson's theory of creation, he writes without plan or provision, just as it comes, and hitherto it has always "come," and when he sits down to write he hopes it will—the something which, till it has come, is unseen, unknown. With him is no provision, only the backward look upon the already "come."

21st October, Saturday evening.

This afternoon Annie and I attended Bergson's lecture at University College. It was an endeavour to prove that the substantiality of the soul was movement—but movement divested of apparent movement. But what movement in itself is, i.e. movement without motion, I confess I am unable to imagine. Nor do I feel myself exhilarated by the discovery that my soul is indivisible movement. I may ask, also, how is

my particular soul or "movement" limited? Can we, are we expected to, conceive of movement dissociated from substance? Or are we to look upon movement as substance?

23rd October, Monday.

On Saturday afternoon—the day I spent at the Bindery—I attended Bergson's lecture; the upshot of it, as far as I understood, was that Time is *not* movement in space, but *duration* in Eternity, and that the soul is duration, with apparent "variability and change, change and variability," constituting the phenomena appearing in sensibility, through the media of our organs. But as I said to J. W. Mackail, yesterday, Bergson is easier to follow than to understand.

24th October.

Hyndman's chapter on William Morris is really very fine, and at its close I feel the choke in my throat and the tears scalding my eyes. Dear Morris; dear great soul; and dear Hyndman. It was indeed a split of what should have been one unbroken beam of light.

"Leave the body alone and in mystery—what does it matter what becomes of it?" This was Annie's remark on reading out a notice of a funeral service at St Mary Abbott's, with no notice of the burial.

27th October, Friday.

I was too late for Bergson's third lecture on the soul. The door was shut; no standing room, even; and outside on the steps a woman was fainting. She had come out, I suppose, exhausted. All to know that the soul, the "substantiality" of the soul, is "indivisible (pure) motion." I suppose that if I had been anxious to be in time I should have been; and I conclude that "in my soul" my own soul's judgment is that such knowledge of itself is nonsense, and its pursuit a farce. It is the aspirations of the soul which are its revelation and "substantiality," and not the preposterous lectures of a fashionable French Professor.

29th October, Sunday.

Yesterday I finished looking through the vellum Wordsworth—not all as good as they should be, and how depressing it is looking over results which are now unalterable and bad. But “better next time” is always the ever flying hope.

In the afternoon I did *not* go to Bergson’s lecture. Why should I? Leave it to the crowd.

1st November, Wednesday.

I am glad it is the first day of the month. I am always glad to have a fresh point of departure, a date from which to begin again.

It is to poetry that we must ultimately look for an adequate description of the soul. To poetry, which is “the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge: the impassioned expression in the countenance of science.”

12th November, Sunday.

Dickie’s birthday, 12th November, 1884.

23rd November, Thursday, 8 a.m.

At last William Wordsworth, and the *In Principio* and new Catalogue are published.

Sunday, 10 p.m.

Alone over the fire, reading Mackail’s *Lectures on Poetry*, and brooding. At this moment the bugle sounds: delightful refrain, recalling me as it always does to the watch-towers of life, and their solemn recall to attention.

4th December, Monday, 5.40 p.m. Rothay Hotel, Grasmere.

In the coffee-room alone. Before bright fire. How enchanting the brightness of the fire and its warmth, the darkness and silence outside of the solitary hills, and the thoughts that arise in the stillness, both of it and of all the past, of all the past face fronting the future, saluting it as the dawn the darkness of the west.

I brought with me to read *A Decade of Years*, and Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, the English translation, and to these I have devoted myself, my sole companions in the great solitude of the Lakes—the great solitude, for great solitude it is. The mountains, the lake, and the sky and the moving clouds are all that I behold. The people seem not to count. They are not a moving distracting crowd of tourists, they are part and parcel of the lake, as are the stones upon the mountains, and the bracken. They do not count in the silence, they are a part of it. And in the hotel there is no stranger. I am the only one, and so there is none.

It is good to go away sometimes to some quiet silent place, and in the silence to read some great book, to give oneself to it wholly, as to some great function of Religion: to give oneself to it and to the All wholly.

Then, I have Wordsworth and Bergson.

6th December, Wednesday, 9.30 p.m. Rothay Hotel.

Reading, in an armchair before the fire, Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*. I, born since then, am in the actual country within a few minutes' walk of Dove Cottage, where the journal was written; but their Grasmere is a long-vanished Grasmere, and I see but the ghost of it, and in it they are themselves ghosts.

7th December, Thursday, between 8 and 9 a.m. Rothay Hotel.

In bed, window open, trees dark with evergreen foliage at base, but with delicate tracery up against the clear morning sky, into which the just rising sun is pouring its light. There was "a roaring in the wind all night" but this morning is the sky "clear shining after rain." How beautiful it is, as the sun rises still higher above the mountain trees, and all the valley is motionless awaiting its caress. On the right (I just see its eastern end projecting into my window) is Grasmere Church, in whose "yard" silent, and one again with Mother Earth, silent, emotionless, is the dust of William Wordsworth, and at his side, united in death as in life, the dust of Mary

and of Dorothy. Dear Dorothy, who in this vale shed many a tear for something wistful, wanting.

24th December, Sunday. The Lacket.

Yesterday Annie, Dickie, Dorothea and myself, came down here for the year's last week, though the children return on Wednesday. We drove in the dark from Marlborough, and came into a sweetly lighted old cottage, to be welcomed to her fire and warm rooms by a dear old housekeeper. This is the quasi-gift of Hilton Young, whose cottage it is. Dining with Stella the other night, and telling her we wanted somewhere for Christmas, she immediately suggested The Lacket, and after dinner telephoned to Hilton, and received for answer, "Certainly; till the end of the month." So here we are, just paying the weekly bills. And how sweet, how sweetly sufficient the cottage is, satisfying all man's primary wants of the body and of the soul—pleasant things for the eye to rest upon—old felicities of man—and books, man's thought, upon the shelves, and outside great Nature. All night the winds were still, and in the darkness there was not a sound; but with the dawn they woke up again, and now come in gusts, and shake the steadfast yews whose forms I see silhouetted against the light. Otherwise, and save at moments far apart the chirp of some lonely bird, sound there is none.

Last night after supper, and whilst Annie and the young people talked in low tones before the deep fireplace at one end of the double entrance room, I explored the bookshelves, and then settled first upon Dowden's *Wordsworth*, and then upon the Introduction to Mackail's *Greek Epigrams*. And at midnight, after all the others had gone to bed, I too went to bed, and slept with dreams to just before the dawn. Oh wind, and dreams, and sleep!

Tuesday.

Yesterday was Christmas Day. We had no holly or beef or turkey. But we had plum-pudding, though without fire, and we sat around it with love for our host.

1912

2nd February. *St James' Court.*

I am dissatisfied with my own squandering of time and energy. I make "plans" and forget them, and am bewildered by a number of beginnings, unpursued to conclusions, by odds and ends of purposes without coherence.

I must pull myself together, and re-illumine the great Vision—the sole great purpose of my life.

I have in the last few days been reading Pater, or rather Benson's *Life of Pater*—picked up the other day at Stella's. But that is a great mistake. Pater is poison and miasma. Give me back my own great world, my infinitude of space and time, the great rhythms of planetary existence, and the breathing of a planet's life on whose rock of ages man's life is but as a lichen's growth, though it is in man's mind that the whole is mirrored and is the whole it seems. I am now printing Goethe and Shakespeare; let me give my mind to them, and to Wordsworth, to whom I shall come again for the *Prelude*. To these let me give my mind, and still always to "the whole." This morning I awoke, as I had gone to sleep, "tired with myself." This evening I have resolved to concentrate on a few things, and to let the rest go. And in the first place I propose to addict myself to my own proper work as a printer of great literature, and as part of that duty to study the literature which I propose to print. And here I have already at hand three great authors—Shakespeare, Goethe and Wordsworth, and for the moment they shall be my study. In the second place, though in reality this should come first, I shall keep in view the Vision.

18th February, Sunday, 9.15 a.m.

Reading *The Excursion*. As I read and meditate, the clock ticks the lapse and growth of time, and I advance to my last day; and again and again the bugle sounds—beautiful summons. So should each man be summoned, and arise and go.

23rd February, Friday.

Much was said last night at the Caxton Hall (lecture by Herbert Burrows) on the "Brotherhood of Man" as the religion of humanity. The Brotherhood, moral and imaginative, of man, is nonsense. Man has in man his foe as well as friend, and man has in himself both foe and friend. The brotherhood of man consists not in identity, if there is identity, of race and origin, but in the common cause or goal or end—the brotherhood of the good. Man has in him a foe, and in men many.

Man has an ever-increasing need of silence and solitude.

The sleep that is amid the lonely hills,
The silence that is in the starry sky.

9th March.

"Woman" is like America. Her discovery has been postponed until to-day, as the great new continent was till after the Middle Ages. But as then, so now the opportunity has been lost, and the new ways are still the old ways, and violence is still supreme.

Then Woman might have arisen as a new day upon the world, bringing into play a new sweet reasonableness; she might have enfolded the world in her arms as a mother her newborn child; the world might have been won to peace. But the new continent is now as the old—and woman has smashed respectability and windows. Violence is still the instrument.

4th April. Hôtel Belle Ile, Cadenabbia.

At the call of Stella and Ferdie I arrived here yesterday. I have now, 8.30 a.m., rearranged my room, and removed my bed from the corner to the centre of the room, immediately opposite to the window—open from top to bottom, through which I see the lake, Bellagio, the mountains beyond, and over all the blue, blue sky, at night the stars, and by day the sun—and immediately under the electric light, so that at night I can read in bed. At the side, I have my table covered

with many books. What a glorious vision it is, this lake, and how soothing and beautiful the blended sounds of its myriad breaking waves! How enchanting the blue above the trees.

Easter Monday, 8.30 a.m.

Sometimes I read a Shakespeare play—*Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*—and see that wonderful thing, man, forgetful of the rest of the whole, exploding his force in passion—no drinker-in of “the silence that is in the starry sky,” or of “the sleep that is amid the lonely hills.”

24th April, 3.45 a.m. Rothay Hotel, Grasmere.

Moved by great yearnings for the lonely hills, I took train on Friday morning and made for Grasmere; and now here I am sitting up in bed with a candle on my knee, listening to the birds, and watching through my window the coming on of day, whose march is timed by the hours struck upon the clock in the church tower. Save for an occasional note near or far away, all the birds' singing has ceased; soon it will be man's turn, and soon all the day will be his, and the road and the fields and the hills.

This afternoon I walked to and along Loughrigg Terrace, —a very beautiful walk—and home by the upper road past Wordsworth's cottage. I wish it were not a lifeless museum, that cottage, but someone's living house. I think I hate these dead men's houses made museums.

The hills and dales have made no response this time to my yearning. There has been no elation in myself, and they have remained cold and superficial. Perhaps the appeal of spring was exhausted at Cadenabbia. To balance the coldness of the outside world, I have had a fire lighted in my bedroom, and have sat over it with my books—Goethe and Sabatier—Goethe's *Roman Elegies*, and Sabatier's *L'Orientation Religieuse de la France Actuelle*, 1911. The *Elegies* I have read with a view to printing them; but do they deserve to be printed? True, they are Goethe's, and very much Goethe's; but apart from

Goethe, are they European literature? Are they a "point of view"?

Sabatier's book is very interesting; good as a whole and good in detail, with a sane and cheerful view both of to-day and to-morrow.

28th April, Monday morning.

Perhaps at the extremity of my life I am as Wordsworth describes himself in the Ode, and for me also has vanished the "visionary gleam," the "glory of the dream." Yet this morning I awake with the spirit renewed, and shall stay on till to-morrow. I have just heard the wheels of passing carriages carrying off the departed guests, and my heart leaps up at their going, as Wordsworth's leapt up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky. Is it for them who come out to *see* her that Nature draws down her lid, and is as she were not? Or is it I who am oppressed by their presence, and rebound to sympathy with "the All" when they are gone? This is spiritual pride, I fear; yet true it is that a something there is which vanishes in certain atmospheres, and comes again in others—the something of mystery without which all Nature is nothing but a common lot, a freehold site for sale.

Tuesday, 8 a.m. In bed.

When the maid, after much ringing, brought up my breakfast yesterday, I inquired if *all* had gone. All the visitors? "Oh, none, Sir, no one from here. The coaches from Keswick all stop here, and it was those, Sir, that were going on." None gone! Then I must go. And instead of passing the day and another night among the lonely hills, I spent it in the train, and in my own comfortable bed at St James' Court.

I dressed and went out for a last stroll. I called at the bookseller's—a quite nice little shop—and had a copy of Wordsworth's *Poems* I had bought there in the spring packed up to send away to Mrs Kitson, and spent 5s. on a collection of Francis Thompson's poems, which I read on my way up

to town. After an early lunch, having already packed up my things, I left them to follow in the coach, and set out to walk via Loughrigg Terrace to Ambleside, there to be picked up and carried on to Windermere. It was a delightful walk. The sky was a canopy of grey cloud, but the valley a cup of water set among green hills, very beautiful and quite solitary, all the living things save a few wild birds gathered into one fold and out of sight. Over them all Nature spread her clustering trees, and they lay in their shade, as lie the dead beneath the green.

I found Annie in her armchair before the fire reading her *Westminster Gazette*, and very bonny. "Ah, I thought you would come to-night," was her salutation.

And now if it was a pleasure to go, it is a joy to be home again.

4th June, Tuesday evening. St James' Court.

I have for a long time been leading a very desultory life—my only steadfast work being at the Press. But I will turn over a new leaf, and introduce more regularity, and more purpose both present and remote into my daily life—more persistent and directed effort. At present I am mainly engaged in reading Goethe's *Life* over again, with a view to settling which of his works I shall print.

20th June, Thursday.

Last week I went to West Horsley to inspect a house to let—Brittain's Farm. I found it unsuitable, but on my way back I stumbled on another, Lollesley Farm, which is in every way suitable. On Monday I returned with Annie, and she was delighted with it, and we agreed to take it for six weeks from the beginning of August at five guineas a week. It is quite charming.

23rd June, Sunday.

For some days past I have been down in deep depression, with the outlet as it were blocked; perhaps caused by

the "block" at the Press, where for the moment all things have come to a standstill. I have had to print so many vellum copies of *Iphigenie*, and to bind them all, and to bind so many paper copies in addition, that though I published the edition in May—the 10th—itself long delayed, I have yet the vellum copies and the bound paper copies in hand, and see no prospect of getting the vellum copies out for another month. And vellums, with rare exceptions, never satisfy me—discoloured, too black, or too grey, always something amiss. And all the while the coming books are at a standstill—*Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Tasso* and *Cæsar*; and I have well-nigh printed *Venus and Adonis*.

All this worries me, with perhaps a falling subscription.

Yet why should it? Am I not always doing my best? Will they not be done "in time," and in time enough?

And why worry? Perhaps there is something more amiss—something less in the Press and more in myself, something akin to the old unrest, the unrest of the letters I have now re-read. Is it the unrest of the spirit unadjusted, or fallen from the great adjustment aimed at? Has my soul been insufficiently nourished of late, less in communion with the All from which all comes?

Sunday, 2.10 p.m.

I am alone, sitting at the open window.

Dear, dear Annie. It is she whom I am thinking of now. I see her slim figure of a quarter of a century ago, and feel the soft smooth touch of her finger-tips and palms. Dear Annie—so busy now! She went off this morning to speak in Hyde Park, and broke off in the middle of a letter to a Hammersmith magistrate about "a case" in the Hammersmith Workhouse. This morning I told her *I* was "a case," and that I was fretting about the time when the Press would attract no more subscribers, and then what was to be done? "Oh," said she, "we will go and live in a cottage. But let me know a little beforehand, that I may be prepared." And then we

shall have to give up this flat, and someone else will sleep in Annie's little room, and someone else will sit here and look diagonally through it, and feel the warmth of the sun and the coolness of the waking wind.

24th June, Monday, 7 p.m.

To-night a change, a change of mood, an unknown something has brought relief, and I again am free. What if all the books *done* are bad, are there not all the books to come? Can I not make *them* into the things of beauty which are fit to take their places with the stars?

On, I say, on—over the past, over the present, on to the future, on.

13th July, Saturday, 9 p.m.

As on the moors there are delicious pools—pools of silence, as we might call them—reflecting in their depth the moving clouds of unmoving heavens, so in life there are moments of ecstatic meditation, when “life” with all its mysteries seems mirrored in our soul of souls. Such a moment I have now, after weeks of weary waiting, weary waiting for the cloud to lift.

The piercing note of the bugle, it mounts and mounts, and with expectation still on tiptoe—stops.

How beautiful itself, and how beautiful its recurrency, and its last lifting note.

One more bugle-note, the last. And now all the clocks are striking ten, and the sky's the night's.

20th July, Saturday, 8.30 a.m.

Over me come clouds and shadows as over the fields on a summer's day, and I am sad and hopeful by fits and turns. But the world goes steadfastly turning, turning.

I am reading Goethe's *Gedichte*. He too was sad and bright by turns. But, anyhow, now I must be up and away—to the Press.

31st July, Wednesday, 7.40 a.m.

Thinking of my editions of Shakespeare, I love the tangle of the forest and the self-strewn flowers of the meadow, as well as the ordered avenue and the stately formal garden. And I desire both to exist, but not the one to be destroyed or debased to produce the other.

3rd August, Saturday, 8.30 a.m. Lollesley Farm, West Horsley.

This is the farm I found by accident about a month ago. It is quite delightful in itself and in its situation, and I look forward to a quiet holiday of six weeks, a quiet English holiday, a holiday in England, for Annie and myself and her friends and mine, and for Dickie and Dorothea, who will be staying with us all the time. We came down on Thursday last.

I have brought down to read two new books by W. James, *The Biology of the Seasons*, by J. Arthur Thomson, Goethe's *Gedichte*, *The Life of Young Nietzsche*, etc. In the evening I am arranging the cuttings on Annie's imprisonment in 1906—very curious to look back upon.

5th August, Monday, 7.30 a.m.

In reading William James I find myself in the position of the naïve discoverer of the already known, but not known to me. For example, James asks again and again, how are we to get the fullness of reality of percepts into the emptiness of concepts. Precisely the question I have been asking myself; and I reply by dropping the percepts in places arranged for them by our concepts, and then removing the concepts. The wholeness or continuance of reality will then appear somewhat as a building appears, the scaffolding being removed; but admittedly this arrangement will not be the reality which it mirrors, but it will be the only presentment of the "whole," extending beyond perception, which beings with limited perceptions (organs of apprehension) are capable of attaining to—though not the *reality* it will of Reality be the only possible Vision.

I cannot wholly live in the real—in percepts—because I long for the whole of which mere experience is obviously only a part, and I can attain to that whole only by the way of concepts; and, finally, that any whole may be homogeneous, I drop the percepts, or immediate sensations, and live only with their re-presentments arranged by the concepts by means of which I have put them all together. At the same time, though living thus with this, I am aware that it is only a vision, and it is the Reality, of which I believe it to be the vision, that my life and I are actually seeking to be identical with and at one.

11th August, Sunday.

I sit in meditation on the matrices and punches of the Doves Press fount of type, and revolve in my mind whether I should destroy them in my lifetime, dedicate them to the purpose of the Press, and to the River upon whose shore the Press has lived and worked.

12th August.

Yesterday the Bells came, and as it did not rain we spent the day out of doors, and *we* who were young played tennis, for the amusement of ourselves and the entertainment of our elders! We all agreed that we had had a very pleasant day together, and the Bells won all our hearts—so kind and unaffected, and so responsive to our simple means of pleasure.

On Saturday I finished W. James' *Some Problems of Philosophy*—a very stimulating book. I now gather the meaning of his "pluralism," which is not a plurality of "block" worlds, or universes, but the plurality of possibilities in the development of one, also the discontinuity of some of the elements of which our own seeming one is composed. We are not all tied up together in one already established unchangeable universe, but are largely free agents in one whole ultimate and intermediate determination, and largely dependent upon our own spontaneous and co-operative action.

I am now reading Thomson's *Biology of the Seasons*.

24th August, Saturday evening.

The red-breast warbles from the garden croft. All else is still. My darling is away, pleading on the "village-green" for the enfranchisement of women. I do not hear her voice, or her ever merry and cheerful laugh. What should I feel if she was away for ever? I bring to bear upon "to-day" the last "evening" which shall be the last, and part us for ever and for ever—bring it to bear upon every moment of our life "to-day."

28th August, 9.10 p.m. *St James' Court.*

Alone. Yesterday Annie and I came up to town "on business"; Annie's the workhouse, mine the Press. Annie returned this afternoon to Lollesley, but my business still detains me. I return to-morrow.

I am alone in the half-lit room, reading *Les dieux ont soif*. What a world! Which is "Reality"? The world within, Anatole's world? Or the world without, this room and beyond it London, and law and order? What a world!

Twenty-five miles away, Annie and the children are sitting in the little room at Lollesley. *Are they there? What are they I wonder, and what am I?*

I adore this silence, this solitude—to put down my book, and meditate upon the strangeness of life, and upon the Vision within and without.

12th September, Thursday.

To-day Annie and I return to town, and Lollesley will, I suppose, know us no more.

Let us see more of one another, dear, dear Annie, as in the last few days being alone we have done. The night of everlasting separation, as we have known one another, is drawing near. Soon, too soon, one will look in vain for the other. Oh, sad time to come! Let us now then draw closer, ever nearer, ever dearer, O my love of all the years!

25th September. The Doves Press.

For some time past life seems to have vanished out of the Press, and all my customers to have said good-bye and to be far away in the silence. This no doubt represents a "state of mind," and has its causes within. What are they? Why are they? I have recently been—and am still—overhauling old papers, destroying some and arranging the rest, that my affairs, when left, may be found in order; and amongst other things I am putting in order the papers relating to the Doves Press fount of type and its final disposition, as to which I have made "the last Will and Testament of the Doves Press."

And how magnificent are the lines of Shakespeare! Why am I not "content," having yet to explore and note all the divine ideas and thoughts so miraculously set to words by him?

3rd November, Sunday.

Annie, I am glad to know, is resting after her campaign in Hammersmith, in which happily for herself, I think, she was defeated. What a work it would have been on such a Council; and probably all in vain.

5th November, Tuesday evening. St James' Court.

I am alone. Annie is at a Suffragist meeting at the Albert Hall. I have ceased to take any interest in the movement.

I am reading Tyrrell's Life. As I read this worry about an alien world of "beliefs," there enter upon the stage of my mind, and pause and pass, the strange and awful doings and happenings of the actual world about me. The awful doings and sufferings in the Balkans, the discussion and passing through the Commons of the Bill shortly called the White Slave Bill.

6th November, Wednesday, a.m.

Truly men like Tyrrell are a marvel. How can men burthen themselves with a burthen which requires the exercise

of so much ingenuity to "justify," when they might simply throw it off altogether—the Catholic Church?

Again, and in another sense, how marvellous he is in his ingenuity, how startling in his lucidity. We see his thoughts as through the translucency of a pure stream, the pebbles at the bottom and, moving to and fro, the living fish.

And yet—I read the last lines of his *Life*, and am—convulsed. All these are the ground mysteries—life, death. Why add to them the incomparably shallower mysteries of our own creation, theologies, philosophies? Or perhaps these but bring them into consciousness.

14th November.

All this week no entry. On Monday, Bertie Russell came by invitation to lunch and to see his mother's letters. I gave them to him, and he carried them away. Also he read mine, so far as printed, and was much moved. He had, he said, produced much "surface work," but the depths of his being ached, and were unfathomable, unintelligible, inexpressible. The world, with gleams of beauty, was but a hell, and men of each other the murderers.

On bidding him good-bye I begged him to make our home his, even as his father's and mother's had been mine.

19th November, Tuesday.

Last night Annie went to the Sesame Club to hear a debate on "Norman Angellism"—or, "Don't go to war, for you will not thereby pick your neighbour's pocket." We agree that it is better, perhaps, to go to war for other reasons than to abstain for this.

23rd November, Saturday evening.

I am alone at St James' Court. Annie is at Bow speaking on behalf of—oh, I forget his name, though I know it of course quite well. We lunched together at Stewart's, after having visited together the Arts and Crafts Exhibition—the

tenth—at the New Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street, then I saw her into a motor bus, and she vanished on her way to Bow. At the Exhibition I have ten books printed at the Doves Press on view. They are all without ornament of any kind—the bindings are not shown—and are dependent for their beauty on the fulfilment of their own task of presentation in type of the thought of the thinkers, Goethe, Wordsworth, Latin author unknown, Hebrew writer unknown, myself, Shakespeare, St Francis and Browning.

The Powells came up to me—Powell and his wife, Miss Lessore, with beaming eyes—to tell me of the delight they gave to them—they, the books; and genuine delight it seemed to be, and no doubt was. How otherwise could they so show it? And indeed, amid much more demonstrative work, they shone by their quietness. And they give me pleasure too.

I am sitting alone, and letting my fancy range, or dwell, now upon this now upon that—but Annie still tarries. The table is spread. The telephone rings. It is Annie. She is at Charing Cross. She dare not come nearer, lest she should not have the heart to tear herself away to return to speak at Bow. She has done her canvassing, and has returned as far as Charing Cross for a cup of coffee—there is nothing to eat or drink at Bow—and now she will go back to her meetings. And now I am alone for the evening. I sit and read, now this now that—Holmes' *Poems*, Livy, Cicero's *Letters*, and drowse and sleep—but now there is a ring at the door, and Annie returns at last, bright but tired from her meetings. I—the homekeeper—welcome her back, and prepare her meal—boiled milk, cut bread and butter and dates—and listen to the tale of her news—the canvass and speeches at Bow.

24th November, Sunday morning.

I am reading Holmes' *Poems*. Love—though it is the spirit of his poems, is not, not yet, the spirit of the universe. It may become so. Let us make it at least the motive of life.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition is quite charming in

its multitudinous exhibits, some of which, e.g. its jewellery, embroidery and pottery, are exceedingly beautiful. As a whole, the books written and printed are perhaps a little less good, and the bindings are all wanting in distinction.

1st December, Sunday, 4.50 p.m. St James' Court.

I am alone, in a dead silence, for it is a wet Sunday. Annie left early this morning to deliver her annual address at Portsmouth, and will not be back till to-morrow morning. Whom shall I invite to entertain me? I will ask Coleridge and his *Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*; I will ask Pliny to bring his *Letters*, and Cicero his, and Livy; and the last shall bring Romulus and Remus. How sweet and comforting the silence is, and the fire, and the radiance of the electric light, and, again—the silence.

This afternoon, after calling on Lady Sligo, I took the train at Sloane Square to return home. The train came in as I was descending the stairs, and I started to run, and dashing on to the platform nearly ran into the arms of a lady coming out of the train. I pulled up dead, and stood for a moment confronting her. She too stood, and then, with a most engaging smile as our eyes encountered, passed on. Mechanically I got into the train and was swept away, and I shall never see that face or smile again. But it remained with me, suddenly illumined in space, and haunts me still—the creation of a moment, like light struck in collision.

3rd December, Tuesday evening, 10.30.

Again alone. Annie has gone, and she went this morning—a six-hours' journey to the north—to Redcar, to give an address on the tax resistance method of getting votes for women.

10th December, Tuesday evening, 8 p.m. St James' Court.

In the armchair before the fire. Eucken's *Main Currents* on my knee—alone. Annie is away on some mission, and will

not be home till late. How sweet it is thus, like Wordsworth, to sit before the hearth and muse and dream. There is no "kettle," but the little flames of fire talk to me. Again, how sweet it is, with all life's mysteries unsolved, to sit and brood on them before the fire and listen to the ripple of the flames. Old memories, more than new hopes, come to me; still the future shines before me—more perhaps like an evening than a morning sky; but how beautiful is the dying light, and how beautiful the evening stars, and night.

12th December, Thursday, 8.15 a.m.

Of late I have been very late in going to bed, and correspondingly very late in getting up, and both late and early I have been tired—tired over the fire at night, and tired in bed in the morning. I propose to alter all this, and both to go to bed earlier and to wake earlier, and to live a more energetic, purposeful life. Ideas at present come and go without much control over them—and how I forget! I will try to keep the "end" in view, and devote the early morning to steadfast, continuous thought. And I will try and put my papers, my diaries in order, and letters; and will try and give a fruitful, if retrospective, turn to my printing. I am printing the plays of Shakespeare and Goethe, which give the human content of life—man, and man's passion; I will supplement that by the Cosmic Vision—man's creation indeed, but man transcending himself, to be commensurate with the universe. And I will express my gratitude to my own great masters, and print their works as part of the great scheme of the Doves Press. I am printing my letters of 1864-67, as a prelude to my own Cosmic Vision—the *Credo*. I will next print the *Cosmos* itself.

31st December, Tuesday. St James' Court.

The last day of the old year. Yesterday Annie and I returned in brilliant sunshine from Tintagel, where we had been resting for ten days, in a blinding storm of wind and rain which raged without intermission from the day we arrived

to the day we left, from Saturday the 21st to Monday, yesterday. And from everywhere came, by letter and paper, wind and rain and storm by sea and land, wreck and wreckage. Yet yesterday, as we travelled home, the sky was a cloudless blue, and the sunshine filled the air, and smiled upon fallow and field.

We could hardly live out of doors for any length of time. Along the cliffs, above the storming sea, the wind driving its waves and dashing and scattering them upon and over the upstanding rocks, we pushed our way, or stood leaning upon the wind, and watched the wild play, or the seagulls superbly soaring overhead. Indoors we ate and slept, and ate and talked, and read our books, and wondered whether the weather would change. Mr and Mrs St John Hope came the day after ourselves, and were good company.

1913

New Year's Day.

Annie and I were alone at midnight, and when the clock struck twelve I opened the window and greeted the New Year.

After breakfast I went to the Stores to buy some lunch, and then to the Westminster Cathedral to say a prayer for the New Year. Mass was being sung, and there was a considerable congregation. The Cardinal Archbishop was seated on his throne. The Mass was enchanting—and, right or wrong in its belief, the Catholic Church performs a great human function in singing and saying Mass throughout the years daily.

At the Press. Ah, what a blessing it is to have a craft, and to leave for a while the great world-riddle fallow!

I am turning over the vellums of *Torquato Tasso*, and picking out the best for the “ordinary” and the “gold” editions.

14th January, Tuesday, 10.30 a.m.

The other day Lansbury wrote me, and suggested that I should write a letter to the papers in support of the proposed amendment to the Suffrage Bill; so on Sunday morning I wrote to the *Times*, and this morning the *Times* has it in print—but in the contents I am referred to as “Mrs” Cobden-Sanderson.

2nd March. *St James’ Court.*

Both Annie and I have long since returned from Eastbourne—with our healths restored. But latterly, and all last week, whilst Annie has returned with her usual activity to her usual work, I have been in the depths of despondency. My late illness seems to have taken all life out of me, and I know not which way to turn to find again the true direction of my life. I take up, and let fall again, or lay down. I am disappointed and discouraged. I have no longer, as it seems to me, any essential place or function in the world. I have played, or am playing, my last cards. And to-night I am feeling that my eyes will serve me no longer, that they want rest, that I want rest and change, and a new object. I must close the Press, and take a fresh flight in thought and occupation. I have to that end written out a new announcement, in which I give up the Shakespeare programme. Perhaps I might start another format? Print smaller books? Ah, now it is too late. My eyes are certainly failing.

3rd March, Monday.

Keep fast hold upon the within, and let the without answer its purpose and vanish.

In the last issues of the Press I must put all the *spirit* I can—fill the cup with the finest wine.

21st March, Good Friday.

I should like, when I am dead, on my own grave, or vase, or portrait, to be engraved:

IMPLICIT 1840.

EXPLICIT

Yes; yesterday, and the day before, and Tuesday I stood on the bridge at Hammersmith, and, looking towards the Press and the sun setting, threw into the Thames below me the matrices from which had been cast the Doves Press Fount of Type, itself to be cast by me, I hope, into the same great river, from the same place, on the final closure of the Press, in ——?

The last few days I have been engaged in the composition of *Prospice*, now printed and ready for distribution, and in the rearrangement of the *Catalogue Raisonné*, of which I made the last corrections last night. The two shall go out together in April. And I have now this morning completed the form sketched yesterday, the final form I think, of my *Apologeticus*, and have drafted the introductory matter, and, as above, the Epilogue.

24th March, Easter Monday.

Yesterday, Easter Sunday, I recast my Introduction to *Apologeticus*, and converted it into a Dedication to Annie, attributing to her, as is her due, the origins both of the Press and Bindery.

25th April, Friday.

On Wednesday night Annie and I went to see *The Yellow Jacket*, a very remarkable play after the Chinese manner. It was delightful in itself, and set one thinking. The passions were humorously treated, and set for our observation in a quiet atmosphere, so that, without our own passions being excited, we could observe them and their interplay. It is as if we had turned a spectroscope upon human life, and separated its passions and thrown them upon a screen, like coloured rays of light. It would be delightful if we could have other such plays, and we could see all life so. But this at present is the work of the spectator-mind, self-taught so to look upon the world.

13th May, 7.50.

Yesterday afternoon being fine, I went to Kew Gardens. The beauty and wonder of the vision of sky and earth, trees, flowers and grass, was almost too great to endure; one wanted some better outlet for one's admiration than exclamatory speech. It was—no; after all, silent astonishment and delight, they must for the moment suffice.

21st May. *Betty-fold*.

In the afternoon I had a letter from Annie, telling me of her visit to Mary, whom she found in great pain, but patient. "We said the Lord's Prayer together, and she asked God to bless her friends, naming them one after another, and your name came amongst them, adding that you were the first to notice her infirmity and cut up her meat for her." "How long," Annie adds, "a kind action lingers in the memory!"

I have just found on the shelf *The Oxford Book of English Verse*—oh, what a collection it is—oh, what a thing is the wonderful soul of man—singing, singing, singing!

In the evening Winifred read aloud *Pride and Prejudice*—a very useful contrast to our present life.

It is amazing how soon under the sway of Miss Austen the flaming robes of wonder, with which the imagination clothes itself, are changed into the tailor-cut conventions of Miss Austen. I fear even the contagion of her style.

But how clever it all is. How clear, and how neatly and well cut are the clothes. And they are possible men and women, and theirs a possible world.

I think I am more allied to the trees and the streams, the hills and the sky and all that they are related to, than to men and women; though to what some men and women have thought and said and done I am wholly indebted, perhaps, for what I am, whatever it may be.

6th June, Friday.

On 4th June at Epsom a woman threw herself on to the King's horse as it flew along the Epsom course towards the

goal of the Derby. How typical; and it might stand in eternal imagery to express the longing of the women of to-day, save, indeed, that its motive was not flight but advertisement. But even as such it was great to bring down horse and man in their joint flight before all the world. Her thoughts in their flight were doubtless greater, and of more account at that supreme moment of time, than all the thoughts of all the men of all the world concentrated at that moment upon who should win the Derby. A greater race was being run in her own mind, and for that race she stopped the world's, flinging into it her own poor fragile body.

12th June, Thursday, 6.25 p.m.

Sitting by the fire alone. Annie is at Budapest. Alone, reading Mrs Meynell's *Poems*. How sad they are, resigned. But all things beautiful are with sadness woven-in. Yet are her sad things sadder than any I have known in verse for long. Sad are our bereavements, sad the flowers fading from the fields, sad the unspoken mysteries, sad appealing eyes.

Friday morning.

Abhorrent the world is becoming to me, and more am I drawn to the Wordsworth world of flower and tree, to the "silence which is in the starry skies, the sleep which is among the lonely hills." I will go pray with them.

13th June. Rothay Hotel, Grasmere.

Moved by a longing for the "lonely hills," I left town this morning and arrived here this evening, and feel already the great hills in the darkness, raising their great silences amid the clouds which hide the "starry sky," and my longing is appeased. Beautiful was the change, as I rode in the twilight by Rydal and Grasmere, from the world of men, in their greatest city, to the world of hills, God's older and greater creation. Needs must I "come up" as to Jerusalem, to worship

“the silence that is in the starry sky, the sleep that is among the lonely hills.” Needs must I worship Nature herself,

Still constant in her worship, still,
Conforming to the eternal will.

Still must I worship Nature,

Free from finite cares.

14th June, Saturday.

After a frugal supper, I sat in my bedroom over the fire and read Wordsworth till near midnight. At 3 o'clock I was awakened by the long drawn out and insistent note of a bird singing in the grove close by, and I remembered how on my last visit I had been awakened by the same insistent beautiful note, rising clear of a thousand issuing at the same time from other throats.

The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats—
With bounty more and more enlarged
Till the whole air is overcharged.

6 p.m. I passed this way half a century ago. I was, and am not; and still I am, and my pilgrimage the same. So man was, and is not, and is, and his way is still the same, “on the swift wings of day and night,” and his goal is on the hill.

I return to town to-morrow.

28th June, Saturday morning. Wimborne, Crowthorne.

Perfect silence, broken only to the eye and ear by the leaves and branches of the green trees, glancing and rustling in the breeze. How perfect.

At the background of existence there is, in my belief, a Power, great, implacable, terrible, whose immensity is wholly beyond the power of man to imagine. But as part of that power, as a smile is of the human face, there is, as known to man, the power of love—an exquisite touch and radiance.

31st July. St James' Court.

I have just read—why only now, and not long ago?—Bradley's *Lecture on Wordsworth*; a beautiful thing, touching with a beautiful illumination the world of Wordsworth, and dwelling especially upon his heights, the first to take the light. But I am surprised that there should ever have been any difficulty in seeing the sublimity of Wordsworth. It is surely his characteristic, without which his poetry or himself could hardly be said to be or be seen to exist. I am glad, too, that he sets Matthew Arnold aside, and Pater, who saw only the plains about the hills, and not their summits—not the sublime solitude in which they and sky meet. Nor is Bradley's a mere general appreciation: he brings together things far apart till they blend into a whole, and reveal in a grandiose way the wonder and significance which, however, is the common property in some degree of all that counts.

The Doves Press. A Mr Collins of the *Pall Mall Gazette* called this afternoon. I gave him of my best. Why not? But I told him he was not to exploit me in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

And yesterday Sir Matthew Nathan called, and him also I gave of my best; and again why not? In my Press I am a missionary.

To-day I have put my contents of Keats into type. I have already settled the contents of Shelley. I must now take Goethe's *Gedichte* in hand.

I have put "Bright star" first, for I wish the feeling of the last sonnet to accompany the reader throughout; and at the end I revert to Keats' first sonnet, and so leave the poet as it were on the peak in Darien.

3rd August, Sunday, 7 p.m.

I am spread at length upon the sofa, just risen from bed. Last evening, sitting at the window, suddenly a violent toothache blazed up, and has died or flashed up again at intervals since. And now I am resting for a change on the sofa. The slanting sunlight touches here and there the sofa or the walls

with its red light, through the open window comes the far-off music in the Green Park and the nearer hymns of the Westminster Chapel. All else, how still! A strange silence holds London.

Annie has gone on a speaking mission to I remember not where. I am reading Keats, and meditating my selections. Yesterday the Press closed for a fortnight's holiday.

7th August, Thursday. Clare, Suffolk.

I am in bed, in an exquisite attic "recovered" by the genius of my hostess, Mrs St John Hope. Annie and I left London at 11.5 yesterday morning, and spent the mid-day in Cambridge, wearying our feet in perambulating its beautiful colleges, their gardens and their quadrangles—Trinity, St John's, Clare and King's and Christ's—and left at 4.45 for Clare. I may note, by the way, that we found the halls and libraries "closed to visitors" unless accompanied by Fellows, and at the library at Trinity we were met at the door in the cloisters, and I was obliged to give up my bag, and Annie hers. The man told us this was in consequence of the damage which had been done to the books in the library of St John's. This is really detestable.

13th August, Wednesday, 10 p.m. Doves Press.

I have just read Bradley's Oxford Lecture on Poetry to the end, and with both profit and delight.

I am on my own at the Press. I came on Monday. Annie on the same day went north to Betty-fold for a week, and the flat was given into the hands of the housemaids to be swept and made clean—carpet to be taken up, etc. The Press is actually closed for the holidays, but business keeps Wilkinson in town, so he is here and will take his holiday from next Monday. I have been engaged in making the place tidy, and in reading Bradley and Keats.

17th August, Sunday. *The G—— Hotel, Eastbourne.*

On Thursday I came down here for change of air, and to give myself a rest after a severe attack of neuralgia and toothache. My visit here has been a failure. It might have been otherwise. But on Friday we had a thunderstorm, and the atmosphere, changed and charged with moisture, left me all limp. So it has continued since. A great hotel, and Eastbourne, or any other "bourne" in the height of the season, is no place for an invalid. The simple things are hard to get; for instance, this morning my breakfast on a tray is untouched, the toast is cold and tough, the bread is new and almost hot, the tea is too strong, and no water will reduce it. I have drunk a spoonful, and eaten a mouthful of toast. This is a small matter. I mention it only to illustrate the situation. On the other hand I have a clean and quiet bedroom, and a dear old chambermaid to wait upon me, and I sleep at night more or less, and I have the company of Thomas Hardy (*Under the Greenwood Tree*), and of "Elizabeth" (*The Solitary Summer*), and occasionally a dear, dear letter from Annie. She is coming down to-day. I shall propose that she takes me back with her. I have never I think suffered much physical pain in my life. I am now perhaps to be put on my trial. God help me through!

I should like—but is it too small a hope?—to see my work at the Press finished before I die: my letters, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and, perhaps, the *Cosmos*.

Monday, 7.30 a.m. St James' Court.

Annie came down to Eastbourne yesterday by the 9.15 a.m. Sunday League train from Victoria. I met her and the trainload at the station, and the crowd was so great we had some difficulty in finding each other. At last we did, and we walked back together in the rain to the hotel. Poor child. She had come for a day's pleasant outing, and found me with a still more swollen cheek, and the rain! We went up to my room and deposited her hat and umbrella, and then

descended to the balcony overlooking the lounge, and talked and read. I tried to be cheerful, but the day did not help—drip, drip, and so close and relaxing. We pitied the trainload and their friends—but in the absence of swollen cheeks they might still be happy! We then had lunch, which for Annie I am glad to say turned out a success. She had plenty of pleasant vegetables. We spent the afternoon in the “Winter Garden,” and left by the 5.15 train, Annie sacrificing her Sunday League ticket which was only available at 7.45.

2nd September, Tuesday evening.

The Solitary Summer—I have been reading it with great delight.

24th September, Wednesday.

Yesterday I had a relapse, and I have now to begin all over again—bed, fomentations and the rest.

11.30 p.m. This evening I watched, as I lay in bed, the light die away in the west, and thought of the wonder of the world rolling on itself in space. The light died slowly; how exquisite it was. I clasped my hands, and looked and looked, and still kept my thought upon the rolling world. Then I looked at the familiar walls of my room, the pictures, and little ornaments.

25th September, Thursday.

Another wonderful day, warm as mid-most summer.

Strange it is that I should be so well all the time, save for feeling sleepy and exhausted, with which perhaps the heat of the day has something to do.

I have news daily from the Press, and give instructions to Alice, correct and revise proofs, etc. At present we are printing *Coriolanus*, and are about half through; the *Amantium Irae* is already printed.

I am reading Hall's *The World Soul*, Keats, Bradley's *Essays*, *Gulliver's Travels*, Miss Harrison's *Art and Ritual*, etc.

6th October, Monday. Devonshire Street.

I came to this nursing-home, and Mr Stewart made an incision in my cheek on Sunday morning at 10.30. Annie came betimes, but was not present at the operation, which was entirely successful.

17th October, Friday. Brendon, Cliftonville.

A misty but sunny morning, all windows open, very silent and quiet outside, with only the occasional chirp of a bird, or sound of roller on the road.

Yesterday morning—a brilliant day—I was wheeled along the cliff in a bath-chair for two hours: but in the afternoon I walked out alone for about the same time, and I think I can now dispense with the chair.

23rd October. Brendon, Palm Bay, Margate.

It is about 9 a.m. I am in bed, sitting up since 6 a.m. revising *Coriolanus* for the errata. I saw the sun rise; a red and golden globe above the horizon, under a great cloud. It has now risen, and all our world is bathed in its white light. In the sky great birds are flying, and on the shore the waves of the sea are breaking with a sound—how ancient!—at their priest-like task of pure ablution.

26th October, Sunday. Brendon.

How meanly and preposterously we discuss the “weather”—solely from the point of view of our own convenience. All to-day I have been instinctively “put out” because it has been so wet and close, so great a change from yesterday when a cold wind blew from the east, and the sun shone brilliantly out of a cloudless sky.

This is a very pleasant nursing-home, kept by two late sisters of Guy's Hospital. It is the easternmost house of Cliftonville, the eastern extension of Margate, and my windows, looking east, look on turf-covered cliffs to Kingsgate, just visible on the horizon, with not a house between,

and my north window looks right on to the ever-changing sea, on which great ships and little pass to and fro.

I am nearly well again, but will stay on another week to make all sure, and then on the 10th will return to town.

3rd November, Monday, 6.30 a.m.

Annie came yesterday, and we walked together as far as Kingsgate in the afternoon. We dream of going to California when the Press is closed, and her work as Poor Law Guardian over, and seeing nearer the sun setting its last sunsets.

It is a notable thing that in *Esmond* there is neither by way of description or in the lives of the *dramatis personae* the slightest reference to Nature. Castlewood is indeed described, fields and woods in the neighbourhood, but only as appurtenances, or part of the demesne of its lords.

8th November, Saturday.

The house is now packed for the week-end. The gentle housemaid came in a moment ago with my hot water. She said there were eight in bed, and it was rather confusing to remember which was which and what each wanted! I said she might easily remember me, as I wanted nothing. "Oh you, sir, I am now quite accustomed to, *you* give me no trouble." Poor dear women—how my heart goes out to them. But then I have always been sentimental, notwithstanding the far-off Cosmos which I so much adore. "And what is 'Cosmos,' Mr Sanderson?" asks Sister Edith, "What is the meaning of the word?" And then I go off like a rocket, and explode in stars in the empyrean.

I had a letter from Stopford Brooke this morning. He is a dear. How beautiful it is to be thus open to the wonder and beauty of the world—why are not all men so, and women? Why have we a "city," a city whose expression is the Financial Supplement of the *Times*, and not a city set on a hill, adored and adorable, like Heaven's self, with sun and moon and stars? Ay me.

Grey it is to-day; all round the horizon a grey mist, and the sea-birds are all on land. Yet I love the sweet imprisoning rain, and I sit up in my bed, and dream of things past, present, and to come, and they too are all begirt with a mist impenetrable.

I am reading my Goethe now. I have read through all the poems, and have settled the heads of my selection, and the poems. I have now only to arrange them so that the arrangement shall itself be a poem. How fascinating it is, and what a joy my life has been.

9th November, Sunday, 7 a.m.

All night long there was peace in the sky, and the stars and the moon shone unclouded, and now the sun has risen, filling the world with delight.

Ah, the joy of life! To be seventy-three, and a child!

This morning I walked to Kingsgate, and sat for an hour in the sun in the courtyard of the castle, and then walked on to the North Foreland. It was an exquisite day; the sky a tender blue, and the sea, clear to the horizon, of a deeper tone flecked with the white of innumerable gulls floating and flying. In the afternoon the east wind drew a veil of grey over both sea and sky, and scolded the gulls landward. I am now—8 o'clock p.m.—listening to the break of the long shore waves, the only sound audible, and reading Shelley aloud to myself.

10th November, Monday, 7 a.m.

I think I must modify what I have said about the ties of blood. I reject them superficially; but I believe that down in the depths of myself there is a passion of devotion having a wider scope than ties of blood, yet including them. I should not believe it, perhaps, and should still think that I loved the great abstract cosmic life alone, and whatever there may be at the back of that even, were it not that the passion sometimes wells up, and shakes me with its pathos all to pieces. So I am

sometimes affected by all the times long past. Indeed, ourselves—the essential, total selves—cannot be taken at their surface values. That which appears above, as has been many times said and still is true, is the smallest part of the “self”; its foundations are perhaps as vast as the universe—are the universe, though invisible and inaudible.

12th November, Wednesday.

Scratching with my nail just now a speck of soilure on my dressing jacket, I thought how wonderfully one's fingertips were finished off; and I asked within myself, during all the ages in which their finish was in course of being perfected did man have any sense of incompleteness, of a want of perfect finish? Or has man felt throughout his development, in each stage of it, complete? Are we now, as we are, complete, or are we still being perfected? Ought we now, in need of future development, to be feeling somewhere, somehow, something a-wanting to make us perfect? In our passions for example—or in our control of them?

The amazing thing in life is the juxtaposition, or the interpenetration, of the familiar and the unfamiliar, of the customary and the remote—this familiar room and infinite space; these familiar things; this book, this pen, this hand, and their destinies a few years hence, a few years. The next moment may work an infinite change. These familiar figures and faces that come and go, what passing ghosts they are, yet how familiar!

18th November, Tuesday morning.

The sisters came to the station to see me off yesterday. It was a long train, and many carriages passed till the train came to a stop, and we found ourselves in front of a carriage in which was one lonely lady. I said I would adventure it with the lady, and, lo, Sister Edith put out her hand: it was an old friend, Sister Martha of Guy's. I was introduced, and I talked to her the whole way to Victoria. Oh, how I talked!

Martha is the name of her ward. In the flat I found Annie well and radiant, and a little table laid for two; but how thick the air seemed—I could scarcely breathe. I walked a last walk in the afternoon along the cliffs, and saw the sun set once more, and then returned and sat in my room alone, waiting for the taxi. Sister Edith and Sister Maud came in to tell me they were going to the station to see me off, and would meet me there. I had laid the copy of *Unto this Last*, my parting gift, on the bed, after writing into it my “Hymns,” and Sister Edith was about to take it up, but I said, “No, let it lie where I have lain so long, and you will find it in my stead when you return.” I am now in bed, collecting my wits and growing used to this enormous change to the flat where, when last I was here, I was but at the beginning of this the happy end.

20th November, Thursday, 11 p.m.

Last night I went to the Albert Hall to hear Larkin, and was disappointed. When he was speaking a raid was made on the hall by some “students” from outside. Suddenly a sound of running feet arose in the corridor, then the attention of the whole audience was concentrated on a dense commotion at one of the entrances to the hall and the passage leading down from it, and from all parts of the hall men rose from their seats and rushed towards it. The scrimmage continued with a dead sound of the struggle, but, as I remember, otherwise in silence. But from above women leant over from the balconies, and looking upon the struggle applauded. As it went on—I witnessed it from a box—limelights burst out in various parts of the hall, and finally the organ contributed its roar to the ear, playing “The Red Flag.” At last victory was cheered by the audience, and Larkin resumed his speech. The students had been driven out; but outside they raided the electric works, and tried to put out the lights of the hall, fortunately unsuccessfully.

I was disappointed; not in this, which was highly dramatic and thrilling, but in Larkin’s speech.

1st December, Monday, 8.15 a.m. In bed.

I began this morning at 7 a.m., and have made and eaten my breakfast, and opened Lyell's *Principles*, with which "infinitude" comes in view. To-morrow is my seventy-third birthday. I will try and "begin" again, and go on now to my death-day. May I keep my gaze on infinitude, and all that is to be, and attune myself to it. A holy yearning fills me now. I yearn to the great cosmic emotion, and especially to the alternate movements of our own planet, its alternations of day and night, and of the seasons, and of the advancing years and ages fronting the dawn.

2nd December, Tuesday.

My seventy-third birthday.

Annie darling gave me a kiss, and said she loved me. What for a birthday present could I wish more?

It is a wet and shrouded day.

Science gives nothing; it is itself a deposit from the mind of man brooding on life, and from the same source must come religion. It is not the function of man in science to formulate a religion. Religion is the fire which fuses and illumines.

Religion is the inhalation of Love, and Socialism its distribution by the scientific method.

3rd December, Wednesday, 8.30 a.m.

I am reading Lister's Life—Dickie's present to me on my birthday. So that all "science" is Nature's own self-revelation to itself, by itself.

10th December, Wednesday.

What are we engaged in doing? The hungry and rapacious destruction of the earth; of the earth which we should have loved, and magnified, and made beautiful, and set to run its course—the "garden of the Lord"—around the enchanting sun; a symbol of the soul's self, a simile of the soul, which, as Lord, inhabiteth eternity. This, His planet given to Him

in all time and eternity, this, His wandering island in all the seas of infinitude, this, His to make beautiful, and Himself sole ruler and sole subject!

This is cosmic emotion, this the idea of Art: to make a universe in great and in little, of which love, love universal, is the shining sun.

12th December, Friday.

Last night Annie and I went to see and hear Anatole France at the Suffolk Street Galleries, at the invitation of the Fabian Society. Bernard Shaw in the chair. Anatole France looked like an affectionate old fox, and spoke with great animation, and many smiles and many wrinkles. He was, or seemed to be, short and stout and bent and grey.

Justice, Pity, Mercy, Love—these are things as wonderful as are the flowers of the field and the stars of heaven.

13th December, Saturday. In bed.

Clear for London, and cold. Yesterday morning as I walked through Kensington I paused in front of a “provision” shop, and looked at the birds—shot, and hanging with their heads downward—golden plovers, pheasants, partridges. Pitiful sight.

1914

3rd January, Saturday, 6.15 p.m. Chalet Soleil.

I arrived here at noon. Sky cloudless, sun brilliant, view enchanting. Was met at the door by “Elizabeth.” After lunch I was taken to my room to rest; a charming apartment, white, with a bird and flower and fruit paper on the wall, reproduced in square panels set obliquely on the ceiling. The view is to the south-east, over the valley and to the mountains beyond. There are seventeen in all in the Chalet—mostly young people.

4th January, Sunday, 7 p.m.

There were sports last night after dinner. But the dinner itself was a kind of sport. Except Elizabeth and a Miss Strutt, who dined by themselves at a little table in the hall, or common sitting-room, we all trooped into the dining-room and sat down as we listed, and ate what we chose, all the food being already on the table. There was a great clatter of plates and tongues, which grew less and less as the eaters by ones or twos withdrew from the table and returned to the hall, where coffee was served. And here after a while the sports began; first the two elder girls sat down in improvised costumes, indoor and out, and sang a duet—conversation of visitor and hostess—most amusing. After this I, the old man, tired or supposed to be, went upstairs to have my night-cap (Ovaltine) and to go to bed. But as the sports continued, and the noise thereof invaded my room, I was seized with the spirit of farce, and putting on my bath-dressing-gown over my evening clothes stalked like a ghost on to the open staircase, and appeared like a ghost or *revenant* to witness the sports of the world I had so lately left. I might have carried it further, but I feared I might seem to be distracting attention from the sportsmen to myself; so I stalked back when the piece—a Canadian war dance—came to an end, and veritably went to bed.

I breakfasted in bed off two dainty trays of tea, and bread, and honey, and then rose and went out for a “meditation”—Elizabeth had already gone out. I meditated on the beauty of the world, of the sky, and on the wonder of the stillness, surpassing silence. I then returned to luncheon—Elizabeth still walking—which we had in the open air, the sun shining on us from a cloudless sky. After lunch I again went for a meditation, over the snow at the back of the Chalet.

On my return I laid myself down for a sleep, and then went down to tea. But in the meanwhile an invitation came from Elizabeth, to go with her and others down into the valley

to have tea at a chateau, but I excused myself on the plea that I had just come in. Had she, however, been going alone, I added, I would of course have risen to be her cavalier. Which was the truth. At tea I talked with Fräulein, and learnt from her that she was studying Italian by correspondence, and she gave me the printed "letters." I will begin and do the same, so that at the end of the year I may have done something.

6th January, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

On Sunday evening we had gentler sports. To begin with, I sat alone with Elizabeth at her little table in the hall and dined, whilst the others held a high festival in the dining-room, a few straying through the open door with their plates to eat their food in quiet corners of the hall.

After dinner a girl danced in the now fashionable Isadora Duncan fashion, to the music of a gifted Cambridge youth. Then we had music alone, with more dancing, and finally an improvised ordinary dance for the two or three couples who joined in it, and then at 10 o'clock to bed.

Yesterday morning I arrayed myself in my best! My big boots, with brown socks turned down over them, and brown stockings with gaiters and side tassels, and knickerbockers, white jersey and white woolly cap, and purple coat, and red umbrella.

It amused our little world, when set in motion in the sun, and "Tio" and "Elizabeth" soon had cameras round them as, round flowers in the summer sun, bees hum.

She and I climbed the snow slope, and then she lugged, flying down the slope, and I, not permitted, being old and tired, followed on foot, and at the parting of the ways I said Adieu, and returned to the Chalet. At the Chalet I sat in the sun under the shade of her red umbrella—hers because she, having wonderingly admired it, I begged her, implored her, to accept it, and to permit me on occasions to borrow it. Later I walked up the slopes, followed by the great dog, to the hotels, and bought some ink, and a pen, and returned

to the Chalet to tea, where I found John Collier and sister from the Palace Hotel. Again I dined with Elizabeth at her table.

I lie abed in my silent self and room, but the house resounds with the cries and laughter of the young.

Oh, happiness to have passed through the turbulence of youth, and to be seated on the shore beyond, and yet not to be cut off, not quite cut off from the sight and sound of it!

The evening passed quietly in talk, without either sports or song or dance, and at 9.30 I stole up to bed.

What a delightful hospitality this is—such welcome, and such liberty. Such wealth of association. Her *German Garden*, her *Solitary Summer*, her *Isle of Rügen*, and the present reality, this most charming Chalet and the snow-capped solitudes, and over all the lit or darkened sky, the sun and moon and stars.

Oh, bear it all in mind, and be as becomes you in such a paradise of being and becoming.

And in the pauses between the noises of youth, the gentle sounds of music touch and soothe both ear and soul.

This morning early I requested the maid who brought my breakfast to place my red umbrella at the door of Elizabeth. But the sky is now so clouded over that it must almost seem a piece of irony. Yet I thought of it when the sky was red with the promise of another sun, and another sky, such as were yesterday's.

I lie abed, and hear over and over the same notes played in the same order, and might wonder why, did I not know that they are but the tentative accompaniment of an unseen dance, which is being practised over and over again in the development of perfection.

I have just read Francis Thompson's *Shelley*, but not Wyndham's Preface. In it there is too much emphasis methinks, too much cleverness; and towards the end there is obtruded Christianity.

There are in the world many presumptuous beings who,

endowed with no authority from above, pronounce this or that to be the authoritative best, as in the Garden of the world Adam gave names to all the beasts. Thus Wyndham: "I will say that it is the most important contribution to pure letters written in English, etc., etc."

8th January, Thursday, 10 a.m.

I hear the sound of happy childhood's feet and voices on the landing, going and coming and round and round, preparing, I imagine, like birds about to migrate, for an excursion on and over the new fallen snow. But for the moment three-score years and thirteen prefers his bed to the agitation of the youthful crowd on the landing.

I have finished yesterday *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, and I have now opened *The Solitary Summer*. It is delightful to pass from the "Elizabeth" of the books to the Elizabeth of the Chalet and from the Elizabeth of the Chalet back again to the "Elizabeth" of the books, each reflecting the charm of the other. Birrell came on Tuesday, and spent the night, and left yesterday. He was accompanied by his detective, an amiable and undetective looking man. On leaving, Birrell stood up in the sledge (drawn by Josephine the cow), and bowed to us, and took off his hat to be snapshotted, whilst the detective sat in the back of the carriage at his feet, also facing us.

Last night Miss Macnaughten and Miss Paues joined us at our little table, and we had amusing talk. After dinner I had a long monologue with Miss Paues, in which I revealed to her my Vision of life, and the art of living, or of "blowing bubbles." I then felt so exhausted I straightway came to bed. It was then that I lay on the sofa and finished *Elizabeth and her German Garden*.

9th January, Friday, 5 p.m. Châlet Soleil.

I am in bed, a cripple. Yesterday I walked down to the village of Montana, and up to the hotels over the snow. Shortly

after starting I felt a pain in my right side. The weather too has changed from sun to snow, from snow to hail, and now it is raining.

I wonder how the elect might, and would, pass a fortnight in company in a country house? I can imagine them all living essentially in their separate cells, and at stated intervals all, or in groups, emerging to some concerted piece or entertainment, of their own or imported from without; somewhat as monks or nuns live, subject to "rule," but in this case order, beauty and delight being the object—not, however, to the exclusion of the serious or religious. But all eating and drinking, like dressing and the cleansing of the person, I would have take place, along with meditation, in the silence and seclusion of their own cells. Such, and not the haphazard conversation or play of one with another, would be my plan of a party met together for entertainment in a loggia.

10th January, Saturday, 9.30 a.m.

I have had my breakfast, and have tidied up my person, and am now tucked up in bed again, with the *English Review* on my knee open at the Editor's article, "The State and the Family"—which means the problems of the poor in the midst of the rich.

11th January, Sunday, 9 a.m.

Elizabeth told me the other night, in response to my questioning, that she had once been to her "German Garden" since it had ceased to be hers, and that her emotions as she passed in and out of the rooms, once hers, and along the paths and under the trees, which had already begun to change and to take on another and an alien look, were and are incommunicable. That garden will go its own way, or rather the way of its new and other proprietors; it will never again respond to the joy or the hand of Elizabeth. The garden of Elizabeth has ceased—that garden which was her "German Garden." And yet that other garden, which is *Elizabeth and*

her German Garden, is in the world still, her creation, and will endure immortally to give fragrance to the lives of ages still to come. Or are we to contemplate even that creation, as the other, dying out and fading on the onward marching and never returning track of Time? I will not think of it.

14th January, Wednesday, 10 a.m.

One more morning, and, but one, the last. A mist fills the valley, and enshrouds ourselves, and all without is still. Within I hear now the slow following notes of the piano, now feet, or a laugh, upon the stairs: all else is still. Already two have gone, and later in the day others will follow, and tomorrow we all also go, all save Elizabeth, and Elizabeth will be alone, her own world to create.

15th January. *Hotel Eden, Montreux.*

I have just had breakfast—coffee and rolls—and am sitting up as usual. My room is on the fourth floor, and faces south on to the lake. It is quite pleasant; clean of course, and has a little balcony, no use at present. The central heating keeps an hotel and its rooms warm, but I almost think I should prefer a cold hotel, and local hearths of heat.

It is a wrong notion of poetry and the poet to confine it and him to “words,” to words and their arrangement in forms of rhythm and rhyme. As this vehicle of words may exist in all its forms without poetry, so may poetry exist without the vehicle. Poetry is a state of the soul, and is prior to expression.

Yesterday was a cloudless and beautiful day. After breakfast I called on dear Pollie, and then went for a walk along the shore of the lake in front of the hotel. In the afternoon Pollie and Burrie and Etta and I went up to Les Avants by train, and then by the funicular to watch the lugeing.

I dined at the hotel, and after dinner read Thursday's *Times*, and Scott's *Voyage of the “Discovery.”* As he and his two companions toiled south and noted the changes on the ice

and in the sky as they advanced, it seemed to me that the true inhabitants of that frozen clime were just those changes in the lonely sky, the clouds, the blizzards, the mountains frozen over, the mists, the dark, the light, the frozen crystals, the glory and the beauty of the earth, before a living thing was born.

Then—oh, how strange—Nature makes herself a mind, and equips it with organs, and sends it to see and discover its silent, *unself-conscious self*.

23rd January, Friday. St James' Court.

I see that Balfour is lecturing at Glasgow (Gifford Lectures) on Theism and Belief. But of what use is it to lecture on Theism when we are wholly ignorant of the meaning and scope of existence? What can the ephemeral "I" have to say of the enduring "for-ever"?

25th January, Sunday.

As one reads Gooch's *History*, the world, or rather that facet of it which is Europe, assumes the aspect of a great grave-yard, in which with shovel in hand the living are exhuming the dead, and setting them on their feet again, to walk the world as when alive. Among the innumerable resurgents it is difficult to make a choice; it is easier to choose none, and to overlook them all. They are but phantoms in the great Vision, nor are the living more alive. Will not they too in their turn die down, and be exhumed to walk the world again? In anticipation of the death of all, live now. The historians are too near their subject—they are immersed in it, in its passions, or in its structure. One has need to be free, in the upper air; and one has need of darkness, in which other worlds are visible, as well as of light; and of silence, in which nothing is audible, as well as of the battledore of speech. If we cannot in history learn the facts which professedly are the objects of the historians, we can at least see the projections of the historians themselves, which is contemporary history at first hand.

27th January, Tuesday, 8.30 a.m.

Historians of the small school—they burrow like rabbits, and live in a warren.

What are we all groping after in these low-lying grounds? Running in and out of holes—regardless of the silent heavens, and the majestic revolutions of the seasons, and of day and night. Occasionally, indeed, we see a rabbit balanced on its hind-legs, but it is not to ponder on the wonder of the heavens, but to know whether he should sit it out or fly.

30th January, Friday, 9.15 a.m.

How beautiful is the enthusiasm of the young. It is like the ferment of the dawn, the hidden mystery before the sun has risen.

And here I am reminded of what I had very properly forgotten, of what I wrote years ago in that first lecture in a series of lectures on Art and Life, and the building and decoration of cities. I wrote in answer to my own question, "What is Art, what is the immediate function of Art?" "It is, as far as may be, to do each thing, however small, however great, it is to do *each right thing well*, in the spirit of an artist, in the spirit of the whole."

22nd March, Sunday, 8.15 a.m. St James' Court.

Frosty but sunny morning, after much rain and wind. On Friday morning I had a telephone call from Alice, to say the agent had called for my books for the Paris Exhibition. I told her to ask him to call in the afternoon. I sent my own bindings, the *Adonais*, the *Atalanta*, *Unto this Last*, *The Masque of Anarchy*, and Marx's *Le Capital*.

Having packed up my books, I am now suffering from the usual reaction, and like the Lady of Shalott am half "sick of shadows," and am disposed to kick down the whole fabric of the Arts and Crafts and their empty Exhibition, and mourn the soilure of *Adonais*, etc. I will separate myself even from my own work; for is not my ambition independent even

of it? Oh, the holiness of the infinite void, and the hope of all to be!

25th March, Wednesday, 8.30 a.m.

On Monday I called on Mrs Titus at the Cavendish Hotel, and met one or two old friends, and made a few new ones. Amongst the latter, G. W. Prothero. I had a long talk with him. In talking to him, I insisted that whatever limitations might be set to action by the actual, no limitations save our own were set to thought in the infinite, and that the effort of man should be to transcend even these, and to stretch his imagination in all directions into the infinite, and to think in æons of time, dropping the actual as autumn drops the produce of a single summer. Productivity infinite is the task of a man's mind.

Again, in talking to an American, whom I first met years ago in Paris, and comparing the east and the west, or Europe and America, I said that America opened immediately into the Future out of the Present, but that Europe was held in the Present by the Past.

26th March, Thursday, 8.40 a.m.

I am reading *The Modern Social Religion*, a book Dickie picked up in Paris a little while ago. It offers a new religion, somewhat after the fashion of my own. But amongst other, or possible other, fundamental differences, is the obvious one that I am not interested in the salvation of men, or not pre-occupied with it so as to make it a conscious purpose. I view life as concerned with the creation of the magnificent on a basis of order and lit by beauty, and I view human beings as constrained to solidarity by solidarity of purpose and occupation in such creation.

28th March, Saturday, 8 a.m.

If I saw Annie in the arms of a ruffian, I would give my life to save her, and there violence comes in. But it may be

that even there violence is wrong, and the truth may be that it is only our instinct and impulses which are not yet adjusted to the higher spiritual planes, or to the higher life to which our nascent and growing spirit points. At present I am blind to any higher action than violence, to any higher impulse than the destruction, the annihilation of the assailant. But it may be that, hidden away in the undeveloped future of my soul, there are higher impulses which in the future may operate to the destruction, not of the assailant, but only of the impulse which in him takes the form of, and is, animal hunger and thirst. How to reach that higher plane of spiritual power, that power "to cast out devils," is my own personal problem, as it is that of the whole world and cosmic universe. So in the present phase of militarism, we may admire the courage of the attack, however much we may deplore the violence which is its present instrument of salvation, and our own effort should be the release of the forces which are still latent only in humanity, and tend in their enfranchisement and exercise to the conversion, and not to the destruction, of opposition.

Living in a world in which violence is rampant, one, minded as described above, must endeavour not himself to be excited to violence even against violence, but everywhere and in all his own actions to give instances of calm, of balance, of "order touched with delight."

Easter Monday.

Yesterday I called on Lady Airlie—out—and then rode on to Hendon, and saw the flying from Colin Deep Lane. Several planes were flying low or looping, but one sailed sublime on high alone, far in the empyrean, and then, just before I turned to go, descended from its lonely height, looping as it descended, loop after loop, twelve in all, and then, planing, looped one more loop, and touched earth, landing like a bird. Its solitary station high in the sky slowly moving was sublime, and its descent most beautiful—lilting the loop—and all without a word!

Easter Tuesday, 10.30 a.m.

I am reading my old journals of 1881 and onwards. It is hard to believe or realize that I am I, and Annie, dear Annie, the Hebe of those days and years.

The only quiet people of to-day are the statuary in our streets and churches and museums. They only are immovable amid the general unrest. They, and the changeless hosts of heaven. Not even the dead are now at rest, for history is their unrest, for ever setting them in new relations, and re-creating them afresh!

15th April.

I pass at moments into such strange states of mind that I conceive it possible that, by attention and concentration upon the mystery of life, all may gradually change this emotion into something "new and strange," and that before the end a new life may shine upon the world, and one's self be born again.

18th April, Saturday, 7.30 a.m. St James' Court.

Reading my own journals 1881-82, I seem to have been wholly occupied with the world within myself—the world of my emotions and ideas—as the reflection, or partner, of the world without. Business as business did never seem to exist for me, or any relation to the world or fellow-men which can be described as real, or existing independently of myself; it was always with all else as projections of myself that I seem to have had to do.

The real, its reality, seems always to have been disturbed by the vision of the whole, which made it appear to my imagination other than it appeared to my senses. Thus there was always a displacement taking place of the one by the other, the vision by the reality, and the reality by the vision: and in neither was I wholly at home. So it is still, with, however, a growing conquest of the real by the vision. The vision is tending to become the real, the only reality.

And how little it matters in the end, or even short of the

end, as time goes on, what one has done in matters which leave the soul untouched—one's own soul, or the souls of other men. To touch the soul, one's own or another's, that is life; life on the high human plane.

Yesterday, Friday, I rearranged the room, and set a table before the window for Annie to write at, and the other day I bought two nests of drawers for her papers. So now I hope she is set up. It is difficult to realize that the dear Annie of to-day is the dear Hebe of more than thirty years ago. I try, however, to "realize" it as I read my diary, and follow her with my eyes as she moves to and fro, and sits and writes, or sews.

28th April, Tuesday.

How many "poets" must have passed away, be passing away, mute and inglorious, as "mothers" pass away, and all their children and children's children unborn! But I have achieved myself in silence. My books are my poems, and they, I hope, will speak for me when I am far hence, and I know not where.

17th May, Sunday.

Sunny and warm and still.

Yesterday was a cloudless day. To tea we had some American and other Suffrage friends. They were "militants," and spoke of the immense effect, at a distance, of the "violence of the English women," reverberated in the "Press" of the world, which acts, I suppose, as a sounding board. But is this "immense effect" really good, either here or there? From a world point of view, the violence is trivial enough; it may be, then, that its reverberation is worth the price.

And perhaps I ought not to impose my own disposition upon the movement. I am mentally associated with all the slow movements in the Cosmos, with eternities and infinitudes, and the greater rhythms and recurrences, but in the midst of all there are, or may be, an enfranchisement, shock and reverberations of violences. Who knows? But I must keep

my mind open, and not be dogmatic. Life and life's ways are an enigma. Perhaps where there are fools there must also be violence.

21st May. *The Doves Press.*

It has been an exceedingly brilliant and hot summer's day, from morning through the noon to this moment, when the sun is sinking in the west and a cool breeze is springing up, herald of a cooler night. I have had a longing all day for the folding hills of Westmorland, and their silence and aloofness. I have longed, yearned to be one with them.

Mrs Pankhurst, at the head of the Women's Social and Political Union, made a "raid" upon the Palace, under cover of presenting a petition to the King. She was arrested, of course, and taken to Holloway; also Sylvia, and it is said some forty other women. It is said to have been a "fiasco," as Mrs Pankhurst was arrested as soon as she stepped out of the motor. But thousands had been gathered to see her, the posters have been charged with her name in huge capitals, and the news of her raid will be telephoned to all the peoples of the world. It is that which they wanted, and so far they have succeeded. Moreover, they have given employment to an immense army of police, mounted and unmounted. I did not see it (I was at the Press), and as I came down Constitution Hill between 7 and 8 o'clock all was tranquil as a summer sea.

I am not for this violence. I am not for any violence. I am neither for the army nor the navy; nor am I for Christianity, as embodied in and represented by the churches. Because I am born into a world which has violence and unreason for its weapons, I am not committed to approval of either. I choose to work out my own scheme of human progress, and to live by it.

There is, I vaguely feel, and at some times more than at others, a world transcending this world, a world of types of things perfect and in perfect proportion and relationship to one another, of types and things of which this world

presents only imperfect realizations, notwithstanding that some of its realizations are as perfect as we can imagine them to be—a sunset, a sunrise, a starry night, spring for a few days, flowers, wild living creatures, poetry, and some men and women and children. It is well to live in that transcendent world, whilst being in this.

This attitude to this world gives me detachment, and makes me to look with first sight upon old things as well as new, knowing the old are as new as the newest, that all are new indeed, and new the world—to me.

25th May, Monday, 8.15 a.m. St James' Court.

Yesterday morning in bed I corrected the first proofs of Keats, then dressed and went to the Cathedral to hear and see Mass. A great yearning was on me for the unknown, and a sense of discomfort, connected perhaps with my work, which in so many ways falls short of perfection. Not so much my own work as the work of the Press, which I do not sufficiently and cannot sufficiently attend to. All Saturday and the earlier days of the week I was engaged in looking over the printed sheets of Shelley, and finding sheet after sheet of badly printed capitals, grey, or fat, with blurred outlines. After a time this gets on my nerves, and I become myself in myself “grey, or fat, with blurred outlines.” How absurd. But if one takes on the impression of the beautiful, why not also the impression of the ugly, and if the one with delight, how escape the trouble of the other?

“I cannot live without infinite horizons.” So I write in 1889. So now “I cannot live without infinitude.” No wonder then that I feel the misery of being “one with” the imperfect sheets of Shelley. Detachment from the Trivial, attachment to the Infinite! Yet how infinite the power of the trivial to blot the infinite. Yesterday in the Cathedral I sat “afar off,” but the Altar was in sight. Then came a woman and sat down in the chair in front of me. Her hat blotted out the Altar, and I saw but it.

30th May, Saturday, 8 a.m.

A while ago we had summer in the midst of spring, all tender things grew gladly and reared their heads above the earth into the warm and sunny air. To this succeeded a winter in summer, and an icy wind moved over the earth where the sun had played and froze all life to the immobility of death. And yet the sun will shine again and other life be born. Life, is it multipliable? Or does it only ebb and flow? And is death destruction? Or only a barrier to life's flow?

And now comes news of the death, by collision, of *The Empress of India*. She went down in ten minutes, struck amidships in a dense fog. A thousand or more souls on board, of whom only a few hundreds have been saved.

And we persist in this "dream-state" and call it life, reality.

2nd June, Tuesday. St James' Court.

Yesterday Annie and I took train to High Wycombe, and spent the day with Madeleine Whyte. After lunch she and Annie and I walked to Hughenden, to see the home of Beaconsfield. We did not see the house, shrouded in trees on the slope of the park, but we saw the church and churchyard where he and his wife lie buried, buried amid "earth's felicities." Church, graves, grasses, flowers, and trees and the summer sky of June. We climbed the hill, on whose slope stand both house and church, and stood awhile on the open space of plough and grass land. The country around was beautiful, and I longed to return and explore.

It is a hard saying, but detachment must detach one even from one's most intimate and dearest surroundings: they are all accidents. Essentially one is alone, though some things and persons are nearer to one than others.

4th June.

Looking through Keats' letters for the original *Belle Dame*, I came last night upon these words in the letter containing the *Belle Dame*: "How then are these sparks which are God

to have identity given them—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's existence? How, but by the medium of a world like this? This point I sincerely wish to consider, *because I think it a grander system of salvation than the Christian religion—or rather it is a system of spirit creation.*”

These lines of course I have many times read, but they have never struck me as they do now. And why? Because I have latterly been again engaged in pushing off—as do the dead their cerements at the Last Trump—Christianity, to “put on” the universe—a “grander system of salvation than the Christian religion.”

Greater far are the prophets and the psalmists, the scientists and the poets of all time, singing in chime with the universe, than all the Christians concerned with Christ and Christianity.

15th June.

I have now printed all the books substituted for the unprinted Shakespeare, and have rounded off the problem I had in view at the outset of the Press, fifteen years ago. The Press is closed never to be reopened; the solution of the Problem, the problem of the Press, has been attempted. But, beyond the problem of the Press, there still stretches that other Problem, whose solution was aimed at in symbol in the solution of the problem of the Press. That Problem remains, and will close only with the close of life, for its solution is life lived, and its only closure is death. It may be that it will rearise in another life, and be solvable in another form, and, in symbol, in another Press.

Meanwhile, in life, I pause to round off, before the end of life, life's own vision. And ere I pause, I, from the Press, stretch out a hand to all my friends and bid them all a last farewell. The friends of the Press and of its printed Books. I bid farewell as Printer. Perhaps they, my friends, will permit me still to think of them, even to the end, as friends, friends expectant of another life, another Press, and of another solution.

16th June, Tuesday, 6.30 a.m. Betty-fold.

Oh, the bliss of quietude, of solitude, of solitude tempered by the presence, near but silent, of friends, of sympathy. I am alone; but in upper rooms are Annie and Kate and the maids, and farther away the living, who are good and wonderful, and in all space and time the great dead, whose voices survive them and are with us, immortal in their utterance.

19th June, Friday, 7 a.m. Betty-fold.

A man is cutting the grass in Kate's field. It is to be noted that the "silence" between the strokes is as much a part of the "rhythm" as the sound itself of the strokes. So, in reading aloud, one should take the pauses fully into account, and make them in the time measure an integral part of the general rhythm.

23rd June, Tuesday, 6.30 a.m. Betty-fold.

The morning is overclouded and dark, and dead and windless silence holds the landscape. Not a tree or a cloud moves, silent and opaque the scene that has hitherto been so brilliant, one with the risen sun.

Again the rain comes, rustling from the west.

A cow calls, a cock crows, a hedgebird warbles; far off the rooks are heard, and the curlew's long appeal; but all else, how silent! Dumb the earth is, and blind. Now I hear the maid overhead, dusting and putting the empty room to rights. Soon the door will give her to my eyes. Soon the silent unmoved world will move and be awake.

It must indeed have been a wonder to the men of old—by what road the sun returned to his threshold in the east, or whence comes and what is the night, our sleep, our dreams, and what the returning light, and what our own returned activity.

24th June, Wednesday, 6 a.m.

This is our last morning here—the day at one time so remote is now coming into being. At 10 o'clock we leave to

catch the 11.25 train at Windermere. Yesterday in the evening I rode alone to Grasmere, to salute the poet at Dove Cottage.

27th June, Saturday, 8 a.m. Tarbet Hotel.

Alas, I too weary of "my heights"; but I have no desire to go down into the valley. "My" heights, alas, are not high enough. My restless ambition leaves me no rest on them, the insatiable longing for I know not what, the something ever more about to be. The wine of passion, the intoxicating draught, the belief that in someone else lies the supplementing self, which is the soul's food and satiety, I know to be vain. The something else remains: the goalless upward quest, infinitude.

I am here till to-morrow, when I make an early start, and rush post haste back to my attic at the Press.

29th June, Monday.

In my garret at the Press. I left Tarbet this morning at 7.10, and arrived at Euston at 6.20 p.m. I had a pleasant and swift journey, and was not at all tired. I was glad to leave the prison-house of Tarbet behind, and to enter upon the open country of England, upon which I found the sun shining all the way. I considered and rearranged and added to my collection of Keats' *Sonnets*, and finally settled it. I now get the earliest as well as the latest, and give glimpses of the delightful fraternal life of the brothers, and of Keats' own divine simplicities. The change comes at the ninth sonnet, *Oh, golden mouthed*, which, with all following it, is posthumous, and introduces the tragedies of Keats' later years, and the quietude of its close, "after dark vapours."

30th June, Tuesday morning. The Press.

Last night was very hot, and long I lay awake, but the morn came, beautiful and fresh, and with it the full tide filling full the river. And the sun shone on Chiswick Mall and the eyot, the eyot green with new grown withies.

And now it is 8.30, and I hear Wilkinson and Alice on the stairs.

1st July, Wednesday, 7 a.m. *The Press*.

On coming home last night between 10 and 11 o'clock after dining with Stella, I at once felt myself in an atmosphere of excitement—motors were rushing past, and newspaper boys and men were rushing about on foot, and crying hoarse, and to me unintelligible, cries. As I proceeded towards Addison Bridge—I was on my bicycle—the crowd and excitement became so great that I had to get off and walk close to the kerb. Presently the crowd was impenetrable. I asked the reason why. The great fight at Olympia—which was indeed all lighted up; Bombardier Wells had just knocked Bell out in the second round, and that was it! I pulled to the side, and leaning my bicycle against the wall on the bridge, waited the passing of the crowd. Such a crowd! Old and young, rich and poor, evening dress and filth, and men, almost all, or boys, but some women on foot, in the latest limpest evening dress, some in motors; all hurrying by as if all were bearers, to some remote other world, of long expected news. Long expected, now at last, and theirs, to tell. The victory of Wells! And where, I wonder, was Wells, and where Bell?

What a victory, and what a crowd. Slowly it thinned, and I was able to go on my way, on my contrary way westward. Arrived at the river—at the Broadway there was again a crowd, and a long row of motors drawn up before the Clarendon; the river's self I found sublimely remote, and the half moon and the always patient stars, remote, sublime; the river's surface unrippled, receiving upon its dark surface the lights of the bridge, of the moon and of the stars: all one, quiet, other-world. Oh, world of men, what is your destiny?

3rd July, Friday, 9.10 p.m.

I am seated at my table in the attic at the Press, lamp lighted, reading. It is cooler to-night, and I have lighted the fire in my bedroom. And before the fire I had my supper—three sardines, bread and butter, strawberry jam and coffee. I am revising Goethe's *Gedichte*. In lieu of *Die Römische Elegien*

I propose to insert some other personal poems, beginning with *Ilmenau*, and to substitute the *Römische* for the other Elegies in part IV.

13th July, Monday.

Yesterday Annie and I went to Ewell, to lunch and spend the day with the Christies at their pretty cottage (The Corner). I took my bicycle, and had an accident on Westminster Bridge. A youth on a motor cycle had dropped his coat. I was behind him on his left. Suddenly he slowed up, and turned right in front of me. I dashed into the forepart of the machine, and then shot free and dashed across the tramlines, avoiding pillar, post, and passenger as best I could on a runaway, and at last jumped the stone kerb on to the side path, along which I oscillated to and fro, till at last, without further accident, I brought the cycle to a stand, and jumped off unhurt. Fortunately there were no tramcars on the spot at the time. The low parapet of the bridge, over which I might otherwise have been thrown, was temporarily masked by a boarding. I turned back angrily to remonstrate with the motorist, but as he quite humbly kept saying he was sorry, I said *that*, under the circumstances, was all he could say or do, and with a smile I forgave him.

15th July, Wednesday, 5.30 a.m. *St James' Court*.

I awoke with the drum taps this morning at 5 o'clock, out of a troubled sleep. I went to bed troubled, and I awoke troubled. It is always so on the eve of the publication of one of my books. I go through them all, and see in all only the faults, especially of the vellums, and when all have been looked through, or as I near the end, I am infected, and mentally troubled—then night of dreams!

I open Humboldt's *Cosmos*, and the trouble ceases, on the heights.

I have been too long a stranger to the heights—those touched by A. von Humboldt at his best, and the other great

describers of the universe. I must back to them, and away from the follies and the charms of individuals which beset us on the plains, and their attractions and repulsions. I am too old now to dwell among the young, attractive as they are to age—they, the cities of the valley. My region is higher up amid the snows, in regions where there are no human beings, but only space filled with stars, and systems of worlds now being, or past, or about to be.

17th July, Friday.

Yesterday I completed the “publication” of the paper edition of Shelley—a book long looked forward to, but not crowned with success. I am too conscious of the imperfection of its press-work to feel satisfaction in it as a book, as an arrangement. But I need not dwell on this imperfection. It is the inevitable result of my age, and growing inability to energize the Press to its finger-tips. It is the decay which precedes and provokes its closure.

In the last few days I have watched the flowers of a lily open, attain their perfection, then slowly but surely decay and drop, leaving the treasure, the open secret of future lilies, to repeat, if circumstances permit, the same process of beautiful becoming and passing away. So I am now in decay, but I may hope to have left behind me the seed of future and greater “Presses.”

Notwithstanding the advance of science since the composition of Humboldt's *Physical Description of the Universe or Cosmos*, the work is reprinted without alteration or comment, precisely as have been presented the works of Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe. They are to be taken in association with the times of their production, and as parts of that whole of Knowledge and of Art, which itself is at once stable and in perpetual agitation. The Cosmos of to-day is indeed the Cosmos of yesterday, of Humboldt, the serene universe. But man's vision of it has changed. Still, each vision, as the phases of the universe in cosmic evolution, has its place in

the retrospect, and as such is stable and part of the world's great Thought, and part of the world's ever advancing Thought.

21st July, Tuesday. St James' Court.

On Sunday I went to the Press and looked through the vellum copies of Shelley, which had been on my mind like a nightmare, and found them on the whole quite "all right"—cleanly printed from first to last.

Yesterday I called to see Holmes at his nursing-home, and found him sitting up, but very pale and thin. He had come through all right, and was very cheerful and full of fight for the coming revolution in Education. He said he would send me, and I have just received, his new book *In Defence of What Might Be*.

22nd July, Wednesday. St James' Court.

Yesterday the Christies brought Count Kessler to the Press, and we spent a pleasant afternoon. He is a very agreeable courteous person, and full of plans for the future of printing. He is making paper and is setting up, with English aid, a printing press at Weimar. Johnston has designed a Gothic type for him, and is designing him a Greek one; and Mason—my Mr Mason—is setting it up for him, paying visits to Weimar for the purpose. So we may hope for great things. I "prophesied" the needs of the time, from my cosmic point of view, and outlined the future of man as I deemed it ought to be, and might be, when the props and scaffoldings of religion, as at present conceived, had been removed and man remained the sole self-conscious agent known to him in the universe. I gave him a copy of *Amantium Irae*, which he noticed in the case as he was going out, and he bought a copy of *Hamlet* bound in red sealskin, and ordered a Shelley.

On Monday night I had a long palpitating letter from a German lady asking if she and some gentlemen in Frankfurt might buy the Doves Press and remove it to Frankfurt, and

would I send her a telegram in the morning! She had heard, indeed I had told her when she was in London, that I was about to give it up—two years ago—and she had then made a similar proposal for Munich. But she had been ill in the meanwhile, and, now recovered, it had all come back to her, and she wrote and made her proposal again, as she said, “in such a fever of excitement lest it should already have been sold.” I sent her a post-card—*Impossible*.

27th July. Ridgehurst.

Last night Émile Vandervelde read to us aloud some modern, even recent, French poems, and some extracts from *Monsieur Bergeret*, with great vivacity and intelligence.

30th July, Thursday morning. St James' Court.

Austria has declared war on Servia, and all Europe is in commotion, and armies and peoples are on the move. And in a hundred years all who are now on earth, all whom war thrills to-day, will be dead. Peace, then. They say? What do they say? Let them say.

2nd August, Sunday, 7 a.m. Ridgehurst.

In a week what a change. Europe, the world, on the eve of a convulsion of change, more widespread and destructive than any which it has ever endured since the world was a world—destruction of man, and man's world, by man. This is the fine fruit of our ripened civilization. Man has created a Monster of Destruction, of which he is now the unescapable victim. Man himself his own Destroyer, who can be the victor? What new man or Terror is awaiting form on the tide of Being? A hundred years hence? Fifty? To-morrow? All science is involved; all art; all religion; all that man has ever thought and done. Or are all these immortal, and is it man only who in his own turmoil will vanish? This present pitiful generation, slain by its own wild hand!

On Friday Jaurés was assassinated. Last Monday Émile

and I walked together on the road to Elstree. The storm was approaching, but we were merry. On Wednesday he was in Brussels. On Friday he was back at Ridgehurst, exhausted. On Friday night came the news over the telephone that Jaurés had been shot. This was kept from Émile and Lalla, who were allowed to go to bed to sleep. But in the morning Lalla saw it in the *Times*, and with a great cry almost "gave up the ghost." Then Émile learnt it, and strong man though he is and self-controlled, burst into tears and wept like a child. That same day he set out for Paris, to attend the funeral of his friend to-day—and what a day it will be!

But Jaurés died to live for ever in history—a martyr to Peace, and France's greatest citizen to-day.

Outside the trees are the same, and the wind blows through them as of old; and day and night will follow inexorably on as man slays man, will follow inexorably on, till all now living are dead, and outside the trees will still be the same, and the wind be blowing through them as of old. In this agitation are the seeds being sown of a new great time, in which peace shall prevail over man's passions.

This morning at 7.30 Lalla drove away in the car to take train at Charing Cross for Brussels. Stella and Ferdie went with her, but they are coming back.

I went down and bade her good-bye, and watched her drive away.

3rd August, Monday, 7 a.m. Ridgehurst.

Yesterday was a most oppressive and bewildering day, in which the very weather of sweeping clouds and sudden storms of rain seemed to be affected. The papers in the morning told us that Germany had declared war on Russia, and I think on France, or that may have come later on the telephone. In the course of the day we had scraps of news, no doubt false, to the effect that the Germans had taken Luxembourg, and had entered France; then that the Cabinet was divided, and that Grey, Haldane and Churchill had threatened to

resign unless war was declared against Germany; still later, that Germany had entered France from Strasbourg, and later still that the German advance had been checked; and finally that the Cabinet was still sitting, that their decision would not be made known till 12 o'clock to-day. And all the day we wandered about, walked, played tennis, played croquet, played billiards, read, and talked, and joked, or were silent and given over to our own wild thoughts and depression. Annie said we were now in the hands of Fate, things had gone too far to be helped, and she retained her usual attitude of calmness, and read Mrs Parnell's Life of her "King." For myself the world seemed contorted to a nightmare. But now evidently man is the victim of his own creation, and is about to suffer the consequences of his own immense misdirection of life. The forces which he has accumulated for violence are now about to explode, and his "world" will be shattered from end to end. We shall all suffer. Let us all hope that, out of the world-wide explosion and destruction, a new world will arise, and that man will fashion himself and his destiny upon another plan, and with wholly different weapons.

If humanity is not ashamed of itself at this moment there is no hope for the world, unless something else be born to take man's place.

That to-day's humanity may be the All of the All, that is the appalling and heart-emptying fear.

That it is not the All of the All we must ourselves show, by being something else, and better.

4th August, Tuesday, 10.30 a.m. St James' Court.

Just arrived from King's Cross and Ridgehurst. London looks just the same; the people in the streets, just the same; no crowds, no groups, no papers being read, no posters, save one carried on the shoulders of men, "War? What for? Why fight for Russia?" and signed by some League. And the heavens, the skies, the clouds, are less menacing than in the

country, where they are more conspicuous, and seemed charged with fate and the death of nations.

11.20. A regiment headed by a band has just passed along Buckingham Gate, towards Victoria Street.

Noon. I have just read Grey's speech and Redmond's speech in the House of Commons. I could wish I were not so emotional. I am shaken, and tears are in my eyes. But if the tears are a sign of weakness, may not the strength and pressure of the emotion which produces them be taken into account? It was Ireland that moved me.

11.30 p.m. England will have declared war to-night. Asquith sent an ultimatum stating in effect that war would be declared, if Germany would not undertake to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and requesting an answer by midnight. Men are now calling special editions, and all night men have been cheering in front of the Palace, and are so now. I went out at 10 o'clock, and walked the length of the Mall, and home by Parliament Street and Birdcage Walk. The space in front of the Palace, the Mall, Trafalgar Square, were crowded with people. It was a beautiful night, the moon nearly at the full.

5th August, Wednesday, 11.50 a.m.

The *Times* tells us that England is now in a state of war with Germany, consequent on the refusal of Germany to give an undertaking to respect the neutrality of Belgium.

Europe and the world are now in the hands of statesmen and warriors, who have enslaved—and are now hurling against each other their enslaved—human beings, drilled to destruction. Death, not Life, and Death in another form than in times of peace, now fills to their utmost limits the minds of men, and spreads itself over all the aspects of life.

6th August, Thursday, 7 a.m.

Yesterday it rained and stormed, and was very close and fatiguing. To-day it is fine. I wonder what has happened on

sea and land? Last night I read to Annie out of *Erewhon*, and as I read I thought of life as it now is. Hosts of men, all born out of space but a few years ago, hurling against one another like the wars of the elements, before man was, hurling each other back into non-being; and all the sky, and night and day, and the simplest things, the simplest familiar things we used to know, places, people, things, the simplest flowers we loved, all changed in aspect, grown alien, in an atmosphere of war. Will the old hopes and fears ever come back to us? To them?

I must take up some task to keep me sane and the world as it was. I will go on with Goethe, though it is only too likely that now his *Gedichte* will never be printed. My poor friends in Germany, I wonder what their fate is?

7th August, Friday, 6.30 a.m.

Last night there was immense cheering in front of the Palace. I went out to see what was the matter. I found an immense crowd coming away, and yet great crowds still in front of the Palace, stretching along the Mall towards Whitehall. I inquired the cause. The crowd had cheered, and their Majesties had come to the window and bowed!

"The state of war" is becoming normal, and we are settling down to go through with it to the end—whenever and whatever the end may be—in a business-like way, and it is certainly greatly to the credit of the people and Government of England that they are doing so without panic or boasting, or cries of vengeance one way or the other. Belgium and the faith of treaties are to be upheld, and France to be saved from destruction.

11th August, Tuesday.

London to-night is perfectly quiet. Annie and I have been peacefully engaged, she mending a pillow-case, whilst I am reading *Erewhon* to her. A few miles away, across the Channel, two millions of men, without the slightest enmity the one to

the other, are opposed to one another along a front of 250 miles, and presently will be engaged in blowing one another to pieces. And a few miles away are Germans taken prisoners in the battle-field, the best of friends with their captors, by whom they are cared for as brothers, though in prison. Heavens, is it possible? Is this what we call life, the life of phantoms all soon destined to vanish?

22nd August, Saturday.

Annie—1.40 p.m.—has just left for Midhurst. She has gone to be near Nellie, who is to have an operation on Tuesday at Chichester. It may be her last opportunity of seeing her alive.

5th September.

Annie returned on the 1st, leaving Nellie “going on satisfactorily.” Yesterday at noon Annie had a call from Helena Hirst that Nellie was very ill, and that both she (Helena) and Annie must leave for Chichester by the 1.30 train. Annie’s preparations were soon made, and at 1.30 she left for Chichester.

In the evening as I came into the flat the telephone was ringing. The exchange told me a call had come through from Chichester, and that I was to call up 162 Chichester. I did so, and Irene Noel answered. Annie, she said, was nowhere to be found, but Nellie had died that afternoon. I called up again at 8 p.m. just to hear Annie’s voice. She answered, and was quite calm. Nellie had died at 3.30, and they had arrived in time.

North House Hotel, Chichester.

We arrived just in time, the end came peacefully at 3.30 with us all round the bed, and she unconscious. A beautiful look of expectancy on her marble face. We are all very very sad.

Your loving Annie.

6th September, Sunday, 5.30 a.m.

I have been reading to Annie to send her to sleep. At

4 o'clock she got up and said she had been awake for hours, so I read to her to send her to sleep, and now she sleeps.

She returned last night exhausted.

5th October, Monday.

Christ upon the Cross, what is His crucifixion to the daily crucifixion of ourselves by ourselves? Annie has just told us of the last news of a man at the front. He had been seen by a man now in hospital, as, in the retreat from Mons, one company gave way to another in the trenches. They passed one another and shook hands—perhaps for the last time.

9th October, Friday. Hyde Park.

A few moments ago, as I passed into the Park, a regiment of recruits marched by—it brought tears to my eyes. Behind me, as I sit here, another regiment of men without “arms,” and in plain clothes, is marching on to the green. Surely their hearts are lifted into a unity otherwise impossible, and a higher spirit inspires them, not of attack but of defence, defence of something vague, beyond the dream of earlier days, the days of a mere livelihood, the days of commerce and employment, work without other end than self?

8th November, Sunday morning. St James' Court.

Misty but bright, with invading sun. Friday evening Paul Reclus came to supper. He has been to Paris with his wife, and was on his way back alone to Brussels. He was quite gay. On Thursday Irene Noel supped with us. She is trying to get into an ambulance corps to the front. On Friday afternoon the Berensons came to tea, and Madame Tonneau.

I am reading *The Decline and Fall* aloud to Annie, and to myself *The Old Wives' Tale* and *La Vie de Pasteur*. Pasteur believed not in the life of violence, either for men or nations, but in a life both for men and nations of devotion to the alleviation of suffering, a life dedicated to beneficence, *Les vrais guides de l'humanité lui semblaient être non les dominateurs par la force, mais les serviteurs par le dévouement*. I read the last lines

of *La Vie* with profound emotion. But this catastrophic war has brought the deeps of life to the surface, and at the slightest touch they overflow.

12th November, Thursday, 9.10 p.m.

This evening Annie and I and Stella and Helena, and many others, saw Irene Noel and her Red Cross young men off at Charing Cross to Dover, on their way to the front. They sleep to-night at Dover, and cross to-morrow on the *Invicta*. We saw Vandervelde off on Tuesday. Submarines are swarming in the Channel—I hope they will get across safely.

20th November, Friday.

At the Press, correcting the proofs of *The Prelude*. Oh, what consolation as I read and recall the beautiful earlier world in which it was written—and yet, beautiful world of Nature though it was, in Europe were being enacted similar madnenses as now!

How many moments in reading the proofs of the divine books it has been my privilege to print, have I paused to wander in the worlds of their creation, a world suspended as in vision, far seen and sunlit, and all quiet as a summer's eve or dawn. And, oh, the pathos of it all, the waiting and expectancy!

1st December, Tuesday, 8.50 a.m.

To-morrow is my seventy-fourth birthday.

It is somewhat singular that often as I have been in touch with anarchism in the person of its professors—Reclus, Kropotkin, etc., I should never have caught its fire till last Sunday, when suddenly denouncing Nationalism I found myself *de facto* an anarchist. It is also personally interesting to find on reading just now the article "Anarchism" in the *British Encyclopædia*, that Proudhon was the first to use in 1840 (the year of my own birth) the name of Anarchy with application to the no-government state of society.

I may note here a passing—or enduring?—desire to

prolong in these sad days the life of the Press, and print some additions to my catalogue of books—a desire born of the sadness of the time, and the longing to keep in touch with beauty and the tenderer mind of man when all the world seems sick with sorrow, filled with man's own created horror; to keep in touch with Beauty, and the life supreme of Order.

1915

1st January, Friday, 9 p.m. St James' Court.

With this opening of the New Year, 1915, and my own seventy-fifth, I vow and dedicate myself to my “exclusions,” as I may call them, through the ascending stages to the ultimate consummation in the infinite. And so from the infinite I will regard all things happening here and now. I will also negatively sever myself from all mere “foolishness,” and dispassionately, disinterestedly, impersonally, aim at giving something of that “delight” with which I conceive the whole universe to be “touched,” at giving something of that delight to whomsoever and to all with whom I may come into contact, immediate or remote. Let me, in myself, be a Cosmos, touching and touched with delight. From the war as a war I withdraw myself. I will pray for a change of spirit, both in ourselves and in the “enemy”; a change of spirit, for how otherwise shall there be peace?

It would indeed be monstrous to allow this welter of “human” passions and ambitions to blind one to the great order and beauty of the universe and the world, and I intend to dominate its claim and clamour for attention and participation, and to concentrate my own attention upon the universe, its mystery, and upon the miracles of its creation, far off and near, and upon the sublime if undivined issues of itself.

15th January, Friday morning.

We have no motive for assuming that the world is perfect or right according to our human standard, except our own

tendency to idealism. This tendency we put at the heart of the universe, and predicate of the tendency itself perfection, whereas perfection is predicable only, if at all, of the goal.

If this be so, do not let us despair either of the goal or of the tendency, and do let us bear with magnanimity the woes and disturbances and setbacks which beset the tendency—it were not a tendency but a canalized route, if it were not subject to deviation, for no mere tendency goes straight.

It would be absurd to despise the earth because of the “quakes” to which it is subject. The very “quakes” are due to the same general causes which are operative in the production of the earth itself.

Disturbances, moral, are probably due to some relative exaggeration and effort at supremacy, or even expansion only of some product of thought—as for example of the “absolute,” leading to autocracy, hegemony and despotism.

It is inevitable that in groups of nations, powers developing unequally in limited areas, struggles between them should arise, finding formal expression in “civilized warfare,” with a tendency to bear down and wear out its conventions, and to have resort to elemental barbaric passion, let loose like shrapnel from a bomb.

In fact, political and social convulsions are the inevitable accompaniment of development in limited areas of time and space, of which time only is itself indefinitely expansive, giving *temporal* space for readjustment.

The newspaper tells of an earthquake in Italy, towns destroyed, and thousands—twenty-five thousand—killed, and numbers untold injured and ruined. Annie says it is satisfactory to know we are no worse than the Almighty. Alas, I say, it is sad to know that the Almighty is no better than ourselves. But what a world it is at this moment; a world stricken both by its own, and by cosmic, commotion.

8th February, Monday, 9.20 a.m.

Last night I read Maupassant's *Yvette*, picked up with other waifs and strays the other day in the attic at the Press. What a book, and what people—and I suppose they are both facts in human, and especially French, nature.

The war still rages in its world-wide devastation.

In the Green Park, newly erected, there is an enclosure and platform, and on the latter, with its muzzle appearing above the screen, is mounted a gun. In the midst of the peaceful Green Park!

22nd March, Monday.

Yesterday I again went to Kew, and walked and paused amid the trees and crocuses.

I am reading *The Song Celestial*.

The loathsome war goes raging on, from reprisals to reprisals. Yet yesterday was most beautiful, the sun shining in a cloudless sky, and the young spring was springing to life in tree and bush and flowers.

Oh, turn away from man to nature, and nature's old felicities!

O wretched planet, man-possessed, defaced, despoiled!

20th April, Tuesday.

I have been busy the last few days in preparing and sending out my advertisement:

THE GREAT WAR has not been "forgotten" or "forgiven," nor is it even finished. But the first shock, which seemed to obliterate both Past and Future and to engulf all in one foul triumph of hate, is over, and both Past and Future re-emerge and reassume their reign despite the "inscrutable horror" of to-day. With this larger outlook Mr Cobden-Sanderson returns to his first intention before the war, and will in the immediate future print and publish the *Lieder*, *Gedichte* and *Balladen* of Germany's supreme poet, GOETHE, in honour of Germany's better past, and in hope of Germany's still greater future, when she shall have sloughed off the hate which, to-day, bedarkens both her and our Welt-Ansicht and World-Vision.

*Was wir in Gesellschaft singen
Wird von Herz zu Herzen dringen.*

30th April, Friday.

The weather has been fine lately but with an east wind, and the world is suddenly green—green, and white, and pink. Such a transformation, and how wonderful! But, alas, man is at blows still, and the news all the world over is horrible. I say overnight I will read no more, I will shut my eyes, and I will lock myself in Nature, in “the silence which is in the starry sky, the peace which is among the lonely hills.” But then comes the morrow, and with it the insatiable desire. But, oh, the horror of it, the stupendous stupidity! And all the while, as though unseeing, the spring unfolds, the sun smiles, and the wind blows, and far off on the summit of the hills is peace. My God, how long?

Last week I sent into the world my message of peace in the name of Goethe, and this week the cry of *Lucrece* for the violence done to her, the cry of the universe for the violence done to it. And now I am at work upon *The Prelude*; also upon Goethe, and Humboldt's *Cosmos* which also I shall try to print, and then the *Catalogue Raisonné*, and the End long foreshadowed.

There is in Wordsworth's poetry an innate, an incomparable consolation, a solidity, which I find nowhere else. It is due to the divine gift which he pre-eminently and exclusively has, the gift of translating the real, of transforming the real, the finite, into the infinite, yet of keeping the transformation, the infinite, real. A great and incomparable gift.

Can we in the very greatness of the life and death struggle of to-day find consolation? Is there a gift of imagination which can transform it into something akin to the infinite? Man for the time being has given up everything for a trial of strength in which the life of empires is at stake, and the ordination and fashioning of the entire future of the world—man included. To what objects is “strength” in the future to be diverted—strength tested on this gigantic scale?

“Anything may happen,” seems to express the new mental attitude engendered by the war. “Anything might happen”

within limits of order perhaps expresses the old attitude; but order itself is now suspect, and a belief, or fear at least, is in the air, that what may happen is unlimited and possible in any and every direction, and in every degree and kind.

2nd May, Sunday, 10.40 a.m.

We are shut up within the ordinary, the familiar room, house, city, country, people, planet; our eyes open to it morning after morning, and though there intervenes night and sleep and dreams yet it remains the ordinary, the familiar. But now guns are crashing in war, and the whole world shakes; the familiar has ceased to be familiar, and panic possibilities infect the air, and life waits upon and ministers to death.

4th May, Tuesday.

In the horror of war, in its all-destructiveness, we have our eyes fixed for judgment on the amenities of civilization. But civilized life is not the whole of life, nor does civilization exhaust its possibilities. War comes and all its horrors, to break up man's complacency, and to set him amid the wild and ravenous possibilities which are life on the larger scale. It is not here in this world, or in man's "civilization," that man is to find peace, strive to that end as he may; the environment to which he is to be adjusted is infinitely remote and infinite in its demands, and here he must be nerved "to face all naked truth and to envisage circumstance all calm," whatever of horror the circumstance may contain. I stand for the greater life, the greater life amid the mystery, insoluble, of this, and I will endeavour "to face all naked truth and to envisage circumstance all calm."

8th May, Saturday.

Yesterday afternoon the *Lusitania* was torpedoed, and sunk off the Irish coast. It had been foretold in America when about to start on its voyage last Saturday, but no one

believed it. And now the *Lusitania*, once towering on the ocean like a great city, has vanished at one blow. This is the "naked truth." Must I envisage the "circumstance all calm"? It is hard to do so. Inevitably it sends a thrill through one of horror. Relentless fate, driving men on to this destruction of one another! It is hard to do so near at hand; one must summon to one's assistance all space and all time, and in their infinitudes find the calm so wanting in the circumstance of to-day.

14th May, Friday. *The Doves Press.*

Last night I was on the platform with Annie at a meeting on behalf of Peace at the Kingsway Hall. Jane Addams was the principal speaker. This evening I am giving her a bound copy of Shelley (Doves Press edition) bound in blue morocco (Grolier pattern with wreath and trefoils), with this inscription:

To Jane Addams,

In affectionate memory of the Hague Congress and of her visit to England on behalf of the "World's Great Age"—World Peace.

T. J. C.-S. and Annie C.-S.

The meeting rose out of a Peace Congress at the Hague.

16th May, Sunday morning.

Yesterday I took the 12.35 train to Rickmansworth, and bicycled to Chalfont St Giles, where I visited Milton's cottage and wrote my name in the visitor's book. A charming little cottage by the roadside, with an apple tree in full blossom in the garden—hardly, however, dating from the days of Milton.

I then bicycled over the hills to "Old Jordans," where I had tea—a charming hostelry; and then down to the old meeting-house in the graveyard now closed, where lie Penn and his two wives. A supreme silence reigned over and in the fields, tilled, or green with growing corn or pasture, and in the woods, save for the skylark above the fields, or the long

drawn-out note of the blackbird in the woods. Who would believe that under the same sky in another land men's cries were the only sounds, cries of rage and pain and horror, whilst in the air and in the fields, red not green, Death deafened and darkened the ears and eyes of the embattled hosts of hostile men? Horrible.

From "Jordans" I cycled to Chalfont St Peter, and so on to Gerrard's Cross, where I took train for Paddington. I found Annie on the sofa, tired out with her own day, and not well. I tucked her up, and later helped her to bed. And now this morning, after breakfast in bed, she is well again. I am reading in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* about Buckinghamshire, and as I turn the pages I come upon Buddha, which I read.

It is a mild, beclouded morning, and there are signs of rain in the night. I wonder what is the news from the front.

17th May, Monday, 8.10 a.m.

Yesterday I took Annie to lunch at Victoria Station, and thence we took a bus to Park Lane. We walked towards the Row, and sat down amid the flower-beds, and read our papers till tea-time—about 3.30. The Park was full of people, and no one would from their or our appearance have gathered that we were a people at war, "fighting for our lives." It is impossible to make the fact real.

Whit-Monday.

The newspapers have come, and there is the usual news from a world at strife, but I have not looked at them. I must make an effort to rise above the horrors perpetuated all the world over by man, senseless man, and live with that which is alone worth living for, or with—Nature, and the loftier life of man.

27th May, Thursday, 8.30 a.m.

What we all have to strive against, to defend ourselves against, is the temptation to regard a mere phase of life as

the whole of life, and to forget that *the whole of the future*, as well as to-day, is the opportunity of life.

To do this it is not necessary to dream of the future, still less to confine our outlook to the future, but rather also to invoke the great past, and to envisage "to-day" in all its amplitude of "to-day, yesterday and to-morrow," infinite space and infinite time, and within them the glow and splendour of the whole creation, of the whole astounding Cosmos.

Thus I intermit the newspapers, and make to-day recede into the infinite distance of a planet in evolution, and substitute for the near the remote, for one world all the worlds of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, for the finite, infinitude; and there I find rest, there strength to endure. And my work is to communicate to the "now" of the world, this "all time," to the "here" of the world, this "everywhere."

28th May, Friday, 7.30 a.m.

It is at the very time when nations ought to be in communication with one another, with a view to understanding one another and coming together, "the whole" common to all, that they withdraw their ambassadors and put themselves out of communication. I suppose at this moment if Germans and English and Russians and French and Italians could really enter into communication as peoples, they would agree in execrating the folly, the madness, of mutual destruction, and find, or make it their business to see, the whole, of which they are the complementary parts, and so settle themselves into relations to one another conducive to the balance and harmony of that common whole—Humanity.

But we are all apart; and, being apart, malign one another, seek to destroy one another, forgetful that however we may now disagree we must ultimately come together again with some kind of respect for each, if the greater ends of the world, of life, as civilization imagines and insures them, are to be maintained and not also destroyed. Thus in England,

instead of an ever-growing magnanimity, we have an ever-heightening hate and abuse; we are driving the Germans to extremities indeed, and salute each new horror as of their sole creation, whereas it is ourselves who are now driving them to it. We have told them that it is to be a "war to a finish," that they are "the devil incarnate," "the enemy of the human race," and much else of the same purpose and effect. Their "Kultur" we ridicule, but their "Kultur," even as they understand it, is not a despicable thing. They may conceive of it too highly as a thing worth preserving and spreading, even by terrorism, at the cost of the entire world past and present; but even that devotion is not a despicable thing; it is but a special application of a saying which we all profess to admire—a saying which puts "our own soul" in opposition to "the world," and gives the prize to the "soul." This great temper of the Germans we ought to appreciate, to bear in mind, as we seek to press the war to a conclusion, to a finish, for that finish should not be the destruction of this temper but its enlightenment by a better conception of the "soul" to be preserved, and of the method of preservation and extension. And this, our "finish," we ought to make known to all the combatant peoples, our own included; and we ought to be ready at any moment to make and entertain proposals for its peaceful achievement. Otherwise, what is to happen? Shall we not all equally be the enemies of the human race, devils incarnate, whatever our specific intention relatively to and for ourselves may be? And the world European will vanish, as has vanished many another world incapable of self and other adjustment.

29th May, Saturday, 11.30 p.m.

This morning, whilst I was still in bed, "Elizabeth" came to see me—a delightful apparition! She came last night, but found the flat empty. I was dining with Stella.

2nd June, Wednesday. Betty-fold.

I travelled down yesterday to Windermere, where Annie will join me later, and reached Windermere at 5 p.m. without accident, but not without incident. The train was crowded, and at each station young and old passed backwards and forwards along the train looking for seats. There were five in my carriage, including myself and a child in arms. Two of them were anxious to keep the compartment to ourselves, and kept calling out, "No room," to all who proposed to enter. However, I said there was room, and helped an old lady with many parcels to enter. All the country we passed through was lovely in its new coat of spring, but all the towns—except Preston—made one wonder how men could make them, or men and women endure them.

I had tea at Rigg's Hotel, and waited for Annie who arrived by the 7 p.m. train from Manchester. We drove, or were driven, in a motor to Betty-fold, and arrived there about 8 o'clock, and were heartily welcomed by Kate, Winifred and the maids, and we esteemed ourselves happy in being once more at Betty-fold. It is now I suppose about 8 a.m. My breakfast has been brought on a little tray—tea, bread and butter, and marmalade, and I am now sitting up, as of old, and see, through the windows to left and in front, the well-remembered landscape. It is a grey morning, and clouds obscure the heights and shut out the sun, but I see a faint shadow as of old of the tree in the hedge, a shadow which moves like the hands of a clock, round from west to east, and ever round again.

How silent it is! Only the far-off lowing of a cow, the low remote chuck-chuckle of some proud mother of eggs, the cuckoo's insistent "cuck-cuckoo," the chirrup of a warbler, the more sustained note of the blackbird; and earlier in the morning I heard the curlew call. How otherwise silent it all is. And the sun is shining through the clouds and giving promise of a bright new day, and the shadow of my tree is stronger.

The silence deepens; and save one near bird all songs are hushed. And even the sun has withdrawn its rays, and with the light have gone the shadows too. And is this the world for which men are at war, at death grips, furiously destroying each the other? Is it possible? Or are there two worlds—the one that is, and the other man's vain would-be creation, his for himself alone, the world of the despot and the slave. I am a citizen of the universe, and I refuse to be bound by man's men-made riot, or to take part in it. The law which gives freedom is the law of the universe, and not the law which delivers man over to destruction at the bidding of another.

9th June, Wednesday, 7.30 a.m. *Betty-fold.*

A white mist hides the hills and the sun as yesterday. But yesterday afternoon, after a great darkness, a wind sprang up, and cleaved the clouds away, and gave us a brilliant sun. We went all together, they in the carriage, I on foot and on my bicycle, to Elterwater and Loughrigg Tarn, and home by Outgate—a most beautiful vision. In the evening, after the papers had been read, Annie and Winnie in turn read aloud to us *Sense and Sensibility*.

10th June, Thursday, 11.30 a.m.

All yesterday, unlike the yesterday of itself, the clouds kept the earth in gloom and the sun hidden, so to-day the earth is in gloom and the sun is hidden. All colour is gone from the earth, and the sky is an ashen grey. But we have ourselves, our books, and to-morrow.

I am reading Goethe. His love poems have a humanity, a touch of the warm heart, a caress, which other love poems seem rather to lack. He is very dear and lovable. The more I read, the more I think and feel so. "You ask me," he is said once to have said, "you ask me to write a song of hate, a National song. How can I write a National song, a song of hate, when all I feel for all the world is love?"

12th June, Saturday, 9 a.m.

As I sit here, propped up in bed, and watch morning after morning dawn upon the self-same meadows, woods and hills, the self-same shadows cast, and hear in the air the self-same sounds, and feel all enveloped in the self-same stillness of infinite space and time, what a fantastic world that appears to be for which and in which the world is at war with itself—fantastic and incredible, unreal!

At this moment I do not know what fearful fight is raging, but innumerable souls must be at strife with each other, and flitting heavenwards or hellwards, and leaving bodies vacant of their loves and hates, whilst the souls have gone—whitherwards? And it was this world for which they all fought. But still the cuckoo cries cuckoo, the warbler warbles on the hedge, the bee hums. Why could they not hold each others' hands in peace, and listen and watch a little while, till over all of us had come, gently, our own life's last day, as comes upon the meadows here, and woods and hedges, each day's night—and the stars?

14th June, Monday, 11.30 a.m. Betty-fold.

I have all this morning been engaged in the insoluble task of arranging *Das Göttliche* to my satisfaction. I arrange and rearrange, but always, after the first feeling of success, there follows the feeling of something amiss, and arrangement grows out of arrangement till the task seems insoluble, like *Das Göttliche* itself! Where should I put *Ganymed*? Where *Harzreise im Winter*, where *An Schwager Kronos*, where *Wanderers Sturmlied*? And *Wanderers Nachtlied*? Is it not too tame an ending for *Das Göttliche*?

Whatever man may have suffered in the long ages, this generation has never been confronted with a future like unto the one now impending. Our world is broken up, and its gods have ceased to exist. For the new world new gods must be made, or new gods formed. And *that* is the inspiring problem of the world, of the future to come, and, “to face

all naked truths, and to envisage circumstance all calm," that is the top of sovereignty, and *that* our supreme duty now.

And with our fanes and ritual and belief, whole libraries will have perished; the world will have to write new books to readjust all its thoughts, all its hopes, to fit the great new revelation now opening before our astonished eyes.

The universe is not a static universe, it is a dynamic universe; and each advance is a new Revelation and prelude of the advance yet to come.

Thus our thoughts and hopes, and old thoughts and old hopes, must all "fall to pieces," and new hopes and new thoughts be born to accompany the ever-revolving universe.

20th June, Sunday.

We must fight not for Victory, but for Peace.

I sit here, longing for some change in myself that shall make the world intelligible, that shall from within burst the scales of habit, enfranchise me from all wonted views of things, all ties, all values, make me not long for this or that, nor victory or defeat, but in calm reliance upon the whole of things await Time's issues with sublime assurance and content. Surely God does that.

21st June, Monday, 7 a.m. Betty-fold.

I form no judgment; I am like an animal in a stricken field. Last night Nellie, the maid, came home from Coniston, where all was in gloom. There had been very bad news; whole regiments swept away, and in them many young lads from Coniston, and from all the now emptied houses round about, and a great mourning was in the land. What is to be said? To whom are we to stretch out our hands? Man is afflicted and mad. We have but ourselves. In our own hands is our own salvation.

23rd June, Wednesday.

Anticipate the better time to come, and in the spirit of it live now.

And now why should I not add, "tears are in my eyes," as I wrote to dear Annie a day or two ago? I am just now in a highly emotional state; tears are always at my eyes. At the slightest shake they fall.

24th June, Thursday.

Lemberg has fallen. Taken by assault by the Austrians. But each man now alive, victor and vanquished, at peace or at war, will have ceased to exist ere the earth in its orbit, ere the shadows cast to-day, will have returned and be as now they are, one short century hence. Whose then will be Lemberg, whose these isles, whose Europe? Who now need mind? Are these the things these fleeting ghosts of men should set their hearts upon—to-day? At all?

26th June, Saturday, 4 a.m. Betty-fold.

How vain is all our learning, all our science. Vain our ambition, vain the creation of nations and empires, vain this war. Give me the silence of the hills, the wonder of life; give me the simplicity of existence, of the child by the way, the flower, the tree, the sky. Disrobe me of all I know; let me be again the child that I am, that I should be, walking the strange world with open eyes of wonder.

That is a wonderful saying, the truth of which has only this moment come home to me—nor do I remember its words exactly, but it is to this effect, that, "unless ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is so. Into this Kingdom of Heaven, unless ye become *again* as a little child. Before the stupendous wonder of existence, that is all we know.

5 a.m. I wrote the above in an anguish of tears, and before writing I had gone upstairs into the empty silent rooms, and had looked at each thing as a dead man might have visited them, divorced from life. And each still thing was there divorced too, not from itself, but from its other counterpart—self, the living solicitude of man. So wait now the open

fields, so waits the sky, so waits the sun, for man to awake the world over and take possession. Man is the life of the world. Without him what an infinite solitude!

1st July, Thursday, 6.50 a.m.

My last day at Betty-fold. I leave this afternoon. It has been a transforming and delightful visit. I have been with Nature all the while, and shall take her Vision with me, my other self, her peace, her silence even, her great expectancy.

3rd July, Saturday, 10.20 a.m. St James' Court.

Appalling is the misery through which we are passing. Not ours to suffer in the trenches, but at home to dream of it, the misery of the whole wide world at war. Nor can I pray or hope for victory for this country or for that—no, not even for my own. Victory has for its other side defeat, and all the misery that goes with it. I can only hope for Peace, and for a new world released from the passions, released from the forms, of the past, the fixed ideas, old and obsolete. New life! A new world!

Essentially we are mad, all of us. Things had to be done which could be done only by a world gone mad. The tempest over, the sun will shine again.

17th July, Saturday, 7 a.m. Wimborne.

The Welsh colliers are on strike, and are of course said to be anti-patriotic. But if their services are so stupendous, why should they not be adequately recognized and rewarded? Has not the Prime Minister £5000 a year? And yet he could, I suppose, live on less. The Cabinet has pooled its salaries. Why should not the nation pool its income? Why should not the miners and masters pool theirs? Why should the miners give way? Is it proposed that England should give way to Germany? From the point of view of the collier, their question is as grave as that between England and Germany, for, whichever of these two triumphs, Collierism will survive, and the question of wage. What is a just wage?

“Every shell made by a woman may help to save the life of a husband, or a son, or a brother.” A shell!

Had they said, “Every shell made by a woman may help to *destroy* the life of a husband, a son, or a brother,” they would have said what was probable, and, if their intention succeeded, would be certainly true. But in that case, no doubt the husband, son or brother would be a German. Alas for the world, alas for humanity, alas for the brotherhood of man!

Women demand the right to slay, and proceed in procession to the Minister of Munitions to demand the right to make shells to that end. But let us admit that that “end” is in their view only another means to another end—liberty, honour, etc.

28th July, Wednesday.

Alone, reading *John Christopher*, and sometimes crying at moving passages, or when I think of the organized murder, like a ravening fire, destroying mankind.

1st August, Sunday. Basings, Cowden, Sussex.

I awake in a world of mental woes. Russia annihilated. Germany triumphant and destructive in the east, shall she not be triumphant and destructive in the west, and France and England also be annihilated, and overrun and Germanized? Empires and nations gone, what of the individuals? Or, reversing the order, before the annihilation of nations and empires, what will have happened to millions and millions of individuals, what to our friends, to ourselves, what to our hold on life at all?

The sun shines, and the gentle wind stirs gently the leaves of the willows and oaks seen through my window in the east. I am reading Ball's *Great Astronomers*—“The study of these beautiful objects exalts the mind from earthly and trivial things to heavenly ones.”

2nd August, Monday, Bank Holiday. Basings.

I think it is—nay, I know it is—her laugh, her bright, kind laugh, which is the most beautiful thing in life; yes,

my darling's laugh. I heard it just now as her door opened and Albertine, the Belgian maid, came out. She had been talking to Albertine, who had entered to give her her hot water, and as Albertine came out I heard the laughter following upon her last words. Dear, bright, kind Annie!

Yesterday, Sunday, was a very beautiful day, and we were all very busy throughout it in the garden, the house and the fields. In the morning Annie and I, in the hot sun—I with my red umbrella—explored the fields for mushrooms; in the afternoon, before tea, I read to Annie some pages of Morley's *Diderot*.

5th August, Thursday. Basings.

It was at Wimbledon this summer that I last saw my old friend Maude Stanley. I did not then dream that it would be the last time, or that she was then so near the mysterious end; which indeed we all approach, but no one of us knows or understands.

Perhaps of all her contemporaries, her own family excepted, no one was more intimately associated than I with her long, busy, devoted and beneficent life, from the early days in Dover Street to the last in Wimbledon; and always I found it, and as my mind travels backwards and forwards on the intervening half century, I still more clearly see how constantly and consistently her whole life was, inspired by affectionate sympathy both for life's sorrows and for life's great and many happinesses. Indeed it was her sympathy for sorrow which hastened the end. She could not bear to see pass by with measured tread so many gallant men to die, and leave such and so many stricken lives behind. Her own heart bled. She died. But even when dying she still thought of the living, and planned for the morrow new plans for assuaging distress and brightening the happiness of the happy.

Long may the memory of her life survive, to inspire to like devotion, sympathy and affection, the workers of to-day and to-morrow. That is what she would herself have prayed

for—the prolongation beyond her own life of her own life's sympathy and joy.

27th August, Friday, 6 a.m. Penrhos.

In a big room facing west, “sitting up.” From my window, or properly through my window, I see iron railings enclosing a green space in which sheep are feeding, and, beyond, a belt of trees shutting out all further vision, save of the sky above them.

I arrived yesterday, having left London at 11.20 a.m. It was a most beautiful day, and, passing through the house on my arrival I came into the garden, a most ravishing garden of flowers, which threw me into an ecstasy of delight—flowers set on the threshold of a lawn shut in by a girdle of most noble trees. All were out walking save the grandchildren. Presently Blanche and Algernon returned, and later Maisie and Lord Mackenzie. Blanche took me into the kitchen-garden—again a mass of flowers—and on our way back we met Maisie, and returned with her to the house. Lyulph, now crippled and walking with two sticks, appeared at dinner, bright and talkative as usual. Jokes—Mackenzie's speciality—were the order of the day, and we laughed, putting aside the world-tragedy.

2nd September, Thursday.

On arriving yesterday at St James' Court in a storm of rain, I found Annie in the kitchen preparing the supper, potatoes and onions and stewed plums, and surprised but delighted to see me so soon. I had said I should arrive between 7 and 8 o'clock.

7th September, Tuesday, 6.30 a.m.

Yesterday whilst lunching at Barker's “Elizabeth” suddenly appeared. I made her sit at my table—I had just finished my coffee—and gave her lunch. She would have no more than a bath-bun, a pat of butter, and a cup of white

coffee; and then how we talked! She is still at Hatch, and invited me to spend Thursday night there to meet Bertie Russell.

9th September, Thursday. St James' Court.

Last night we had our first experience of an air-raid. It was about 10.45. I had just got into bed, Annie was still sitting in her chair in the sitting-room, sewing, when a tremendous explosion occurred—unmistakably a Zeppelin. Annie called out, and I jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, which was open. Then another explosion. All was dark for a moment, but presently two searchlights burst out over Charing Cross, and one at Hyde Park, and played over the sky. Then explosion followed explosion, undistinguishable at first, but some must have been the discharge of the guns in Green Park, at the Foreign Office, etc., and in the sky the shells of the guns exploded like stars.

We went out on to the landing, and finally downstairs by the lift, and found a small crowd gathered at the entrance to the Court—but soon all was silent. We returned to our flat, and I went on to the roof. The stars shone. The searchlights had ceased to flare, but over the east there was a great red light, evidently the reflection of a great fire somewhere in the city. We at last went to bed, and slept undisturbed for the rest of the night; but doubtless in the near future horrible things will happen. My own feeling is one of horror at the hate which prompts this war of destruction and of despair. I am reading *Astronomy*, but of what use is all this “system of the world,” of the universe, if we men, who are, or ought to be, its astonished spectators, are thus to behave to one another? Yet it is in this wide universe alone where we can find a conception to lift us above the horror of a moment.

12th September, Sunday, 8 a.m.

How quiet it is! I hear even the movement of my pen over the paper; in all the world—think of it!—the only sound.

And the day is dawning out of the mist of the morning, slowly, silently—alas, how all that might be is spoilt by all that is, for if all is silent the thought of the war still haunts its silence. Why war at all? Last night there was no raid, but there was its expectancy; and though overhead the stars were bright, the city shrouded itself in protective gloom.

Yesterday morning I returned from Hatch. I went by the 3.45 train on Thursday, and stayed over Thursday and Friday nights. I was met at Haslemere station by the two sisters in their borrowed car, and driven to Kingsley Green, which I remembered, along with the road which I had travelled over in the long ago to Friday's Hill, and then, by turning to the left, to Hatch, once a farmhouse and a farmyard, now a house and garden, with memories only of its former state in a few surviving and rearranged outbuildings.

The house, built with stone, is deliciously simple and clean, a long south front looking on to a "formal garden," with an opening into a meadow fashioned into a bowling green, or tennis-court. Beyond, and here and there, seats and tables in the open, or under the shelter of roofs and supporting walls, and everywhere flowers and flowers, and in the centre a small rectangular pond, or tank, for lilies. Bertie Russell was already there, at a table spread with tea. He came forward to meet us, and then we all returned to the table, and had tea.

On Friday, Bertie left early for London, and I spent the day with Elizabeth. She motored me to Hollycombe, and we walked and sat amid the heather, in a land which seemed all and always afternoon, and had a picnic lunch together, after which I read to her from Keats. It was a glorious day of unbounded sunshine, revealing an astonishing world of wood and heather and bracken, and of far-off hills of vaguely the same blue as horizons illimitable.

Of what did we talk, Elizabeth and I? Of most things intimate under the stars and sun, chiefly of herself and Frank. I see that she loves to be loved, and is gradually, and despite the motes in the beams of his affection, being absorbed into

the system of his devotion—I might perhaps more accurately say, into the atmosphere of his egotism. And perhaps, despite the moths, she may be happy there; but it will be an atmosphere of his creation, and her own liberty will be lost.

“The Earl’s Wife,” on the lines of “The Pastor’s Wife,” might come to be the title of a “Book without Words,” written by her own dear life; but doubtless in the end her star would survive the setting of her sun, and would still shine radiantly as of old, in a heaven of stars scintillating with the wit of her unconquerable mind.

Bertie was full of the idea of a reorganized life in the future on a pacific basis, and is now engaged, I understand, on a work to be entitled “The Philosophy of Politics.” I gave him some hints of my own idea of a reorganized life on a “scientific” basis, and we appeared to be in agreement. I asked him if I had given him a copy of my Wordsworth. He said, “No,” and seemed very pleased when I said that I would send him one.

13th September, Monday, 8 a.m. St James’ Court.

If we must judge of earthquakes by their immediate devastation in relation to the environment in which they take place, we might arrive at the conclusion that they are the invention of the devil for the torture of men; but if we look at them from the point of view of their causes—the accumulation, supposed, of explosive gases—we may find the results not to be intentional, but inevitable. May we apply this description to the present war, and in doing so pause to consider whether it be not so much intentional as inevitable, and the product of causes which may have been long in operation, and cumulative beyond the conscious control of mankind? Again, that the present fury of the nations has its counterpart in the uncontrollable rage of the individual?

15th September, Wednesday, 7 a.m.

IMMORTALITY

When one is 75, one cannot fail sometimes to think of Death.

This thought leaves me perfectly at ease, for I have the unalterable conviction that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible; a creative impulse, working-on from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which only to our mortal eyes appears to set. Actually the sun never sets, but shines unintermittently on.—GOETHE.

6th October, Wednesday, 8 a.m.

Last night Paul Sabatier, and his niece, and Dickie dined with us in the Restaurant. He was delightful; so optimistic, and affectionate. He told us the French soldier said and felt that he was fighting not only for his own liberty, but for the poor Prussians also! On leaving I gave him a copy of *St Francis*, in which I had used his text of the Italian and Umbrian, with the following inscription: *A mon cher ami Paul Sabatier en souvenance de tant de souvenirs charmants.*

8th October, Friday. Alderley Park.

Yesterday I finished my immediate tasks at the Press and Bindery, and in the afternoon left for Alderley by the 2.35 train. Annie will sleep at Blenheim Lodge while I am away.

The burthen of the day, which was becoming almost unbearable, the burthen of the war, lightened as I left man's great metropolis behind and came more under the influence of Nature, which pursues its own life at large in the infinitude to ends undiscoverable and having no relation, or none discoverable, to the ends which man, again in isolation, sets himself, against himself and it.

When will Nature and man co-operate, and man with man, to one great end? Perhaps the ways are already, and have always been convergent, though the goal invisible, and Nature, like attraction, is everywhere. I am reading again *Les Misérables*, in which the same questions seem to be posed; and the wind, now blowing and shaking the trees into surges of sound, seems to ask them too, and to be asking them all the world over. Is there no answer? Do even the infinitudes not know? O man, then, why this foolish answer of yours, this war? And how insistently this war draws all our lives into

it, sets men and women their inevitable tasks, sets here our own. A wing of the house is a hospital, where are men wounded in the war, who have been brought hither by others occupied in and by the war, and are now being nursed again by others whose lives are set to its "strong necessities." And so it is all the world over. The war and its issues are the world's goal to-day. How escape it? Should one if one could?

Unpacked, or unpacking, are all the monstrous passions of mankind for man to execrate, execrate! Count not the cost. Throw your lives into the scales. Your lives will survive to be at last the man for whom you die, and in each man's death who dies he already is!

14th October, Thursday. St James' Court.

I left Alderley for London at noon Tuesday, and travelled via Macclesfield and Stoke. Train full of soldiers. Before leaving I walked in the woods, and visited Maude's grave—a rude mass of newly-turned, clay-like earth, with a few palm branches and withered flowers spread over it. And there she lay at last. She was, I suppose, born at Alderley. I wonder we do not oftener realize, visualize, our end, and take living comfort, not indeed in the appearance of our forgotten grave, but in the undying death, which is or would seem the close of all strife, the remover of all between ourselves and the illimitable All, whose symbol is the living universe of space, and time, and stars, and sun, and moon, and earth.

Last night about 9.30 the cannon boomed out again, and presently, going up on the roof, I saw in the starlit sky—and how beautiful it was in its serenity!—a vast, fish-like thing at a great height, silently sailing. It was a Zeppelin. By this time the searchlights had caught it, and the shells of the nearer guns were bursting in its immediate neighbourhood. It slowly turned, and slowly sailed away. The searchlights still explored the sky, but the guns ceased firing, and soon all was dark and still again, save the stars which resumed their shining.

How little able we are to realize all that shining means—

the infinitude amid which we live. I try daily, but everything escapes me, and I toss distracted amid the hopes and fears which are as the shrapnel of exploding shells.

This morning the sky is covered with a grey veil; nor stars nor sun are visible. I wish that last night I had stayed longer on the roof, and had seen more of the stars. What a beautiful night it was, and how brilliant the stars, the Milky Way, and the planet Jupiter. The grey veil has lifted, and the sun shines out of a grey-blue sky.

I hear that a bomb fell in the Strand near the Lyceum Theatre, and killed eight persons and wounded thirty-four.

15th October, Friday, 8 a.m.

I awake depressed. One has moments when the sky of one's soul clears, and even laughs in happy world-forgetfulness. But now that vanishes, and the gloom settles, and one is depressed again. One such moment of happiness I had yesterday, when I took into my hand the first section of Goethe's *Gedichte*. It is going to be a beautiful book—perhaps the best I have done, as it will be the last; and I had another moment of world-forgetfulness at the Coliseum in the afternoon. Annie and I went there together to see Mademoiselle Gênée dance. In the evening we went to the Caxton Hall, to hear Edward Carpenter on the war. He believed that war was on the wane, and that the inspiration of the future would be self-expression in all peaceful ways. The effect of the lecture was to some extent spoilt by the questions which followed, when all the minor intelligences came to the surface.

27th October, Wednesday.

Last night Annie went to hear Shaw on "The Illusions of the War." I stayed at home and sorted my papers, and sat very still in my chair, meditating on the strangeness of life and the strange behaviour of man to man, and between whiles dipping into Green's *History of the English People*.

I have issued my notice of *The Prelude* and Goethe. I have

had a few orders, and no repudiations! Sherratt and Hughes ordered fifteen on paper and one on vellum of Goethe, accompanied by a very kind letter of appreciation.

28th October, Thursday, 8 a.m.

Roger Bacon—what a tragic but typical figure of man, in darkness struggling for the light, the light of knowledge. The vast, unexplored universe extends in all directions. Man at the centre awakes to find it so. In the appalling darkness man's spirit yearns to encompass and illumine its vast spaces. A little light, and the light goes out, and Roger Bacon—man, the spirit—"unheard, forgotten, buried."

And here am I now, and in the full light of the knowledge for which Bacon yearned, and yet the darkness appals. Where is the light universal, which shall see and set all things in order, and touch them with the beauty of the rose, even man's spirit, as the dawn the east, the earth?

9th November.

I am making efforts within myself to detach myself from my body. If I am, not indeed independent of—not yet—but detachable at some time from, my body, why should I not endeavour now, whilst in my body, to separate myself from it? My body is my first wrappage; the world of actual experience is my second wrappage; the world-vision is my third wrappage. But the self throughout is different and distinguishable from each and all of its wraps, just as the body itself is different and distinguishable from the clothes which daily and nightly are put on and off. It is this self which I seek to isolate, and to bring in communion with its source or goal, the all-self of the universe.

There is in my printing Goethe at this moment something more than I can make apparent in words, even to myself. I believe in the unity of the world, despite the differences of its ingredients, and this unity I desire to symbolize amid the disunion of to-day. How hateful must otherwise all seem and be to the far seeing spirit of the gods!

Evening. This morning Annie and I took the 12.50 train at Liverpool Street for Broxbourne, to see our old friend James Bain. He met us at the Broxbourne station, and drove us to his house. He gave us a lunch of herbs and other country delicacies, and later tea, and all the while told us stories old and new. He insisted on returning to the station with us, there to say good-bye. It was a delightful visit.

We sit in the evening and read our papers or our books, but—listen! Was that an explosion, or a gun, or a Zeppelin? The horrid noise in the air the expression of Germany's hate? It is the hate which is the most appalling, more appalling than the bomb. So we sit, and read, and listen, and think.

14th November, 8.10 p.m.

Before the fire. We have just supped. Indian corn, and tomatoes, and baked apples, and Annie is now washing up. I am waiting for my coffee till she returns, and in the meanwhile am dipping into the *Statesman*.

15th November, Monday, 8 a.m.

I am reading with immense satisfaction and sympathy Tuckwell's *Religion and Reality*, and see myself again on Hampstead Heath beneath the old pines, or to and fro walking on the old road near to them, with many of the longings of those days brought to a close in the goal reached of oneness with God—if one with humility may say so—and with the universe. As I read this morning of the general clearance of thought since those days as to the origins, relations and unity of the religions of the world, immediately there sprang up in my own mind the vision of myself in the old days on Hampstead Heath, striving to dispel the cloud which enveloped my mind and to see life whole, and in the light, and at one with the world which was the earth around me and the heavens which were overhead. And now—oh, the peace of it, the expansion and the return!

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13th January.

I am now going once more to essay the "heights"—I cannot keep away from them; they are, understood or not, my home, and my natural atmosphere.

19th January, Wednesday, 7.30 a.m.

There are times in one's life—happily, in their intensest form, not of long duration, otherwise how could one go on living?—when the waters of confusion close over one's head, and one sinks drowning in confusion or, caught midway between life and death, gropes in the darkness amid objects similarly drowning. Such has been my state for the last few days or more; but this morning, before my flat woke up, I feel as if I were rising into clear waters, that overhead the old familiar landscape of the world is still sunlit and beautiful, and that I shall ultimately re-emerge, and find the world still subject to the mysterious emotion which impels it to move with all its evolving life in sequent rhythm around its sun. And strangely enough I find this upward movement of enfranchisement to be due or coincident with the discovery of Martineau in *Types of Ethical Theory*, bought long ago, but till now not read or even opened. I open it, and again I breathe the air of the upper life. I am once more—alive.

24th January, Monday, 7 p.m.

This morning I walked to Kensington through the Park. At Hyde Park Corner three guns mounted on trucks passed. Horrible looking weapons, apparently for high firing. Walking on, I saw a company of soldiers doing bayonet practice, piercing sacks with a thrust of their bayonets. I had just passed the gardens on the other side, where the flowers of spring were just piercing the grass. How beautiful they were; how horrible the bayonets.

25th January, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

Annie arrived in good time to cook our little supper—potatoes, sprouts, cheese and baked apples. We then washed up, laid the damask teacloth, and had together two little cups of coffee. These disposed of, Annie drafted a letter to the papers on behalf of some poor soldier and his children, and I revised it. Whilst she was writing I was reading Madame d'Épinay's *Memoirs*. We are very, very happy together, for I love her dearly.

3rd February, Thursday.

Yesterday evening Bertie Russell came to dine with us, and we discussed his lectures. I told him how they affected me. He was very charming, and we loved him.

17th February, Thursday.

This book begins with a beginning of far-reaching consequence, affecting the life of my dear friend Elizabeth and my old friend Kätchen's son, Frank. They are now, after long preparation, man and wife, and "so happy." I do not know when they were married, but on Tuesday, after Bertie's lecture at the Caxton Hall, they came together from somewhere or other and stood demurely before me, she tremulous, I thought, with controlled emotion, he beaming like the sun-sign to which I had likened him to her long ago. Then I knew that they were married and happy. In the evening I wrote to Elizabeth, and said what was true, that I could not do otherwise than rejoice at the sight of so much happiness.

Dickie asks me to write my reminiscences. I have no reminiscences. I could only set down my forward-looking and thoughts in the order of their growth, and amid the circumstances through and over which they made their way.

29th February, Tuesday, 8.20 a.m.

Still Verdun, and now Champagne. The world rocks on the pivot of Germany. And yet what are the world's hopes? Nominally Kultur, and Liberty; in reality—Markets.

Perhaps man obsessed and besotted by "markets" must perish—not his "flowers" only, but his "buds" must perish to the root. Away with man; only leave to the world its returning springs of holy flowers to scent the air in silence, the holy flowers of the earth, and the flowers, the stars of infinite space.

1st March.

I had tea at home with Annie, and we went together to Bertie's lecture at Caxton Hall on "Religion," or the Life and Influence of the Spirit as distinguished from Instinct and Mind. A brilliant lecture. We sat with Elizabeth and Frank; Elizabeth and Annie and I in the front row, Frank, for whom there was no room, at the side. Before the lecture began Harold Russell came up to me and introduced himself—I did not at first recognize him—and said he understood I had printed some letters to the Amberleys; could he have or get a copy? I said I would send him one.

14th March, Tuesday evening.

I am alone. Annie has gone to see a neighbour in the Court. I am reading Dryden's *All for Love*. The fire makes little noises with its flickering flames. All else is still. I sit loving the silence, and listening for "the voice." Life becomes ever more wonderful as the ordinary hopes of life which fill it out die, and leave one in the untenanted infinite. How wonderful it is. But surely there is something else in the infinite than ourselves—some communicable intelligence?

Some 400,000 or half a million men slaughtered or maimed, all in a few days, and more waiting to be slain. And no one now can help it. On it must go till one side or the other, and half Europe, half the world, is spent, beaten to the ground as a field of ripening corn by storms of wind and rain and hail.

17th March, Friday.

I am still reading Martineau (volume II), but am parting company with him over Duty, Authority, Guilt and Sin. I had hoped to leave these obsolete notions at the crossways; and so I must; and there and then part company with him, my brilliant, delightful companion. Why should he not be drawn by the attractiveness of the right, τὸ καλόν? Is that not enough without authority, duty, sin and guilt and retribution? To fall away is sin enough and guilt and retribution all in one, without the blow from above.

26th March, Sunday.

Yesterday at her invitation I called on and had tea with Lady Airlie in York Terrace. She has been nigh the gates of death, without passing through them, for the last two months, but is now convalescent and downstairs. She was alone, save for her birds and dogs; the dogs were quiet, the birds, or one of them, from time to time emitted a prolonged and wonderful note, changing in great sweeps of sound, high and low, to a far-off conclusion, and leaving, when finished, a great silence. Very wonderful. We chatted of her illness, and of things and times long past, sayings and scenes in her own life. She seemed to me to be quite well again.

In the evening I read The Acts aloud to Annie, and some of St Paul's Epistles.

27th March, Monday.

Stella came in yesterday morning, laden with flowers and a pineapple for her mother's birthday.

In the evening I read aloud to Annie the last of St Paul's Epistles. Annie has been greatly interested and so have I. By the side of St Paul, Christ's is a very tranquil life, and, if we are not to take His miracles literally but rather as symbolical, a life of the heart rather than of the mind, and directed wholly to goodness and to the healing of man's sorrows, actual and prospective, by the vision of a heavenly kingdom. Kind-

ness should be all in all. From that kingdom He drew the healing touch, and of that kingdom and its kindness His healing touch was the symbol.

St Paul was argumentative, and sought to prevail mainly by argument; mainly, but not solely, for it was argument supported by example, and by a system of which the parts were sin, redemption, grace and faith—redemption being achieved by Christ as a possibility, and to be completed by man himself by faith, assisted, as it would seem, by a disposition imparted by God's grace; a system which, appealing to the intellect rather than to the "heart," has been the main occupation of Christendom ever since. It is time that this kind of thinking was dropped, and that the universe—*its* great order and the beauty of *its* touch—took the place of St Paul and of Christ, and that man rallied to and developed the seeds of Goodness which he finds in himself, sown as in the earth are sown by as mysterious a hand the seeds of all beautiful and wonderful things. We are in the same case with the earth itself, with the universe. Let us essay to know how to advance with it, to be transformed ultimately *with it* into something supremely, we know not what, beautiful and strange. Oh, die not fainting heart! Fetch from the infinite Beyond the touch to heal, Christ-like, the sorrows of to-day.

Yesterday the last poster announced "great Atlantic liner sunk." To-day, what will the news of the world be?

9th April, Sunday, 8 a.m. Alderley.

I left London yesterday—a lovely day—by the 10.25 train, and reached Alderley between 6 and 7 p.m. I found Maisie alone with Blanche and her husband, Lyulph having gone on business for a day or two to Penrhos. I am here to "think," in pleasant surroundings which give my body a rest, and my mind, my self, leisure to expand. I have brought with me to assist thought: Edward Carpenter's *The Art of Creation*, Raleigh's *Milton*, also Doves Press editions of Shelley and Keats, and Dent's *Prelude*.

But for "thought" I rely mainly on Edward Carpenter's book, which is new to me.

11th April, Tuesday. Alderley.

One lives in an atmosphere of prejudice, of judgments traditional and ready made, and it is difficult, without bringing them tumbling about one's head, to introduce a new view, as, for instance, that "frightfulness" is a consistent accompaniment of war, and in its ultimate intention humane; or that Christianity is out of place in the larger life of the world, and that at best, on such a stage, it is a ceremonial dress which must be taken off and laid aside when the forces of the larger life come into play.

The apparition of the god of war, with destruction in the one hand and terror in the other, is a majestic horror, not to be got rid of by pity for the unprotected but by the conversion of its energies into the god of peace, with beneficent creation in one hand and infinite tenderness in the other.

And the substitution of one for the other, the absorption of one by the other, is the infinite problem of time and the universe.

15th April, Saturday. Alderley.

I am leaving to-day somewhat suddenly, because Easter has taken me by surprise. I thought it was still a long way off and, lo, it is next week, and I do not want to spend Easter in the Lakes or away from home. I am therefore leaving to-day to spend the week-end with the Willinks. I am also restless; vague feelings drive me. I am like a homing bird, or a salmon making headway up an adverse running stream. I long for the country, for something in it which when there I do not find, but find only the same driving tendency, or a sudden relapse, and then the stream carries me backward, not unwilling, "home."

16th April, Sunday morning. Burneside.

Here I am, then, "sitting up," in a dark corner of the room, with the window, a little too far off for light, to the right; but in front of me I see its view reflected in the mirror opposite—a red wall and a tree silhouetted against a grey sky, grey with fine rain. A solitary bird sings its one song and sings it again and again, with some remote response, inaudible; or the near distance is broken by a chirp or "peep peep" of less melodious bird. All else is silent.

I have still before my eyes the figure of Lyulph, leaning forward on his two sticks, following with his gaze my departing self. There may have been nothing moving for himself, but the sight, in memory even, now again brings tears into my eyes. But all I did at the time was to turn round on my bicycle and to wave adieu. And still I see him there, all kindness as it seemed to me, leaning forward on his sticks all silent, and following me, as I sped away, with eyes stored perhaps—who knows?—with memories. My own are charged with half a century's.

23rd April. Easter Sunday. Burneside.

The latter half of yesterday, both before and after the sun had set, was most beautiful—a clear rain-swept sky of the intensest blue, with great clouds shining here and there and sailing slowly within it, and on the earth the loveliest comings-on of spring. And after the sun had set in rosy splendour, one supreme lustre—Hesperus or Venus?—ruled the dark immensity.

25th April, Tuesday.

And now this is my last day here, and by noon I shall be on my way back to Annie, and this I long for now. Last evening Alfred Willink and I went for a walk on to the Fells, westward. It was a sunless evening, but the sweet solitude of the hills, their "sleep," etc., was very beautiful; their sleep—but the winds and the clouds, their "dreams," were

all messengers of a sadness which filled too one's eyes as one looked upon the grey waste of hill and sky. In the evening we were merry and affectionate at dinner, and afterwards, sitting together over the fire in the hall, recalling old times.

27th April, Thursday morning. St James' Court.

I arrived safely on Tuesday evening at St James' Court, which I found with all the windows wide open and Annie "washing up," looking rosy and bonny. We embraced and talked, and then sat down to another tea, for Annie had been too busy to attend to herself. Later we had supper, and talked, and then to bed.

2nd June. Betty-fold.

In a letter from Annie she says:

....Bertie Russell comes up for trial at the Mansion House on Monday, and I hope to be able to be present. He will conduct his own defence, and I hope he will go to prison and make the world, and America especially, realize the splendid kind of men there are at the back of the Pacifist movement....

5th June, Monday morning. Betty-fold.

Yesterday after a stormy day the sky cleared a little, and I went out alone on the hills; and as I stood among them a strange feeling came over me, and it came again to me as I awaked this morning, a feeling that there were actually two worlds, in which we were living almost always in the one, sometimes, occasionally, rarely, and seldom more than by fits and starts, in the other—the ordinary world, and the extraordinary world. This morning on awakening I said, and I say again now, I will live always as far as I can and dare in the extraordinary world. I will divest myself, save for appearance's sake, of all my relations to and in the ordinary world. In thought I will dwell wholly in the extraordinary world—with the infinitudes and eternities.

Infinite time and space, and a great silence—and then one simple and perfectly beautiful thing. That I think is, and has always been, the supreme desire of the universe—one simple and perfectly beautiful thing.

7th June, Wednesday.

Annie writes:

....this morning I went to the Mansion House and heard Bertie's trial. He made a splendid defence, so clear, so concise and convincing, that I felt there was nothing left to be said in defence of the liberty of the individual, quite apart from the usual doctrine "Thou shalt not kill." He had nothing to say against war in general or this war in particular, but what he stood for was the recognition of the Conscientious Objector, and the right to state facts, as he had done in the leaflet. He quoted Herbert Samuel in the House, who had stated objections and promised relief, and Everett who had been sentenced to two years' hard labour by the Military Court for refusing to obey the military discipline imposed upon him, and had had his sentence changed since the publication of the leaflet.

He spoke with a smile all the time. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen retired for a few minutes, and returned to pronounce a verdict of £100 fine and £10 costs. Bertie gave notice of appeal....

16th June, Friday.

Whatever I may come to think of Burke's *Cosmic Consciousness*, which I carried off from the London Library yesterday, and of which I have just read the first words, when I have read it through, on this the threshold of it a new light seems to be thrown on my own life hitherto, led nearly simultaneously with Whitman, Burke and Carpenter, and yet with no direct or intimate acquaintance with them. Whitman I always instinctively avoided, even at Cambridge. Carpenter, who followed me at Cambridge, I also have instinctively avoided, till I saw him for the first time a few weeks or months ago at Caxton Hall, and so was induced to read his *Art of Creation*—induced also by a reference to it, I think, in Martineau's *Types*—and so was led on to Burke, of whom I had never heard till reference was made to him by Carpenter in *The*

Art of Creation. And yet all the while we have been on parallel and converging—converging though parallel, and parallel though converging—tracks towards “Cosmic Vision.”

This is an interesting fact, and gives a heightened self-consciousness; and now I must resume their lives, and add what I can of them to my own, which hitherto has held so haughtily aloof from them.

Burke says,

The prime characteristic of cosmic consciousness is, as its name implies, a consciousness of the cosmos, that is of the life and order of the cosmos.

But is not this just what I have been seeing and saying all the years of my own self-consciousness?

13th July, Thursday. *The Gables, Broadway.*

I have just opened *Towards Democracy* for the first time, and it occurs to me that its method, that of Walt Whitman and of the Prophets, Isaiah and the rest, may be the method, old and yet new, which the human heart and the mind of the future may find best suited for the expression and communication of “the vision.” Or perhaps still more free and more grandiose forms may yet be invented, as the emotion grows and obliges men to its utterance.

2nd August, Wednesday. *Upper Ifold, Dunsfold.*

We arrived here yesterday—Annie, Stella, Dorothea, Priscilla and myself, and two maids. It is an enchanting fairy-land and a bower of roses and loveliness, wide awake to welcome us.

We are neither on a hill nor in a valley, but seem to be on a plateau bounded by trees, for there are no distant views, and no hills overlooking us, but just ourselves; and over us a boundless summer sky, and at night a dark infinitude, beset with stars. Last night when they all had gone to bed, I went out for a few moments, and looked up at that dark infinitude, and at its startling hosts of innumerable stars, and was

thrilled with an almost painful alarm. It was overwhelming. And why are we engaged, in this infinitude, in the sanguinary slaughter of one another?

3rd August, Thursday. Upper Ifold.

There is something stupendous in the vast dome of heaven unlit by sun or moon, but sown with innumerable and immeasurably distant stars, and as I look up at it at night when passing from the house to my own room in the guest house, I have a feeling of fear almost, it is so long since I have been alone under it, and in such a silence, such a solitude.

6th August, Sunday, 8 a.m. Upper Ifold.

Again the sun appears, casting shortening shadows westward. Last night, when I had put out the light and had addressed myself to sleep, I thought: Suppose this falling asleep is a return to our original condition and being, the profound ebb of life to its source? That we *are* most profoundly, when we disappear? That the roots are life, and not the summer foliage?

9th August, Wednesday.

The fine weather continues—dull in the morning, brilliant in the afternoon and evening; but Nature is either stagnant or decaying, returning to its great sleep. It is still very beautiful here, but I miss the mountains and the distant visions, and the lakes and streams of the north, and the snows of Switzerland. Yesterday I tired myself dreadfully, toiling home from Godalming through the suffocating and sandy lanes from Milford. My “wind” is beginning to fail me. I feel a constriction of the chest, and gasp for air. I am nearing eighty, and am, with Nature’s summer, approaching the great winter.

11th August, Friday, 6.20 p.m.

I am reading here regularly in the mornings, “sitting up” till noon; then I get up and dress, and stroll or

change my place till lunch. Then I read aloud if there is anyone to read to, or if it is very hot, as it has been lately, I lie down and doze and dream. After tea I have usually gone for a run on my bicycle, but to-day I am again stretched on my bed, "sitting up" and reading as in the morning. I have an increasing dislike for desultory conversation or idling about, and so am more and more withdrawing myself into solitude here, and more and more I shall do this, and more and more continuously seek to build up my soul, and my life with it, within.

By the way, when I cease to print books I must take up some other craft, mental or manual—geometry for example, and geometrical problems, or some new language, or even writing—my memoirs, for example. It will not suffice to fall into a pure passivity, such as mere reading. I must be always "building" something, building symbolically the too great Vision.

30th August, Wednesday, 11.30 p.m. The Doves Press.

This afternoon at 4.30 I left Upper Ifold on my bicycle, and pushed my way to Godalming, and then took train for town. I am now sitting up in bed, having had supper, and read the introduction to Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

It is strange how much more alone and detached from the earth I feel here, in my attic, than I did at Upper Ifold.

31st August, 12 midnight.

The Doves Press type was designed after that of Jensen; this evening I began its destruction. I threw three pages into the Thames from Hammersmith Bridge. I had gone for a stroll on the Mall, when it occurred to me that it was a suitable night and time; so I went indoors, and taking first one page and then two, succeeded in destroying three. I will now go on till I have destroyed the whole of it.

3rd September. Upper Ifold.

On Thursday we had the news by telephone that dear Katie Fisher died at Brighton on Wednesday. She will be buried at Lavington on Monday, and we are all going to motor to Midhurst to attend the funeral. Dear Katie; she has been suffering for a long time. Poor Dick Fisher is broken-hearted. She is lying in the drawing-room at Hill Top, he says, with a smile on her face and with an air of perfect peace.

4th September, Monday, 8 a.m.

After a stormy yesterday, this morning is cloudless, and the sun is alone in the sky, and a cold north wind is making music in the woods; and to-day Katie is to be buried. Last night I was in tears at the thought of Dick's long vigil.

5th September, Tuesday, 7 a.m. Upper Ifold.

Again a brilliant morning—but so was yesterday, and it ended in rain. Yesterday Katie Fisher was buried at Lavington. We motored to Hill Top, and walked in procession through the garden full still, oh, so full, of flowers, and the fields and the wood to the church, where there was a short service, and then the end at the graveside, and we all turned home again to Hill Top, and later to Upper Ifold.

Priscilla has not been well, and the doctor from Witley has been to see her, and I consulted him about myself. I have lately felt such a difficulty in breathing when setting out for a walk, or run on my bicycle. He said it was due to “degeneration,” to gradual heart failure, and that I must avoid straining it. This is no surprise to me, of course. But I will now deliberately keep this world's life's end in view, and be kind to all. I have my notice to quit.

Alas, my darling, that we cannot both be alive when either dies!

22nd September, Friday.

One of the enchantments of sitting up in bed on waking is to watch, through the window which gives access to the world without, that world in its own slow awakening, or transition from moment to moment, in its own infinite advance, so slow, so silent. Could one but enter into *its* advance, be one with it, entering it by the power of vision, one with it in the silence of infinite realization! And while the great change inevitably takes place, what innumerable minute changes are included within it. The wind blows, the leaves shake, blossoms open, fruits ripen and fall, man comes and "tills the ground" and dies—but on the world goes to its unknown inscrutable goal. All this I see, as through the window I look, sitting up. Even now whilst the sun shines, the wind gently rustles the leaves, and I look and listen in an ecstasy surely akin to that of the great world's all-embracing self.

One more thing I must bear in mind, "sitting up," is the constant labour now of "mind" to see into the mystery of this colossal, all-inclusive advance. Men so engaged are the great pioneers; it is they who are preparing the ultimate "house" in which shall reside the ultimate "man."

25th September, Monday, 10 a.m. Upper Ifold.

The days march, and to-day is the last but one. To-morrow Upper Ifold will be a solitary house; we who have inhabited and given it life for two long months will all have left it. The sun will shine again here, but not for us, nor will the wind shake the sapling at my window for me to see or hear.

To-morrow we all return to town.

Yesterday afternoon I took Annie in a dog-cart to see Miss Brooke, and "The Four Winds," where the memory of Stopford Brooke lives, and where his ashes lie scattered amid the roses he loved, and near the seat upon which he loved to sit, whilst his eyes rested on the hill opposite and on the far horizon beyond.

This morning was very beautiful, this time of mellow fruitfulness. The sun shines, making the leaves of my sapling, and of the hedge and of the trees beyond, seem translucent and luminous. I hear the robin sing, and far off the voices of men at work in the fields, and near by the voices of Annie and Priscilla. How beautiful it all is, and how charged with melancholy.

27th September, Wednesday, 10.30 a.m. The Doves Press.

We left Ifold yesterday, and I slept last night at Blenheim Road. But this morning, or rather afternoon, Dickie telephoned that the ceiling of my bedroom there had fallen down. So I am spending the night here, and shall continue to sleep here except for week-ends, which I will spend at No. 11 Blenheim Road. Here I begin, and to-night, my *cloistral* life.

28th September, Thursday, 8.30 p.m. The Doves Press.

I am now sitting at my work table, with a newly bound copy of Keats before me, which I am looking through and occasionally reading; and as I read his sonnets, I see far away the glacial stages of the earth's life and man's, which I was envisaging last night in Osborne's *Men of the Stone Age*. How entirely wonderful and inexplicable it all is, and it is precisely this feeling of wonder which keeps me sitting now, as I sat half a century ago, at my table, at my books, in solitude. What is any or all society to this solitary meditation, in an attic all alone, on life's strange mystery? And how beautiful my newly bound book is—its simplicity, its cleanliness, its brilliant page and lettering! It is a joy to me—in solitude.

I have been all day settling in. I went to Blenheim Road to put my room in order, and to bring some necessary things, books, clothing, etc., away with me.

The news from the front is good for England, for France and for the Allies generally. But the extracts given in English

from the German papers are full of hatred for us, and a passionate desire to accomplish our destruction on sea and land. It is this temper which makes life to-day so ugly, and is worse than the actual warfare in the trenches.

And over us at night destruction hovers, and drops sudden death upon the poor man's house and child below, aiming, it is said, at a nation!

3rd October, 7.45 a.m.

I have been so busy packing Goethe that I have not had time even to note the raid of Zeppelins on Sunday night. I heard the cheering when one of them burst into flames and fell, and looked out, but as my window faced south I saw nothing, nor had I heard the guns.

Later. I have been thinking and dreaming, but I have been occupied packing and posting Goethe, and latterly in rearranging and tidying up my attics. I have now turned my table so that I have my back to the south and my face to the north, so that I can envisage the earth in relation to the points of the compass and to the north star. Below me and beyond, I see the earth spread out in its globular form, its continents, islands, and seas. I am now bidding myself good-night, and going to bed. After my supper I read the *Times*, then turned over the leaves, reading as I turned, of my Goethe just published—a most beautiful book, the best I have yet done, both in form and contents.

13th October, Friday.

Who, save those who are dead, can know what it is to die in war? Oh, the rapture and the horror, the sudden wonder, and the loss of all! What mass emotions this war must create; the emotion of expectancy, of the long wait, of the sudden change, and then the pity of it all in the last eyes upturned to the unpitying heavens.

19th October, Thursday, 9.30 p.m.

The daily massacre of young and middle-aged, but especially of young men, is appalling, and as there seems no end to it the races of Europe would seem to be bent on self-destruction.

28th October, Saturday, 7.30 a.m.

As I sit up in my bed I hear the wind attack with its gusts the windows, the walls, and the chimney, and I see the sun's beams reflected in bright squares from the inner walls; and in the mirror placed opposite, as through a window, I see the river's face in agitation, bright, too, in the sun's light. A momentary cloud veils the sun and the lights fade, but it passes, and the lights glow; and now the river face is all bright, as the wavelet tips are caught by the sun and sparkle, returning its light in splendour.

Evening. This evening I have done an extraordinary thing, which may have consequences. My object here is not only to record the fact, but my attitude to the fact. I do not mind. I rather like the idea of the discovery. I shall not attempt to hide it up if I am discovered, but shall own up and explain the object I had in view, "to dedicate the type." And if I am foolish, well, what can be more foolish than the whole world? My folly is of a light kind, and inexplicable by common sense, and my soul, soaring with my object, is at peace and calm, though in the actual achievement I may be thwarted. Well, what I have done is this: I went out at sundown to "bequeath" a page of type to the "bed of the river"—but it alighted, not on the bed of the river, but on a ledge of the far pier of the bridge, and is there now. The tide is ebbing, and there it will remain all the night. Will the flow of the tide lift it off? I doubt it. But there it *is*, and now out of my reach. I aimed, and missed the bed. My idea was magnificent; the act ridiculous.

30th October, Monday, 7 a.m.

I sometimes think I might detach my mind, my essential self, from my body, and soar, thought and emotion only, into the vast incorporeal, there to feel none of the pains or sorrows of the body as body, which meanwhile would be tenantless of "me." I feel sure that behind all the phenomena described so scientifically, there lies an agency and a meaning other than the description, and that it may be reached, now or later, by intense meditation, in solitude. Some day something will be discovered, as, after ages of meditation, was discovered the so-called law of gravitation, and other so-called laws.

When alone on the heights, one is subjected to panics; common things become uncommon, and wear strange and dominating aspects. One also becomes aware of other than human and ordinary influences, other modes of being suggest themselves to one, as are described by Wordsworth when he had brought his boat to shore, and was walking home. In fact, one may suppose one's self to be actually transported into another world, the world behind phenomena, or to have dim perceptions of it.

31st October, Tuesday, 6.30 a.m. The Doves Press.

It still rains, pelting the roof, and I have a feeling of water pervading the universe. Strange that from this attic the universe spreads indefinitely to everywhere. And at this centre the universe is perfectly silent, save the rain pelting the roof.

5th November, Sunday morning.

I am sitting up in the nightmare of the world. The wind rages, the rain pelts, the river rises, and the wind shakes and the clock strikes ten.

I have had my breakfast—bread and butter and honey, and hot tea and milk, and I sit and meditate upon my own and the world's madness. I may, at this apt moment, record the panic of a week ago. On Friday night I threw two packets

of type—two pages, each tied round with string as they had left the hand of the printer, and wrapped in white paper—from the bridge, aiming at the river, but they alighted one after the other on a projecting level ledge of the southernmost pier of the bridge, and there remain, visible, inaccessible, irremovable by me. But by whom else might they not be seen—two conspicuous white spots on the bridge—approached by water, captured and examined? And then! Type, the Doves type, the Doves Press, ME!

Imagine my consternation, and what I had to endure all that night, all Saturday and Sunday. The Thames Commissioners, the Stipendiary Magistrate, the police, the public, the newspapers! Sometimes I was desperate, and twice on Sunday, at Blenheim Road, I started to hire a boat and rescue them. But how, in view of everyone, of all the boats on the Lower Mall, and of the people passing on the bridge? And the comedy of it all did not escape me. I laughed. It was really too ridiculous. The type, *the* type, which I bequeathed to the *bed* of the River Thames, exposed to view, hopelessly beyond my reach, on the pier of the bridge! After a struggle, comic to the gods, comic to me, the only one knowing, I stood up indifferent. I would let the thing go its own way. I would neither attempt to rescue the type, nor would I disown it if discovered. I would take refuge in the infinitudes. Nothing was explicable: there it was. And with the gods—if not with the fools—I would laugh too. So I left it. And I do not know whether it is still there, or whether it has been swept away by the opportune hand of the river itself, in flood. Anyhow, I have not yet been collared by the Thames Commissioners, and no one seems to have noticed it, either from the river or from the bridge. And I am now on my guard, and throw only type, and clear of the bridge. But what a weird business it is, beset with perils and panics! I have to see that no one is near or looking; then, over the parapet a box full, and then the audible and visible splash. One night I had nearly cast my type into a boat, another danger, which

unexpectedly shot from under the bridge! And all nights I feared to be asked by a policeman, or other official guarding the bridge—and sometimes I come upon clusters of police—what I had got in my “box.” I had tried various ways of carrying the type, which is always heavy—linen bags, their own paper, loose in pocket, hand-bag. But the best device of all, though odd looking and conspicuous (my eye on the police) is a square wooden box with a sliding lid, used for keeping finishing tools in. This I have swathed round with tape, so as to carry it like a portmanteau, and fill with type to the brim and carry openly in my hand. Arrived at the bridge I cross to the other side, take a stealthy look round, and, if no one is in sight, I heave up the box to the parapet, release the sliding lid, and let the type fall sheer into the river—the work of a moment. Hitherto I have escaped detection, but in the vista of coming nights I see innumerable possibilities lurking in dark corners, and it will be a miracle if I escape them all. I am doing this wholly “on my own”; no one is aiding me, no one is in my confidence; no one, not even Alice or Albert, and of course not Annie, knows.

The wind is still raging, the earth still revolves, and still tirelessly is sweeping on its course round the sun; and in this great theatre of events I sit up and write my adventure, “bequeathing” the Doves type to the Thames.

16th November, Thursday, 11.20 p.m.

This afternoon I had tea with Lady Airlie by appointment. I found her very charming, and altogether very much alive. She sits enthroned in a large easy chair, with a Japanese quilt over her knees and her dogs at her feet, and with her eyes at rest on Legros’ “Peasants at Prayer”—a beautiful picture, beautifully lighted, a solace to the eye and to the soul. This evening, bitter cold and dark, I went on to the bridge and dropped into the bed of the river my tribute of type. I do it feeling always that some night some “authority” will spring out of the darkness upon me with an “And thou art the man!”

The war goes on, and Roumania is being overrun. The Emperor of Austria is dead. A British hospital ship has been sunk. But overhead the immortal stars are in their places still, and night is beautiful.

23rd November, 7.40 a.m. *The Doves Press.*

A fine day, with bursts of glowing sunshine which fill my room with their golden tides. In my mirror-window I see the river, too, aglow. And, with this, I begin a new book.

Those stars of last night I now remember, and remembering them I read to myself my Credo. "I believe in infinite space and in infinite time," and believing in that, and in the "innumerable and infinitely distant stars," and in "the sun and in the wanderers the planets," and in "the earth and in the silver moon," how should I be faint of heart, or doubt the final greatness of the world—including man? Or is man but a transitory "form" of life, to pass with other "forms" into the upward transition of life? To what end? Or is the end endless transition to no end?

And must man submit to his fate, as I have assumed in my Credo, and be buried in infinite space in eternal time with silence—"the rest is silence"—in his tomb for ever?

Yes, my conviction, my *Weltansicht*, is that man is a transitory form, and that as man has been evolved out of the past, so will another form of man in the future—the future man—be evolved out of the man of to-day; the future out of the present, as the present out of the past; and, accompanying him, other forms of life out of the contemporary—flowers, trees and beasts; and that man and his contemporaries will become extinct—extinct species.

9.30 p.m. The wind, which has been at rest for some days, is awake and at work again. But unlike last week's wind, it is quite mild. I am now going on to the bridge.

24th November, Friday, 8.30 a.m.

The bridge last night was windy, damp, and dark, and but few were passing over it. I watched them, and looked all

round, and then as the rattling bus or motor passed, dropped in the type. The noise of it was swallowed up in the noise of the bus and motor. Then, like a conspirator on the night of Julius' murder, I paused and looked up into the dark sky, starless last night, and silently wended my way home to my attic.

I went early to bed, and, before sleeping, thinking of "man transitional," soothed my mind with the opening pages of *The Prelude*. But whilst I thus bury, and so achieve the final consecration of the Type, my mind is also directed to the End, the consecration of man, man in growth with the universe, also in growth, which is the message of the Press. And let me bear both these ends in view in dealing with man to-day. Certainly man in "transition" is a thrilling thought. Into what new perspective it throws the strivings of to-day—religious, social, scientific and poetic!

One of the difficulties of daily life is to keep in mind the thoughts which are born of reflection, such as that man is at best only a transitional animal, that space is infinite, that the earth is in motion, and that one's self is approaching extinction or transformation.

From time to time, night and day, the silence is invaded by a deep murmur from the river, which may continue for hours, and endure for a night and a day, and then after a pause begin again, and so on from day to day and night to night, and week and month after week and month. It is a reminder of the war waging day and night in Europe and on the high seas, in the Atlantic and the Pacific, for it is the testing of engines, made for the aeroplane, a strange and sinister sound which makes all the war vibrate close at hand.

Observing the change of thought and mood through which my mind passes, and certain sensations akin to "awakening" into an altogether new view of life, it becomes easy to imagine still greater changes taking place, and a full "awakening" after a time of transition into an entirely new life.

It is only in solitude—perhaps only in an attic—that one

can nourish these thoughts of the great environment, and of the great changes in which man's life is involved.

11 p.m. I have just returned from the bridge after taking my nightly load. It is a most beautiful night, cloudless and mild. The stars were brilliant above the bridge, and were all mirrored in the water dark as the sky.

It has just struck 11.30 p.m. I am in bed, and before placing my head on the pillow I shall read a few lines of *The Prelude*. Before going on to the bridge I was reading Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*. During the day I was engaged with the Press and the Bindery.

25th November, Saturday, 8 a.m.

Perhaps the land and the nations—human species—which are now the storm centres of the world, may in another age, not so very remote, be all extinct—the land submerged, and the nations dead. What, then, what great cause, what end will all the storm have subserved?

28th November, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

A brilliant but very cold morning. During the night I was also very cold, turning from side to side. The sun shines through both windows, making the walls and ceilings golden. Saturday was my last entry. I spent the afternoon tidying up, and in the evening I went on to the bridge with my burthen.

On Sunday I gave Annie luncheon at High Street station, and in the afternoon at the Press we entertained Sir Matthew Nathan and Miss Close to tea. After they had gone, we had supper together; and then I read aloud *The Brook Kerith*—a very pleasant day.

I saw Annie to the station at the Broadway, but was too tired to go later on to the bridge.

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3rd February, Saturday.

Bertrand Russell in his *Reconstruction* laments the death of this generation in the war which for their sakes he would instantly stop. He seems to be unaware that future generations will be born of the emotions and thoughts which are being created in the course of the struggle—generations of a higher order than the generations whose lives are now as fuel for the intenser fires of thought. Human beings are born of thoughts and emotions, as well as thoughts and emotions of human beings.

4th February, Sunday.

“I will build a little house for thee, my dear, a Dove’s Nest, and when I am dead thou wilt busy thyself about sweet household duties, and the poor, and here thou wilt remember me.”

I should like to engrave the above somewhere over the entrance to the new Doves Press.

I have altered the above to: “Here I have built a little house for thee, my dear—a Dove’s Nest—and here thou shalt busy thyself about sweet household duties, and the poor; and here, when I am dead, thou wilt remember me.”

8th March, Thursday.

It is surely very wonderful—the thought came to me this morning as I crossed over the bridge at the Baker Street station—it is surely very wonderful that an experience passes, passes out of existence in the “real” world, and into the treasury of man’s memory and imagination, constituting therein another world, unreal, ideal. Of course some of our experiences are so slow in their change that they are practically constant or static, as distinguished from those which pass rapidly, and may be described as dynamic. These more enduring experiences are what we commonly call reality.

9th March, Friday.

Yesterday the Dardanelles report was issued; a melancholy document, and the world, in the hands of imbeciles, seems to be going from bad to worse. And sometimes when I think of Nature's wilds, and solitudes, and indifference to man—a *pêle-mêle* of wild exuberance and fearful savagery—all kindness, all the world of spirit, seems to vanish. A civilization is thinkable, but with men as they are, impossible. A great change must be wrought in his spirit. This, and perhaps the destruction of the world as it is, is the first thing to aim at, and the greatest.

The only justification of our blockade of Germany is our willingness ourselves to endure a blockade by them, that both our "spirits," our own as well as theirs, may in the process be despoiled of all our so-called "glories," and be purified, reconstructed, and set to other ends, to issue into a great new creation, a new world. Do not then worry over what is going on now, but keep your eyes on that sole star which, amid all the changes of the spheres, is their one constant pole.

11th March, Sunday.

Half asleep in bed this morning, my mind was troubled at the money I was spending on the little house at Hammer-smith. Suppose after I have spent it, I have no money wherewith to feed the Dove?

Yesterday, after leaving some books at the London Library, I strolled on to the National Gallery—which seemed a world of phantoms—and on coming out again I surveyed the startling transfiguration of Trafalgar Square. Everywhere, on the Gallery, on the Monument, on the hotels and clubs, in immense letters were posted up appeals to all between eighteen and sixty to enrol for National Service—"Will you let the enemy starve us out?"

Is the world, are we all, asleep? And is what seems bright day, night? And our life and the world's a nightmare? It might really seem so, and we all take all things as we take

them in a dream. We do this and we do that as in dreams, not understanding anything. Bring my repairs at the Press into close contact with death in the trenches, and where is reason in either? A blank insensibility makes each unintelligible to the other. It is nightmare-land, where nothing seems as it is, and nothing is as it seems. Madness alone is everywhere.

Is there no great ironist who, writing on the outer lining of the cloud in language intelligible to all, shall bring home to the belligerents, to us all, the immense madness which is making of the dying world a living hell, making hell a palpable, all-pervading fact? But whilst we are mad, does the sun any still less regularly rise, or the seasons any the less surely advance? Are they at all in their movements subject to the sway of passion? Will any the less, because man is mad, the growing light of dawn spread its cold gleam along a far shining shore? Any the less the stars arise and shine, or the moon pass through its quartering? Lift your eyes from off the bloody pageantry of war and man gone mad with man, and steady them upon the Cosmic Universe, at whose heart abides in steadfastness the purpose of the whole.

20th March, 7.30 a.m. Blenheim Road, St John's Wood, N.W.

In the last few days there have been wonderful events on the continent—a revolution in St Petersburg, resulting in the abdication of the Tsar and the liberation of Russia, and, in France, the conquest of Bapaume and Peronne, and the retreat of the Germans. Baghdad has also been taken.

2nd April, Monday, 4 a.m. The Doves Press.

On Saturday, our day of removal, I woke to find the world white with a new fallen mask of snow. But Derry and Toms' van arrived all right, and in a few hours we were once again in possession of all our things. Before the finish, Annie arrived with a few more things from Blenheim Road, and on Saturday evening we once more slept in "our own house"—the Doves Press.

Yesterday we spent putting the things as far as possible in their places, but we are delayed by the carpet man, who has yet to adjust the cork lino, so that we cannot load up the furniture with books, or glasses or china. We lunched with Stella; but, oh, the toil in the evening, washing up!

6th April, Good Friday, 9 a.m. The Doves Press.

It is long, too long, since I entered anything into my diary. I have been absorbed in small cares, household cares, whilst the world wages great wars. I have been devising things for the new home, devising new things and getting rid of old, and whilst so employed America has joined the belligerents, and the President of the U.S.A. has made a great speech, and lifted humanity one stage higher up the steep ascent. He has declared war on irresponsible autocracy. His speech was and remains magnificent, and brings tears of joy into the eyes.

14th April, Saturday.

I was interrupted, or interrupted myself in the above, unable to get any further. It is now a week since, and I am now in bed—with a cold. Whilst the world has been undergoing these cosmic changes to bring it into “tune with the infinite,” I, conscious all the while of the great changes at work all about me, have been engaged in setting my own house—the Doves Press—in order. And now I have well-nigh reached the end of it. The walls are finished, the carpets are laid and finished, and this morning I hope to get my two bookcases up in my lady’s parlour, and the books in their places, and that, with a few other odds and ends, will in the main complete “in order.” The painters are still at work on the outside, and the gardener in the garden, and Annie and I still picnic in the attic.

24th April.

The weather has been bitterly cold for a long time, with storms of snow, but it is now a-mending, and the trees are

putting out their leaves in tiny buds and leaflets, very sweet to see; but the storm of war grows louder and greater, and is now a whirlwind of death and destruction, and the food and replenishment of the world suffer diminution.

28th April, Saturday morning.

A lovely morning. The Doves Press is now well nigh in being, and the place of the Dove is well nigh within it. The painters have gone forth, and are at the outer gate. The plumber and the radiators are here, the carpenter comes and goes, and all things are in their places, and all fixed save only one or two, save some last bookcases still to be put up in my bedroom, and for which I have only this moment found places. Much money has been spent, but it has given peaceful occupation in a time of war—carrying on the tradition of peace—and it has builded me a house in which and on which the spirit of the “Dove” may abide. It is beautiful; more beautiful than any of my books—my last creation!

It is still early, 9 a.m. just gone. I am, or have just been, reading for my morning’s inspiration the Poet Laureate’s *Spirit of Man*. And what an exquisite collection of sayings it is—in spite of all that may be said against it. And how great and beautiful, how magnificent and how tender, that unique spirit is, amid all the ravage which itself creates, ravage upon the world, and ravage of man upon man.

2nd May, Wednesday, 9 a.m.

We have now had a succession of fine warm days, and the trees and simpler flowers are bounding on their way to the full pomp of summer, though of the flowers many in their simplicity will have died before that time. But whilst they are with us how beautiful they are, beautiful in themselves, beautiful in their association with the generations which in our own lives have preceded them, and in our memory still live—pale, beautiful ghosts. Our garden is now in order; trim with brick-on-edge borderings, and new gravel paths, and

the little flowers, new set along the edges of the graver sowings of potatoes, beans and what not, are fascinating in their dear simplicities, and our apple trees are hastening to unfold their blossoms. It is a most enchanting time, set in a world at war.

“God said, ‘Let there be Light,’ and there was Light,” and with the light came the flowers, and with the flowers all that is beautiful in life. The darkness still is, but the light shines in it, as goodness shines; or let the image be turned about, and let us say, what indeed was my first thought, that goodness, the ideal, prevails in a world that is evil, as in darkness the light prevails and shines. Darkness and evil are primitives, and goodness and light are after-creations, which, where they are, are supreme. It is the function of the good to shine and prevail; the darkness of the world is the opportunity of light.

How somnolent I become! Quiet attracts me; just silent wonder, just the being one with the pendulum of light which comes in interchange with night, comes and comes again, ever fuller and fuller, till night attains the turn of the tide and grows with ever diminishing light fuller and fuller, till its swing is over, and on again comes the light; and all the time, in sweet accompaniment, wax and wane the flowers of the earth, and the flowers of the night, the stars.

“Business” ever more and more tires me, correspondence with lands overseas and far away, the sending or withholding of books, the estimation and bewilderment of price, “income”—all things which nothing but my own exertions can keep going, keep going in their own proper orbits—it is these which, like the working of a treadle, fatigue me. I wish that they too could enter into the cosmic rhythm and be moved on, or move as moves the unresting world, without my own particular push.

“Lighten our darkness”—“Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.” Is it thus that the old Book runs? Yes, let our prayer be, Let there be Light!

This generation now fighting will not enter into the "ends" for which they are fighting, and when, if ever, those ends are reached, the generation of their day will still be fighting, but for other ends far off, the heritage of those then still to be born—in pursuit, the whole race of man, of something which never *is*, for him, but only "ever more about to be."

But for us now shines the spring and comes the summer, and the autumn heralds winter, and after winter comes the spring. O world, which man neglects, destroys, and never wakes to see! And yet this spring, how enchanting. All this week it has been coming on apace under rainless skies, the sun and growing moon, and stars. And the little flowers shine in their perfection, and soon will be seen in theirs the full-flown leaves and blossom of the trees—God's presence, all.

11th May, Friday.

Another sunny day, sunny or sun diffused, but as bright as heretofore; indeed, some rain may have fallen in the night, as apparently some fell on Wednesday night, leaving the ground just wetted. All our palisading on the house is now finished, and the jasmine and other plants are now tied up to it, and in the garden itself, the seedlings are showing above ground, and all our little plants—daisies, pansies, roses—are in flower, and our apple blossom is bursting pink amid the apple leaves. Indoors all is nearly in order, paint and carpentry, curtains and carpets. Yesterday Mr Jim completed the construction of my newly designed bookcase on the east wall of my bedroom, and last night I filled it with books, that this morning on awaking I might see it in all its glory. And now, looking at it with the Michael Angelo's Medici bust in front, I see a place on the wall beside it to which to remove the latter, and then all will be right on that wall. In front, rearranged, I have now the Milton's sonnet and Assisi to look at in the centre, and on the sides Siena and Florence, and my Credo, and Letter to Parliament on behalf of Annie and the Suffragists.

Yesterday Priscilla and the two Blenheim Road maids, Lillie and Florence, came to tea, and to meet them we invited in Alice and Wilkinson, the latter in his shirt sleeves and apron, and we had a very merry little party. For my morning exercise I am reading *The Spirit of Man*, and find it both soothing and inspiring; though with some of the poems I have little sympathy.

It is a mighty war, if we look at it from our human height. It is nothing at all if we envelope it in infinitude. Oh, cover it up—for a moment!

Let me daily worship at the shrine invisible, though daily living in the world without.

13th May, Sunday.

Gradually, gradually I am getting my possessions, my books, my own printed books, my letters, to and by me, my bits of furniture and odds and ends, in order round about me, even my pictures on my wall, and writings and mirrors, and though now in my dreams at night, and at some moments though wide awake, I am haunted with ineptitudes and vague oppressions of calamity and inabilities, yet I think I shall rise to live at last in an atmosphere all clear of them, my own soul, like the outer ordered world, in a world-order too, and in that world-order to sink my acquiescent head at one with it, in an adoration silent and sublime.

I am up and in the garden, garden of apple blossom, and fruit, and flower ripening to the bud, and am ravished and enchanted by the beauty of the hour—a cloudless sky of blue deepening to the zenith, a cloudless sun, brilliant, an earth receptive, and a sweet wind to and fro blowing the shadows.

We look steadfastly—the poet looks, I would say, steadfastly—in the face of Nature, and for a long while nothing is seen to move, nothing to say a word to man; then suddenly the great face changes, and a word of revelation escapes, and the poet seizes it and notes it down; so noted, it is his poem,

Nature's self-discovery seen by man. All poetry is Nature's smile, or sigh, or tear.

20th May, Sunday.

I am reading Gosse's *Swinburne*, and this moment *Poems and Ballads*. I suppose I was too much occupied with myself and my own visions to take any interest in Swinburne or his. I see my own copy is dated Hampstead, which I suppose means Norway House. My problem was the universe, and not myself, or any man—or woman.

But no dream is stranger, or so strange, as the dream we dream when awake. This flesh, how grown, this flesh holding us upright, moving us to and fro as we go, this flesh that dies down to dust, this "us" that is not, is, and is us no more; that speaks and listens and hears, frames thought and imagery, aspires, and dreams, and dies. What dream so strange as this is? And what so strange as that it is *not* strange to most of us?

21st May, Monday.

Wet, very wet, and last night a thunder-storm.

Yesterday the Mackails came to tea, also Emily Hobhouse, Marie Stillman, and Miss Paget (Vernon Lee). The dear Mackails could find no adjective strong enough wherewith to express their admiration, envy and wonder of the new Doves Press.

26th May, Saturday, 3.45 p.m. *The Doves Press*.

I am sitting at the open window, the window of my bedroom, which looks westward to the Upper Mall and Chiswick, making a pattern for Goethe's *Auserlesene Lieder und Gedichte*. And, as I sit, the wind blows sideways in, and rustles my paper and stirs my hair, and the hot sun burns, shining overhead in a white, cloudless sky, and I am interpenetrated by the exquisiteness of the day, and memories and visions and longings rise and hover and pass, and I know that this moment, and moments like it, are the supreme of my life, filled to over-

flowing with that bliss which passeth and surpasseth understanding. And the house, the little house, now made and dedicated, how beautiful it is, how beautiful its outlook upon this entrancing spectacle—entrancing, be it night with its stars and moon, or morning, mid noon, or eve with splendour of sun and obeisant shadows, and radiant plumes of light!

Sunday morning.

Such was yesterday afternoon. I learnt afterwards by the evening paper that there had been an aeroplane raid the day before, bombs dropping from the skies, exploding in little cities, in crowded streets, upon men and women and children, and crashing in the roofs of their little houses—lives like my own, like Annie's and Stella's and Priscilla's, crushed to death, suddenly ended, or changed to one long moan—out of the skies, from enemy aeroplanes. Is the world dual? Are there then two separate agencies at work in the construction and destruction of the world, of the universe? Is the Cosmos an idea only, and not, not yet, a fact? Is it to be, or not to be, as may be? Is the world at this moment at poise between the two, and may the balance tip at any moment, either way?

I had the following letter the other day from Miss Paget (Vernon Lee):

....my thoughts have been trotting round and round some remarks you made apparently applying the *theory of mutations*, or at least of *special plastic periods* to the psychology of the war. All that subject interests me prodigiously, especially as I am deep in a book by L. E. Daniels, the neo-Lamarckian, who holds the exactly opposite views. Will you be as kind as you are suggestive, and tell me where, besides in your own teeming brain, the views you upheld may be found? Are they in any book or article you can point out to me?

Of course if they originate in yourself, it is you who will have to submit to a course of being cross questioned by

Yours truly,
V. Paget.

I have not yet answered it. She and Marie Stillman came to see us last Sunday, and it was then that I said in conversa-

tion with Miss Paget that I was of opinion that of the deaths on the battle-field and of the superexcitation of men's minds consequent upon the war, were born the minds and bodies of the generations to come. So far as I know the idea has originated with myself. It is an idea, however, which I am not in a position at present either to support or develop. It is a part of the Cosmic Vision which is always present in my imagination, and is essentially myself, and yet is too vast, too multiform, too much in motion to be either described or analysed. It affects me by its presence, and impels me to this and to that—as for example, to say that new generations of mankind are or may be the incarnations of ideas and emotions emitted under the world-wide supreme pressure of a world-wide war; and that *that* is the meaning of this war, and that that is the method of the creation and re-creation of life upon ever ascending heights. It has its analogue in the “conversions,” perhaps, which take place on a smaller scale in individuals and masses, under the influence of preachers, orators, and daily and more calmly in the ordinary cases of influence. Our bodies in such cases are not visibly changed, yet they function otherwise than under other influences they would have done. So under the pressure of the new, wider, and deeper ideas created by the war, will in their turn be created the bodies in and through which such new ideas and emotions will normally, and not merely in the super-excited atmosphere of a world-wide war, function and operate, and continue to function and operate till once more, under the accumulated pressure of a new tide of ideas and emotions, the barriers of use and wont are once more burst—in what kind of new eruption who shall say?—and new ideas and new emotions are once more emitted in flood upon a seeming expiring world. But in each case it is the old world which is lost, and not the new.

It is to be observed that the greater part of the new ideas and emotions have the future for their object, and to that extent they will be the compelling forces inherent in the

generations yet to be born. The past, its explanation, no doubt is also constantly in view, but really only as the advanced foreground, or revolving staircase, preparatory to the future into which Time is precipitating us.

7th June, Thursday.

Blue sky and white cumuli, and a hot sun tempered to coolness by breezes from the west. I am sitting in the garden, on the terrace in the shade, and cooled by the wind. But I am very weak. When I have climbed the stairs to my attic I have to stand and let the swimming in my head, the tendency to faint, subside. Yesterday I wrote to Edmund Holmes, who is at Llandrindod, to ask if there was an attic vacant in his hotel. If so I shall go next week, and see if I can be picked up in its bracing atmosphere. I have never recovered from my exhaustion in the woods of Upper Ifold—beautiful, but poisonous!

On Tuesday night we had a moonlight party. It was a great success, but after making coffee for the party, twenty-four cupsful, I withdrew to my attic to bed. I was too tired to do any more, but towards the end of the evening I recovered, and the party came up in groups, and saluted me as I sat reclined. It was a full moon night.

8th June, Friday, 8 a.m.

Yesterday was a very hot day. I started at 1.15 to join Annie at the Express Dairy, but could hardly get along the alley-lane so faint and exhausted I was, but I arrived at last, and found Annie already there. My ultimate destination was the London Institute, Finsbury Circus, to hear a lecture on "Buddhism," but I felt so faint and exhausted that I went back to the Press, where I had tea with Annie, whom I found just returned. In the evening I read to Annie from Southey's *Life of Cowper*. Last of all I sat a few minutes in my old attic, to recover something of my old and passing self.

This morning I awoke feeling a little less tired, but with

an horizon of confused thoughts, mainly about things "to do," the Press books and customers, remote and new in time and space! Otherwise life is simple, and above the sky is clear.

17th June, Sunday morning. *Ye Wells Hotel, Llandrindod Wells.*

I miss my life in missing my morning solitude. So I exclaim after my first breakfast in bed since I left Hammer-smith last Monday. Since then I have breakfasted each morning at nine in the coffee-room. This morning Nellie, the Welsh chambermaid, asked me if I would not like to have my breakfast in bed, for, as she afterwards told me, I looked tired; and I assented. And having had my breakfast, the old feeling—the world's a dream—surged up again and again. The world's a dream!—unweighted, though inspired, by the reality which is the dream's self.

Annie, dear Annie, saw me off at Paddington. My last sight of her was at the platform gate, waving and kissing her hand to me. I reached Llandrindod via Shrewsbury, and arrived punctually at 4.23, where I was met by Holmes. He had his bicycle with him, and so we rode together to Ye Wells Hotel, where we found Mrs Holmes waiting for us in the common room with tea. I was shown after tea to my small but comfortable room, on the third floor looking west. And so my life at Llandrindod Wells began. The day was superb, and so has been the weather ever since.

18th June, Monday, 7.30 a.m.

Yesterday Holmes lent me the *Times Engineering Supplement* to read—strange contrast to begin with to Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*; a strange reality at grips with reality. But, on the other hand, what a reality! Man interlocked with machinery, rendered dustless and perfect and incessant by man's competition with man, themselves interlocked in competitive empires all the world over, and competing—for what?

Restriction of output lest the workman should be left on life's shore with nothing to do. That is man's fear—the work-

man's; incessant wasteless production, the master's view, lest he should fail to be the first and the best in the field.

Interlocked with Nature man always is, in birth and life and death, yet within the limits of Nature he is free. Interlocked with the machinery of production and distribution he may further be, but to be man he must, within the limit of machine-life, again be free, free by comprehension, free by self-devotion to the world-life as his own, free by the identification of self with the whole.

It is not, and will not be, enough to concentrate attention on men's wages and efficiency, or on their leisure. Their imaginations must be awakened, as must be those of their employers, and both Nature and machinery must be touched and transformed into a vision before man's best will be evoked and satisfied, and before either Nature or machinery will reveal or create their masterpieces, man's life must be at peace with both.

The morning's the time to dream in, before the machine is awake.

22nd June, Friday. Llandrindod.

Yesterday was the longest day, and now with the returning earth we begin the long return to winter. Shall I reach it, I wonder? I feel as if I should like, before I die, to wash from my life all memories save those of the earth itself, its changes throughout the seasons, its summers and autumns, its winters and its springs, its nights and mornings, its dawns and sunsets, the splendour of its skies sunlit, the sublimity of its starlit heavens, the exquisiteness, the pathos of its flowers; all memories of all whom I have ever known or seen, all memories of all mankind, forgotten, washed out, the world emptied of them as though they had never been! Approaching the end, let me keep the end ever in view, not my recovery, but the silence, my silence, the silence that will be in the starry sky, the sleep, my sleep, the sleep that will be among the lonely hills.

8th July, Sunday. *The Doves Press.*

A wet morning after a brilliant yesterday—yes, brilliant so far as Nature made it, but before noon the sound of far-off guns was heard, and then of guns nearer and nearer. There was a raid in the heavens, German airmen dropping bombs upon London and our airmen and air-guns seeking to drive them off. What a horrible uproar, man at enmity with man. Annie and Alice and Wilkinson went up and down the house to catch a sight of what was going on. I got up—I was in bed—and went straight to the basement, horror and disgust in my half-beating heart, and sat down to await whatever destiny had in store for me. Presently the sound died away, and we returned to our vacated places, I to bed. None of us had seen anything, nor do I know even now what has happened. In the evening I read to Annie *The Choice Before Us*, by Lowes Dickinson.

And now it rains, rains, rains.

22nd July, Sunday.

I am reading Tennyson's *Demeter and Persephone*. What an artist he is, what deliberate and beautiful verses. Why should I in my old age tear my heart to pieces with the quarrels of the world? Why not just before I die concentrate my attention on all that is beautiful, both the infinite and the little, concentrate my attention upon it, and then—die? I have done my work here, and now it remains to me to live.

Ah, if we could but pause in all our strife and together regard the revolving heavens, the sun and moon, and all the countless hosts of patient stars, the earth and flowers, and all the tilth and all the toil thereof. Ah, then should we not with awakening eyes take each other's hands and in the common lot of all find for all the common peace?

Heartbreaking, heartbreaking is the strife of man with man in sight of all that is—the heavens, glorious above him, and earth, his playing place.

24th July, Tuesday. Between 7 and 8 a.m.

Again the grey dawn upon the river at Chiswick, but there is but little sun as yet, though a promise of great heat. Thinking over the thoughts of the last few days, I feel that there is a super-sensual state, intermittent, like the "surprises" of Wordsworth and the sudden moods of Hamlet, which may come to be the predominant state of mind or attitude to the world of sensual fact. Usually we take these "facts" at close quarters; are, so to speak, at one and one with them, struggle in and with and against them, without super-consciousness, or with only rare moments of illumination. But it may be possible to make this illumination, this super-sensualism, permanent, dwelling upon *its* facts, upon the fact, for example, of birth, the coming into being, of death, the going out of being; of transition and metamorphosis, from day to day, and year to year and age to age, of infinitude, of space, of time; and in this temper of mind to hold the facts of sense dissolved, or as it were in solution. The ends of life, life's hopes and aspirations, would then take on a corresponding super-sensuousness. This tendency to super-sensuousness is innate in some—I believe it is so in myself, as it was in Wordsworth—but it may be stimulated by times such as the present, when one has to seek "cover" from the horrors of it. One must, for such preservation, for the preservation even of the self of the universe, push the horror to a distance, or if one cannot move *it*, yet remove one's self to a distance from it. The housetops of the world at this moment seem to be disintegrating into dust, but the foundations of the world, its planetary structure, its method of ages is still intact.

Between 12 and 1 noon. I have just read a letter arrived this morning from my sister Fannie at Palo Alto. She and Gwen are busy as bees, and Fannie mindful of our affection.

Dear Tom, I am so pleased with the photographs you have sent me—you dear old fellow—I love the little young one—how proud I was of you, and how I loved you, and now I love the Legros, like our President said of his, "It is not the face, but the man behind

it" that speaks to me here. I am going to have it framed at once, and the little one too. All the young folks are you may be sure interested in Uncle Tom and Aunt Annie.

25th July, Wednesday. Between 7 and 8 a.m.

A grey, colourless morning, save for the green of the eyot, and sunless and cold. The tide is full to the brim. The world has returned to its work.

Yesterday I sent two copies of Goethe, bound, to Holland, and two to America, and a *Hamlet*, bound, to a Mr Porter in Derbyshire.

I read aloud to Annie Gardiner's *History of England*, and in the garden Wallace's *Island Life*.

Beginning to-day to put my old papers and letters in order, I come upon the following on a dusty sheet of paper—part of a lecture, I suppose, and I copy it out here for better preservation, for it seems to me good and true and worth remembering.

A beautiful book cannot be shown upon a screen, or rather its beauty cannot so be made manifest. I propose therefore to project upon the screen only certain patterns for the purpose of explaining the geometrical ideas upon which they are based, and generally the technique upon which they are based.

Fine art does not consist in anything I have explained to-night. Fine art in bookbinding, as in other things, is just that Soul of Life which makes itself manifest in the book. A soul is nature's contribution; it is housed in the human being, and the human being is endowed with tools of intelligence and hands of execution, and round about him in the world, partly of his own making, partly again of nature's, exist the materials wherewith and wherein to give the soul's life expression. As the soul is, so will the expression be, and it is vain to seek for the expression in schools of design. The language of design may indeed be formed and taught there, but not the design itself. Moreover the proper nourishment of the spirit of fine design is fine thought, fine aspiration, life lived above and apart from mean ambition. This nourishment may also be found in schools of design, and should be made one of their first great purposes. Permit me then in conclusion to urge upon you this fine thought and lofty ambition. Think not of design as a mercantile commodity, though indeed it may come to be bought and sold in the markets of the world—but

rather as life itself, as life itself on the higher or the lower plane, as the gift of the soul, of power to speak, and power to conceive, may itself be on the lower or higher. But great or small it is essentially the self, and as such to be prized and respected.

26th July, Thursday. Between 8 and 9 a.m.

It may be a crime in character, but in all comedy I feel the note of tragedy, and even more in all tragedy the note of comedy. It is a sad mixture; but the mixture, such as it is, infects all I am and do.

28th July, Saturday, 7 to 8 a.m.

Last night I let the bus take me across the bridge, that I might have a view of the river—it was a most beautiful evening—and the pleasure of the walk back. I alighted on the other side, just beyond the bridge, and then turned and fronted the glory of the west, full of life still, yet not so bright as to eclipse the light of the stars in the zenith, or of the young moon low down in the south. The river too was another heaven, full of light from the heaven above and flooded from bank to bank. I stood upon the bridge, and I walked to and fro and bethought me of the time when I had crossed and re-crossed it in winter time, in the darkness, and as the buses brought protection threw the type from the bridge to the river. Then I lifted my thoughts to the wonder of the scene before me, full of an awful beauty, God's universe and man's—joint creators. How wonderful! And my Type, the Doves Type was part of it.

31st July, Tuesday, 9 to 10 a.m. Doves Press.

Heavy rain all night, fair now, but the clouds remain. Am feeling tired and in low spirits—tired of the follies of men, tired of the war, tired in mind and body. But then too the world to-day is dull, and it rained all night. I wish an end to all governments, to all nations as now constituted, to all religions and cultures, and a beginning of a new world founded on a reverence and knowledge of Nature and natural

processes, and on imaginative creation in accord therewith. Of Greek and of Latin and of Christian and of ancient and modern and mediæval civilizations I am tired. I want a new Heaven and a new Earth, and all the freshness of the dawn. Life among the ghosts of the past and their shibboleths is becoming—in dull weather—intolerable. But I must get up and dress, and find something for my mind to do.

13th August, Monday.

Yesterday Annie and I lunched at Kensington, and took a bus to Chalk Farm, thence by tube to Hampstead, to see Kate Holiday, who is to have an operation on Wednesday. We found her very cheerful, and she told us one or two good stories. Mr Atkinson arrived to tea, an admirer of the Doves Press publications, and Kate showed him all hers, and my own bindings, the *Germ*, *The Prelude*, and *Bewick*.

When returning, Willie Richmond overtook us in Rivercourt Road, and came on to sit with us awhile. He had called in the afternoon, but had found the door obdurately shut.

19th August, Sunday, 7 a.m.

Yesterday Annie went out early to her *Pauperibus*, and returned between 6 and 7 p.m. and made a most excellent supper for us both—an omelette with tomato salad, and an apple charlotte. After we had supped and washed up, we rounded off the day with some Bede and William James.

I am enchanted with Fechner. And how came I to William James and to him? I believe that if the soul “aspires” it will find its way to its nutriment as the root pushes its growth through the dark earth to the water which waits it at a distance.

5th September, Wednesday, 8 a.m.

Why is my heart full of horror when I hear a bomb explode, a gun fire? Is it fear of death, of death in some horrible fashion for myself or for Annie? Partly, perhaps; but

mainly it is due, I think, to the agency being man. Perhaps if I were to visualize the airman, and associate him with his own kindred, his own family, his own heart, humanize him and bring him nearer to myself, one of my own kin, I should eliminate something of the horror of the mere bomb and its destructiveness. If I could eliminate the element of hate, and bring two erring mortals together in one kinship, in which perhaps what one loses, or seems to lose, the other gains, or seems to gain, and that both, though apparently in conflict, are striving for an ideal in which their natures meet, the horror would not fill my heart—on the contrary, my heart would beat with his heart in the common adventure, and the gain, if gain result, be the kinship to which we both belong.

In my opinion it is the creative imaginations which are the most destructive—they rely on creation; and it is the unimaginative who are the most conservative—they rely on the possession of the already made, they cannot imagine or create, and therefore fear to lose. The creative look to the future, and destroy the creation.

20th September, Thursday, 6.30 a.m.

After much rain, day and night, the sun shines from a sky cloudless this morning. Again I have the bright light shining on the gable and chimneys of "The Seasons" and "The Doves," and on Chiswick Church and the white fronts of the houses on Chiswick Mall. No mist this morning; all bright and clear. But when standing at the garden door, open to let Pussie out, I heard sounds as it seemed to me of the far-off guns in Flanders—thud, thud, in sad monotonous procession. How infinitely sad and miserable it is! Still the guns thud, thud, and still the sunshine overhead. Oh, the calm, the shiningness of it all! Just now a string of barges, loaded with timber gleaming like gold or ripening corn and towed by a tug, came into view on the river, swept silently over its surface, and vanished. The timber has vanished, the

river and Chiswick and the sky remain, and something in them all waits. It is all expectancy embodied. And I wait too. How brief an expectancy! Now all is clouded over. The aspect of expectancy has given place to a frown; there is a darkness in place of light.

22nd September, Saturday, 7 a.m.

Yes, the guns I heard on Thursday morning were the guns fired far off in Flanders, for the papers of yesterday told of a great battle at the front east of Lens. What an awful uproar it must have been on the front itself—soul-deafening and monstrous expression of man's demoniac power and lust of conquest and need of victory, and all the while, there, as here, "God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

25th September, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

Another grey day. But yesterday the greyness, as the day grew, changed to a content of brilliant sunshine. In the evening Annie and I went to hear Wagner at the Queen's Hall, and soon, mixed with the strains of the orchestra, we heard the boom of the guns. The Germans, taking advantage of the clear night and the half moon, were raiding London, dropping bombs from overhead. The audience sat unmoved, and Wood continued conducting. But we were nearing the interval, the end of the Wagner portion of the concert, and there was a move near us, and we too got up and passed with a few quietly into the corridor, and slowly down the stairs. There we heard a terrific conflict of guns and explosions. Still the concert went on, and still we moved downwards, till we reached the floor of the hall and emerged into the Promenade. There we found the audience undisturbed, quietly listening to *Parsifal*, whilst over London the Germans, Wagner's countrymen, were raiding us. On the concert went, to the interval. Then a round of applause, Wood bowed, the orchestra rose and retired. There was a movement, a shifting of positions, but no retirement. The audience

remained, and presently the orchestra reappeared, and bowed, and the concert was resumed. We waited a while in the Promenade (under the glass roof!); soon "All clear" was passed round, and we left the concert hall and the concert still in progress, and found our way upwards into the quiet streets, illumined by the innumerable stars of a cloudless night and the great shafts of the searchlights. We walked to Portland Road Station, and took the train to Hammersmith. The conductress told me they had been held up for a time at King's Cross. There was nothing about the train, however, or herself to indicate that bombs had been falling from overhead. Everyone sat as if nothing had happened, each with his own goal only in view.

Wagner's "music" was like another element—an ocean of sound, now wild, now immense, now hushed to the silence of the woods in which were audible only the murmur of the leaves and the calling songs of the birds. At the height of the tempest of sound one seemed to understand the desire of the Germans to flood and to govern the world. How great they might have been, had they only had the saving grace of I know not what, which they have missed, and, missing, have missed the crown and the crowns of life.

When the first boom sounded amid the trumpets, the violins and the flutes, I felt my heart beat, and a strange tide of emotions spread throughout my body, tending to extreme faintness and a judgment of a supreme disgust. Were the heavens made for this, and the earth? What an intolerable stupidity. And yet there were the divine strains of the strings, and the wood, and the brass, resonant with German genius.

28th September, Friday, 6.30 a.m.

Pussie waked me, mewling outside on the landing. I got up, and escorted by her descended the stairs and opened the door to let her into the garden. Then I opened the shutters, and reascending put on the kettle and made my tea. Presently Pussie returned, and I shared my breakfast with her. I believe

the cat is a gentleman, but we prefer to think of her as a blameless lady.

There should be no distinctive so-called "working-class." We should all be members of but one class, "man," and we should all be educated in the same schools, man's school, and all be ready to volunteer our services and to work at the proper work of man—the redemption of himself and the world from the brute to the divinity, to the dream which is within him. No task, if a part of that divine totality in its growth or consummation, should be too lowly for the highest. Everyone should be willing to put his own shoulder to any and every push that is needed to push onward and upward to the goal of all goals—man's own divinity, and the world's.

My work is over; the Press is closed; my last book printed; and though in one room of the house I still keep open the Bindery, to bind some long-delayed books, its work is limited, and soon will come to an end also.

30th September, Sunday, 7 to 8 a.m.

Last night, the moon being at the full in a clear sky, we were heavily bombarded by German aeroplanes, as we had all expected to be. The bombardment for our part of London became audible about 9 o'clock. We were just finishing supper; Annie had been washing up and I reading aloud to her, when the first boom boom of the guns was heard in the south-east. I went to the door opening into the garden, and looked in that direction. There was a thick haze over London, though overhead the moon was clear. And in the haze high up I saw bright sparks, now here, now there, swiftly coming, swiftly vanishing, whilst in the belly of the haze the great guns boomed and rumbled. Presently all was silent for a few moments. Then the guns began again, more to the north and toward the west. I closed the door, and we went together to the other side of the house, put out the lights, and descended to the basement, and there turned out the light and sat at the foot of the stairs, Annie on the stairs, and I on a chair,

and listened in passive expectancy of whatever might happen. The guns, our own, I suppose, with occasional explosions, as it seemed to me, of fallen bombs, increased and died away in sound, coming now to a crisis and now to a pause, for an hour. Then silence. We had been very near to one another all the while, first at the foot of the stairs, then in the stove room on two chairs, I feeling, and I'm sure Annie felt the same, that the "happening," whatever it might be, should find us together, sharers in one common lot. We talked and listened, and Annie, darling, laughed little laughs now and again to keep up our courage; for it was a weird experience—our helpless passivity in the presence of the wide-world-war come home to us in our own patch of sky. When all was clear we remounted the stairs, I carrying our to-morrow's breakfast, settled down to work and read in the parlour, and at 11 o'clock or thereabouts we went to bed.

What we have now to do is to appreciate our long intervals of immunity, our intervals of peace, and if possible to extend this appreciation so that it embraces the immunity of the all-enveloping whole within which, as an infinitesimal disturbance, the world-war, the very world-war itself takes place, a movement, a rearrangement of atoms, a cosmic process within the cosmos. A bomb may crush or maim my body, but, if I am minded to uphold it, everywhere my soul is immune, invulnerable.

9 to 10 p.m. It seems almost too good to be true. The bombardment began to-night about 8 o'clock, and it is already quiet. Nor has the bombardment itself been a patch upon that of last night. But, punctually as it began, Annie and I, supper just over, descended with our books to the kitchen, where I had arranged two chairs, some matting and a mat, and we sat down together side by side, and whilst the guns cannonaded I read to her out of *Travels with a Donkey*. When the guns ceased we came upstairs again, put by the supper things, and now we are in my lady's chamber, and I am going to read the "second lesson."

1st October, Monday, 7 a.m.

A dense fog. Yesterday under the pressure of the bombs, I seemed to discover a power of withdrawing myself out of my body, into the inner invulnerable self which *is* myself. Generally the self is distributed in sensation throughout the body, lives in the whole of it; but at crises, under great pressure, it is I now feel, I might say I now *know*, possible for it to withdraw itself, to *drain* itself, out of that body and to leave it outside itself, an unoccupied citadel. So that anything may happen to the body as body, and leave the living, the withdrawn, self, untouched. I in fact experienced this, as I used to do when I projected *myself* out of the body into the Cosmos, in times of trouble or bodily pain, and in part imagined it possible that if a thousand bombs fell and crushed my body it would but be my vacated body, and not my body's late inhabitant, the self, the liberated "I am." It is possible that in some such way the martyrs of old, and even the fighters of to-day, carry their bodies as mere weapons of the soul, and not their own soul as body into action. This I must dwell upon; and learn at all times to distinguish my two selves, and to effectuate on occasions the separation of the one from the other.

2nd October, Tuesday, 7 a.m.

Last night the guns were again at work bombarding aeroplanes from about 8 to 11 o'clock, with intervals of silence. They seemed, however, some way off. From time to time we descended, Annie and Pussie and I, into the basement kitchen, where I had, ready-placed, two chairs and a mat for our feet. Tired, at 11 o'clock, Annie went to bed, and I sat drowsily in the parlour on the watch. At 11.30 I too went to bed, and heard no more; and now the morrow has come with its patter of feet in the alley—so silent last night—and its familiar things unchanged round about. But in myself there is trouble of a vague kind. The world is out of sorts and casts its shadows within, and its noises, and the very heart of existence is sick and ill at ease.

This morning after a moonful night the air is full of fog, damp and dispiriting; but a workman at Cole's, the boat-builder's next door, perhaps Cole himself, is sending a cheerful whistle into it, and the clock strikes eight. Aspire!

4th October, Thursday, 7 a.m.

Yesterday the clouds were gathered and shepherded by a south-west wind, and spread over all the sky. The moon was veiled, and now this morning the rain is pelting against the window-panes, and the wind is hustling around the roof, shaking the window-frames and the doors.

Beneficent change for London, which may rest from the shock of the bombs and close its expectant ears.

At long intervals all day long, and far into the night, I hear the droning of engines being tested at the munition works at Chiswick; engines for aeroplanes, which in some quarter of the enemy's world shall carry bombs overhead, and drop them upon "the enemy."

I write this sitting before a bright hearth where burns an enchanting fire, with no personal discomfort, worry or distress, and yet the inward pain is there, the sense of something gone, of the world's emptiness. It is however of my own emptiness I ought to complain. I need what Lady Airlie calls "replenishment." I need the mountains' summits, and Nature unvisited by man, where still the something abides and *is*, notwithstanding the world's and man's vicissitudes.

I am reading Margaret McMillan's *Camp School*—and what a sunrise is that! She is coming to see us on Thursday. Perhaps one's hopes should seek satisfaction in the unborn, and prepare the world for their emergence; they, pressing on into life, may and will redeem it. It is they who are the reserved force of the world, they who are now out of sight, who are not that past of generations which we see in the retrospect, that past seen above ground, but are the *unseen* springs of life, springs yet to come to the surface. Oh, prepare the world for them—wash and clean its thresholds, give *them* fair play. *Let there be no poor children.*

Oh Margaret, Margaret, you have done a wonderful work.

10th October, Wednesday, 7 a.m.

As Christ is said to have been born in a cow-shed, so in fact is the Rachel McMillan camp school a birth amid the squalor of to-day. I went down to Deptford yesterday afternoon to see it. I found it as I vaguely remembered it, first the clinic with its upstairs and downstairs room at the corner of Deptford "Green," then the old restored church of St Nicholas, and churchyard, closed, across the way, and finally, opposite, the camp school with its street side a long row of palings. Passing through the entrance waiting-room, I entered the garden in which were the two sheds, the school with its corrugated iron roof, side removable, screens of canvas, low chairs and tables, teachers and babies, the open dormitories, and refectory open to the air, and full of swung cots and babies asleep in them and nurses moving to and fro, and alongside of them, under the same corrugated roof, the Rachel McMillan commemoration room. There was a kitchen and flower garden, fixed to the paling of which was a rabbit hutch and a rabbit. Coming across to me from the school appeared dear Margaret herself. I poured out the enthusiasm which had prompted my visit, and the emergence of "life" as I had imagined it in reading her little book. But she met my enthusiasm with a blank negation. It all meant nothing to her now. She had ceased to care for it, even to think of it. Life was cruelty, the cross of the living on which man was impaled, and Death the fiend with pincers who only slowly withdrew the nails, and let the body drop as life approached the end. And dear Margaret sat with her hands clasped, and silent.

Then she spoke of the consolation that had come to her, or was beginning to come from beyond life—the voice of her sister—she had heard it—Rachel had returned to her.

On this she rallied a little, and we went together out of

the little sitting-room, to explore the camp, the clinic, the "green" where the bombs had fallen, and St Nicholas. But the church was closed and I did not see it.

26th October, Friday.

Far-off gun practice reminds me of the noise which preludes and accompanies the raids which are now a daily expectancy. Whilst unfamiliar, they provoke an indescribable feeling of physical and imaginative discomfort and trouble, as if the whole universe were volleying at one, and up in arms for its own destruction.

But how trivial the whole war is, of which the raids themselves are only an insignificant incident. Trivial, as compared with the forces which uphold the universe; trivial, as compared with the irony which out of those forces has produced man himself. He the spectator of the universe, and to play the fool as he does!

And yet how suddenly the trivial swells to the infinitely great, pregnant with disaster.

Annie brings the paper—the Germans have pierced the Italian line, and taken ten thousand prisoners. So with infinite alacrity the emotions of mankind—one's own—contract and expand, expand to infinity and contract to zero. But why do either? I put the paper aside, and refuse the influx.

27th October, Saturday, 8 a.m.

I did not see yesterday's paper, nor will I see to-day's, but will let "determined things to destinie take unbewayled their way." Shakespeare I have never greatly taken to, save in passages of beauty here and there, but to Shakespeare as I grow older I shall take to, I see, more and more. At least, if not with the universe, he grappled with the heart of man as it palpitated in response to Nature's awakening in man himself.

30th October, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

There was a wild windstorm last night, and to-day the sky is one wet blanket, from which the rain drips, drips.

I want to escape out of the commonplace, this world of worldly strifes and ambitions, into some new dream, into some world which shall indeed be the same but seen with an added faculty which shall give it a strange new aspect, transforming all the old, the familiar, into something new and strange.

It is the new faculty that is wanted. To evoke it, to mature it, I must alienate myself from the old, and deliberately enter into a new envisagement.

I believe I shall attain to it if only I have the courage and the firmness to go for it, to endure the darkness and the terrors of the first dim ways, the pangs and the throes of the new birth. I have often been on the verge of this new world, of this new *Weltanschauung*, but I have not had the courage to pass into it. On that side madness seemed to lie. But does it? Is it anything more than the unaccustomed? Already the old world seems far away, forgotten its battles and its woe, and a new world to be around me with sun-risings and settings of its own.

The primary faculty to carry over into the new world, to make the new world, is the faculty of wonder, which itself transforms the old into the new, the familiar into the unfamiliar. It is wonder which throws back the shutters and opens the windows of Vision into the great new world to be born of insight and vision. It is my life's work now—my "workmanship of life"—to transform the old, old vision into the new, full filled of other emotions which shall themselves effect the transformation.

Annie at this moment brings up the *Times* and tells me of Smuts' encouraging speech to the Welsh miners: "We are fighting for small nations." This may be true; but should not then the great split themselves up into small, and overcome and avoid the temptation to greatness? Was not Italy aiming at greatness? The addition to herself of Trieste? And France, at Alsace and Lorraine?

1st November, Thursday, 7 a.m.

Last night there was a raid. Just as I had laid my head to pillow at about 12.45 the guns began. The sounds moved about the horizon, came nearer and receded. I got up and looked out. There was nothing to be seen answering to the noise. The moon was overhead, dimly shining through a fleece of clouds. Then the noise becoming greater and nearer I went downstairs and awakened Annie, and we went down together to the basement. The guns thundered now near, now far away; presently there was a lull; then a silence. Thinking all was over we ascended to our rooms. But I went to the window and looked out and listened. In a few moments the uproar began again, and as it seemed overhead again I went down to Annie, whom I found sitting up in bed. We listened, and amid the noise of the guns we heard the almost musical rattle of an aeroplane overhead. At this Annie got up, and together we again descended to the basement. After a short while all sound ceased and we finally ascended to our rooms and to bed and to sleep. Whilst listening the second time at the window I heard five great explosions, one after the other in quick succession; whether they were our own guns or the enemy's bombs, I do not know.

It is now long past post time, and no *Times* has come. Has the office been destroyed?

It is not a very dignified proceeding to get out of one's bed and to descend to the basement to escape the effects of a bomb. I would rather arrange myself on my bed as on a throne, and with my globe of vision and sceptre of self-control let "determined things to destinie hold unbewayled their way," whilst I on "the top of sovereignty envisaged circumstance all calm." But in getting up and descending to the basement I am only obeying the instructions to the community, as given out by its high administrative officer, the Secretary of State of the Home Department.

I now close this book, and open the next one on this, which I believe is the day of "All Saints"—"All Devils" as

it now might more aptly be called: yet no, let it be still "All Saints."

2nd November, Friday, 8 a.m.

Rain and mist. To-day the First Lord of the Admiralty tells us in the *Times* report that we must be prepared for a long war, long and spacious, involving the whole world.

Very well; I will proceed to measure all the sad details of life, now coming to the birth, by this great standard of a world at war, and endeavour to endure them, as measured on that great scale; and I will, on the assumption that this world-war has other objects in view than any which we can ourselves for the moment discern or appreciate, and that they involve the betterment of the world and man, and on a scale commensurate with the cost, do my own individual best to anticipate that great time and cultivate the seeds of it, in my own individual behaviour now.

7th November, Wednesday.

The sun sets once—but in innumerable settings to innumerable eyes. I shall feel that I am on the way when I can hear the sound of the guns heralding and accompanying a raid as if I heard them not. Let that be the measure of my passage from this world, in spirit, to the new.

People would appear to be distinguishable by the degree in which they are immersed in or are part of this present world; or, to put it the other way, by the degree in which they are detached from it, and enter into a super-world which is the creation of and present to the imagination only.

It is possible that the way into the super-world is by the exercise of the imagination in the creation and maintenance of this supernormal world, and by sustained residence within it to the exclusion of the outer world. The "goings-on" of the outer world would then pass on under or outside of the super-world, and not impinge upon its sounding board within.

9th November, Friday, 7 a.m.

The sun still shines athwart my bed, and I must now to my devotions. I dedicate these early moments to prayer, to bring home to me, to make vivid, God's great creation, the world in which I will to dwell, my city beautiful, with God for king and lord. And I will build myself up a world in which God shall be supreme, and against which the tumult of this, man's world, shall beat in vain.

10th November, Saturday, 7 a.m.

Yesterday towards the end of the day I was distraught and afraid, but of what I knew not.

In the evening I lighted the fire in the parlour, and its cheerful blaze brightened and illumined me. But there was a something in the dark beyond the light which only waited to reappear. Everywhere there was not light.

13th November, Tuesday.

Yesterday in the course of the day I finished my pattern for the Doves Press *Catalogue Raisonné*, making patterns and discovering patterns in Nature and man's two fundamental energies; and I may add a third, the energy of destruction, which saves him from idolatry. Construction, discovery and destruction are man's three great energies.

20th November, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

I am reading and tearing up old letters, bills and memoranda relating to the Press, and the Hammersmith Publishing Society. And as I read and destroy, old voices and old times revive and die away into the silence again, a sad procession and multitude of pale ghosts, waving to one as they pass away into oblivion, saddening even the voices and visions of to-day, so soon in their turn to be seen in the retrospect, all silent, pale and spectral.

26th November, Monday, 7.30 a.m.

I have a most imperfect memory, and perhaps for me it is as well. The past is a vague mist, out of which may rise thoughts unfettered, as the sun rises out of the mists of the morning to clearness on its own supreme height, where it shines in perfectness. So rises the sun this morning. How wonderful was the sky last night! I got up when the moon had set, but all the heavens seemed full of moon, so great and bright and clear shone the planets and the stars. How wonderful, beyond all words wonderful, are both day and night, and all times when looked at for themselves! And so looking at the photos on my wall of Tintoretto's "Venetian Women" hung beneath Michael Angelo's "Eve," I ask myself, are they not just in themselves wonderful? More wonderful in their repose and just as they are, than anything they could say or do?

30th November, Friday.

To-day! This one day of all the incalculable days which through the seasons and the years to infinitude open and close and are each in its turn, just—to-day!

What a strange spectacle is this war, filling to the brim each "day" with the corpses of the dead, each day into which too flows to refill it the unceasing river of life—life slaying life, to what end, to what day? O day, jewel on an endless string, to what infinite delights should we not devote thee, set radiantly in the light, and crowned with infinitude?

What a daily dish the *Times* sets before one! Man, the miscreant, in all forms dressed up to destroy and be destroyed, whilst the sun rises and declines, and out of the womb of time another dawn is prepared in the east.

17th December, Monday morning.

The war, the war, the war, always, always, the war.

21st December, Friday.

I am still engaged in destroying old letters relating to the Press. What a rush there was for the early books! The "orders" would be melancholy reading if the orders had died down before the Press had closed, but happily, though inevitably the demand fell, a demand was maintained to the end, and the Press has rounded itself off to something greater than were the first books published.

But I am determined that, as far as I am able to destroy, there shall be no debris left, no history of petty details, but only the books themselves and their *Catalogue Raisonné* to tell their history and threefold serious purpose.

And the Press and the Bindery together are the expression of my own life, and of its contribution to the order and beauty of the whole. Perhaps, if I can achieve it, I may yet put together a memoir out of my letters and diaries. But that, if I do achieve it, shall be a work apart, to stand or to fall on its own independent merits.

And that shall be my work now, after the destruction of the refuse.

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4th January, Friday.

Would that all the world were one great workshop where work was done for the beautiful world's sake and for man's delight, and with leisure to pause to wonder at and admire God's great contrivances.

18th January, Friday.

I have written a few letters, business and other, and have re-read and destroyed some old ones written to me long ago by my dear old father and mother and by Fannie, deeply affectionate and devoted. It was a kind of murder; but for whom to keep them, and for what? I do not want my "life," or theirs, to be written or to survive save in such public acts

as I have deliberately done for man's sake, or in such private confessions as may indicate the struggles and vicissitudes, insight and blindness, of one who aimed at his own, and so of man's, life's solution.

I have been reading aloud to Annie in the evenings Gosse's *Life of Gray*, which we find very interesting, also Gray's letters and poems. We find many similarities in Gray's life and Cowper's—the same aloofness, the same, though different, letter-writing, the same, and again so different, dependence on three or four friends, who make life warm for him, as in a closed room and before a fire with a hearth. And to myself I have been dipping in Saintsbury's *History of English Literature*, and other literature.

20th January, Sunday, 8 a.m.

Last night I awoke and, feeling the air close, got up and opened wide the window. The night was dark, but the sky was, or seemed to be, a dark vault, set with innumerable stars, all brilliant, and to my eyes duplex—an astonishing vision. I feel always that these visions, sudden and startling, are as it were a writing on the wall the significance of which we do not understand, but which is about to be understood when the veil settles upon it again, and the mind, which saw, is left with a vague sense of possible madness, and the shattering of all things that are into something else, the thing behind the veil, the true goal of all our groping being. If only we could keep our eyes open upon this writing, its wonderfulness, surely some day its meaning would be apparent to one, surely some day the light coming would not, as suddenly coming, as suddenly go, but persisting would illumine one's self and the beyond, would illumine "the all" and be one's self, seeing!

It is for such a purpose of persistence that I have fashioned my Credo, that I may keep my eyes on the great Vision, the great writing, till its meaning shine through and in it; for that it has a meaning—the Vision, beyond its own arrangement—who that reads can doubt?

Every day I must, as I awake, recite it to myself, and every night before on my eyes darkness falls—every day and night till that last night, after which for me shall no awakening follow.

23rd January, Wednesday, 8.30 a.m.

My heart beats slower and slower, and I have daily more difficulty in mounting the stairs. Yesterday morning, lying awake on my side, I heard my heart beating. "Ah, poor heart," I said, "you are tired! You have been beating for many a year without respite or rest—beat on a few more, slowly and slower, to a stop one day or night, then for ever you and I, who have been together these many years, will be at rest, severed for ever!"

24th January, Thursday.

Last evening St George Fox Pitt came to supper, and he and Annie went to hear Mr Taylor's lecture on "Utopias" at the Hampshire House Club, Annie taking the chair. I remained at home and read the Globe edition of Dryden, feeling tired.

Utopias may be made in the mind for the mind's delight, as in the world for the refinement and comfort of the body. They may be made on the great scale, and they may be made on the small scale, for the world at large, for a group of friends, for one's own solitary self, for one's own life. On the whole it is an artistic instinct, it is also a religious instinct, which creates Utopias. And to it we owe the universe, and the bird its nest. Its scope is infinite, its spirit everywhere. And the more it prevails, the more its spirit is evoked to action, the happier and the more beautiful will be man's universe, from the stately home of all the earth at peace, to the simple cell of the poet whose Utopia is in his brain.

28th January, Monday.

Sir William Wedderburn is dead. I walked and talked with him at Llandrindod. He was very charming, radiating

courtesy and kindness, a lover of the lovable and the humane in human life. Neither of us knew that that keen spirit walking the shores of the little lake, dreaming of India, and smiling whilst he talked kindly of things nearer home, would in so short a time be for ever withdrawn, invisible, inaudible, incommunicable—Eternity's guest; time's no more.

Ah, that we could remember in time that to-day is our life, our seed-field; and that to-morrow the hills will be hidden, the lake, now our friend, be part of us; and only the seed we have sown be our epitaph.

Each day I long to put my life, my tired life, into a communicable whole, and to touch it with beauty; but the flesh is weak, is tired, and to-morrow takes the place of to-day, and nothing is done.

But one more effort—and, as I write, the sun's morning light floods and irradiates my room. So should Death irradiate the lived life.

29th January, Tuesday, 8 a.m.

There was a prolonged raid last night, extending from 8 p.m. till after 1 a.m., with intervals of silence. No bombs, so far as I am aware, were dropped near us, but there was a great noise of guns moving about the horizon and overhead, and all the while the full clear moon shone silently in a cloudless sky, and the pallid stars were with her, eternal denizens of eternity, whilst we creatures of an hour, in sight of them on the moon-illuminated earth, destroyed each other.

3rd February, Sunday night.

Reading and sorting old letters I must put here on record these kind words of Kate Amberley, fifty years ago. She, too, would be nearly eighty now!

Good-bye now dear Sandy. I have written you a stupid letter, but I think a great deal which is not stupid about you, that is all good wishes for the new year (1867), health, peace, work, friends, spirits, goodness, greatness, and success. Dear friend, may you ever remain that

unmingling river flowing through that great troublous sea, unhurt by all its waves and shoals, only the stronger and the braver for all the battling you have to go through, and may there be enough of inward peace and love to prevent the hard warfare leaving harsh traces on your dear face. May you ever be what you are now, only ever holier and happier, is the wish of your truest friend,

K. L. A.

Kate writes again, February, 1867:

....Lead your life of contemplation, you must needs be what you are. I expect nothing of you but to continue an earnest, pure and sincere spirit. That is enough, and if you keep your present character you will do good in your generation to those who know you by the absence of selfishness and worldliness in you. May God bless you, whether you work or not. I used to think with Carlyle, all religion was work, and I do still, but I do not think work means pounds, shillings, and pence, or running about and perpetual shouting....

9th February, Saturday evening.

Just returned from Bow Street whither I went at 2 p.m. to stand by Bertie Russell, on trial for some writing which I had not seen in some obscure pacifist journal. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the second class. He appealed, and Frank and I bailed him out, otherwise he would have gone straight to prison. To prison, to solitary confinement, day and night in a locked cell. There was not a crowded court, only a gathering of friends, mainly women. Frank was there, and Elizabeth, and Whitehead, and others whom I did not know. Bertie sat in front of the dock with his co-defendant, a young lady editor and proprietor of the journal in question, *The Tribunal*. Judgment was preluded by strong condemnatory words, overcharged and insolent perhaps, but excusable in one who himself had lost an only son in the war, and doubtless felt all the world's manhood should be on his side, which in his opinion was the side of civilization, and all that civilization stands for.

26th February, Tuesday.

Yesterday afternoon I went to the Royal Institution and heard Thomson lecture on the constitution or composition of the Atom, and the balance of electrons within it. In the morning Lady Airlie was announced. Annie was out, but I went down to her and sat with her in her car. She had come to give a little picture, a photograph from the Uffizi, of a vision which she wished Annie to hang on the wall of her bedroom in memory of her. On the back she had written, "Where there is no vision the nations perish." She spoke affectionately of Annie and of the visit Annie had paid her on Tuesday.

5th March, Tuesday, 7.30 a.m.

A grey, cold, sun-abandoned world. Reading the poems, third book of the *Golden Treasury*. Yesterday at 2 o'clock, I called by appointment on Sir James Mackenzie, heart specialist. He put me under his "telegraphic" machines, and read off from the tapes the two distinct beatings of my heart, of the ventricle and the auricle, one high, one low. They no longer beat in unison, the connecting link between them, by which the rhythm of the one is communicated to the other, being "out of repair." The result is that the supply of blood to the head and limbs is kept at a low uniform rate—pulse 45—which cannot be raised to respond to raised mental or physical exertion; hence the fatigue and exhaustion I feel on climbing stairs, or walking uphill, or on having to face work of any kind involving an extra supply of blood to the brain. But it is a conservative limitation, and tends to longevity. I must learn to live within the limits set by the lower heart beat. Sir James is about to retire, to give himself up to study, so that he may place on record the knowledge which otherwise would die with him.

16th March, Saturday, 7.45 p.m.

Before the fire in my attic. This afternoon I called by

appointment on Lady Airlie, and found her tired. She said I should find one day soon that she had slipped away into everlasting silence, that I should call and find her gone. And she believed that whilst I was calling she would be in Purgatory, there to have the rust which separated her from God burnt by its fires, and herself so to be purified from all earthly sin, and fitted to dwell, as was her life's desire, in the all-satisfying presence of God.

19th March, Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.

In the morning I began putting my diaries in order, glancing over the melancholy pages of the earlier ones, melancholy with the unshaped and shifting destiny, the heights divined but unseen, and the ways to them. But, lost as I was again and again, still when the clouds cleared and the heights were seen, then the desire for them was kindled again. And still are they not here, even though they should be now, even now, sometimes invisible?

I read in my diary in 1880, the following extract from a note on Spinoza by Leslie Stephen: "He considered within himself that the common objects of human desire, wealth and power and pleasures, offered no certain or satisfactory reward. The only security for happiness is to have a mind filled with a love of the infinite and eternal."

20th March, Wednesday. The Doves Press.

I have been reading Murray's *Euripides* in the Home University Series, and I see the art of poetry at work on the human passions, and producing "Literature." It is so that I would have the art of poetry—not necessarily in verse—at work on the passions of the universe, including man's, and producing Literature on the great scale.

24th March, Sunday, 7.20 a.m.

Whilst the guns thunder at and over men's heads on the continent—oh, oppressive and horrible thought!—the sun

enters quietly into my room, gilding the air, the walls and my books, and I sit up in bed, reading my old diary of 1883. We were then, at the time of which I was reading, at Monte Generoso, and I was telling Annie, in a watch of the night, my hopes, my dreams of the future, and as I read I seemed to see, indeed I did see with my mind's eye, the upcurling heads of flowers, growing up amid the covering dead leaves of the past, so young amid the dead hopes of the past, so young and germinal were my uprising hopes of the future. And not wholly vain they were. Something of what I then dreamt I have now accomplished. But of new dreams, of a new future we still have need, to make us cherish life in a world where death is more sought than life, and life only that it may prey on life, and be a will to power and mastery, for mastery and power's sake.

I have now finished the ninth volume of my diary, which ends with our departure from Venice, where we renewed our marriage vows of love, and set out together to face and create the future as we dreamt it then. And now here I am, an old man on my bed, and Annie a dear old lady still ever young. And has the future been created? Some of it—yes.

25th March, Monday, 7.30 a.m.

I turn to my diary of long ago, for detachment and rest, for as yesterday so to-day will pass into the eternal silence of all that has been. It is all that has been and is that weighs upon me with such an unsetting blaze of horror. All that has been, and is to come! It is now 9.30 a.m. Annie has not yet brought up the *Times*, which she first has and reads, and I do not yet know the morning's news, but I am filled with dim feelings of approaching disaster—for England. But is England the bulwark of the world? Well, I have the news. England's line has been broken and forced fifteen miles to the west, thirty thousand prisoners, and six hundred guns, and Paris has been shelled from between seventy and eighty miles away! And what will be the news to-morrow and to-morrow?

And what in the future? How hateful is the sunshine, shining upon such a world as to-day, and yet to Germany it may seem just the dawn of the world that is to be theirs, and their great creation. I write thus, but around me actually there is not a sign of the world-war. The river runs placidly between its banks, time ticks on the staircase, the sun's rays come and go, the char comes up with her dustpan—but, oh, the horror burns, burns, at my heart.

27th March, Wednesday, 7.45 a.m.

It is the appropriate function of old age to survey the retrospect and to bring all the past by revision into harmony with the present, and with the hopes and dreams of the future and of the two to make one world of to-day. So I am now re-reading my old journals, experiencing with new vision my old experiences, and out of them constructing what was meant throughout.

My life is divided into four stages of equal, or approximately equal lengths: from birth to 1860—from 1860 to 1880—from 1880 to 1900—from 1900 to the end. In about 1860 I went to Cambridge; in or about 1880 I married and became a bookbinder; in or about 1900 I became a printer. All led up to the Cosmic Vision, the Cosmic consciousness, and self-expression—what I used to call self-assertion—self-expression in conscious self-union with the universe and its self-expression, the Cosmos.

29th March, Friday.

A windy, sunny, beautiful day. Last night between 3 and 4 o'clock there was an appalling, but solitary explosion, which seemed in its slow deliberate expansion to envelope the whole of London. I got up and looked out of the east window, but saw nothing save the tranquil sky, clouded but semi-luminous, and the earth under it, and the river. I then looked out of the west, and whilst looking, a wild storm of rain or hail burst suddenly upon it, and continued for some minutes

with the utmost ferocity, and then died away. I returned to bed, and heard and saw no more till awaking again, later, I saw the sun upon the window, and no sight or sound to remind me of the explosion, or of the wildness of the storm; nor do I know now what the explosion was.

Anyone reading my journal might ask, what signs generally are there of the portentous battle now raging in France, with the fates of nations on its waves? There are no signs of it, none visible here, or audible to eye or ear. People pass to and fro to their pleasure or their work, with nothing in their looks or dress to indicate that anything unusual is happening. Of course our habits of life are being affected; we are being rationed and restricted in various ways; but that conveys nothing to us of the vast disturbance, of which it is no more than a remote effect, more remote than the lapping of a wavelet on the garden wall is of the oceanic tide, moon-born.

For myself, however, I am haunted by the horror of it, which is more impressive than are the hopes which one builds upon the ends or aims which the belligerents profess to have in view. The horrors on the surface may be balanced by the heroisms, but the root horror is the bestiality which still infects man, his lust and greed and covetousness, his dire ugliness and cruelty, items moreover which are not limited to him, but seem to infect the very world itself, and the sun and moon and stars, and to make day horrible and the night. Life falls into a sinister confusion, and sounds come upon the ear with a shuddering prophecy of impending death, and nowhere is there any escape from the thought that the worst is yet to be.

30th March, Saturday.

Cold, grey, and a wild, wet wind.

The explosion the other night was a thunder-clap.

The battle rages still, and the world's future hangs in suspense. Yes, but not for the first time.

1st April, Easter Monday.

I sit up in my bed in a silence only broken by the tick-tack of the clock and an occasional footfall in the alley, and I ask myself: is it possible that human beings, of whom I and the passer-by are ones, that human beings who are born as we are born, and are on our way to that as yet unopened door through which we shall pass out for ever from the life which is now our only life, can spend that life in the premature destruction of one another, and for the possession of things which no one can hold beyond a moment of transition between the opened and the opening doors, which are the termini even of the life which in the strife is spared? If there be such a thing as madness, is it not madness? The madness of an unintelligent world?

14th April, Sunday, 8.30 a.m.

The world is agitated by the world-war, but the vital life in the world is not that of nations or empires, but that of thought and imaginative creation; and that perhaps is on the eve of an immense advance, to culminate in another Renaissance immeasurably transcending any earlier one, and an entirely reconstructed *Weltansicht*, or world-vision.

I open Buckle's *History of Civilization*, and an entirely new, or rather an old and familiar (how different from that despondency which for some time has obsessed me), an old familiar joy and interest reawaken within me. The thing of supreme interest, the human spirit, is not dead, nor is it on its death-bed, though its old world is suffering destruction at the hands of its momentary embodiment. For consolation in this destruction I have in the main gone to those steadfast accompaniments of the human spirit, in woe as in weal, the innumerable and infinitely distant stars, the sun, and the wanderers the planets, the earth and the silver moon. But I must not forget or overlook the human spirit itself, its travail and transformation, its future and its present rebirth and re-orientation. With renewed zest, then, I reopen Buckle and

stand at the threshold of that great history, the history of the human spirit, its birth, its doings, its majesty and its illimitable future, and "the city" the far-off shining goal, glorious above all cities dreamt of in the past, or imaginable even now.

Is this war the great calamity which it is said to be, judged in itself, or a disintegration of the body and reintegration of the spirit of man, of civilization—apart from the motive of those who have been the immediate agents in bringing it to pass? Is it of any importance to fix the guilt of it upon this man or that, if some such war was in fact necessary to disengage the human spirit from the civilization in which it had entombed itself? Is it necessarily a part of that ultimate "city," that Britannia, for example, should always rule the waves, or that all the little races of the world should have their future guaranteed and their characteristics conserved in self-determination? Are we not always aiming too much at the stability of human institutions, and too little at that penultimate state for which, for its attainments or approach, all anterior states should be in motion, in states of change, of transformation?

27th April, Saturday, 8 a.m.

Give me a Republic. The King-Times are fast finishing; there will be bloodshed like water, and tears like mist, but the peoples will conquer in the end. I shall not live to see it, but I foresee it. (Matthew Arnold, in his preface to his selection of Byron's poetry.)

Last night there was a brilliant moon, a moon at the full, and the stars were bright in an unclouded sky, and at midnight a warning boomed out, here, there, everywhere, a warning of an impending raid. Silence followed, and all London, awakened, listened. But within an hour the bugle sounded the "All clear." The would-be raiders had been driven off; and still the moon was brilliant, and against the unclouded sky the stars were bright. Then London went to sleep.

28th April, Sunday, 8.30 a.m.

A wet and windy morning, after a brilliant yesterday. In the afternoon, tempted by the brilliancy of the day, I bicycled to Kew, to worship the flowers and to wonder at the wonder of spring. Many of, indeed perhaps all, the shrubs were in flower, or in leaf, but many of the great trees were silhouetted against the sky in their winter tracteries, or only faintly touched with green. The flowers in the houses were radiant, miracles of growth and beauty.

30th April, Tuesday.

On Sunday afternoon I called on and had tea with Lady Airlie. At the foot of the stairs I met Lord Haldane coming down. He was very cordial. He had been talking of old times, also of the future and its education, about which in fundamentals he and she, as I afterwards heard from the latter, had very much in common. I had a long visit, and we in our turn talked about old times, but also about the future.

2nd May.

Yesterday was the 1st May—May Day; but how little it showed of the joys we associate with the Merry merry ring-time. I spent the morning in the Clerkenwell Session house listening to arguments for and against the sentence to six months' imprisonment of Bertrand Russell in the second division, terminating in its amelioration to the first division, where the mental and physical discomfort will be considerably less. I went on to luncheon with Elizabeth and Frank and her charming boy at Gordon Square.

8th May, Wednesday, 7 a.m.

I have been reading the *Times*. It makes very sick reading. "Trade" is inspired by a spirit, which if it is to be operative as promised, will be worse than the spirit of open war. The detestable greed and materialism of it are as malignant as the will to power, and will in its turn have to be fought to a finish.

I propose to go to Holkham on Monday, and am writing to the librarian, Mr James, and to the Victoria Inn where I shall stop. Lady Airlie has kindly written to Lady Leicester, and they have asked me to luncheon there on Sunday.

10th May, Friday, 7.30 a.m. Doves Press.

Last night, when at 11 o'clock I looked out of the window, I saw a long bar of light stretched right across the moonless but stormy sky, motionless. What did it portend? I watched it for a few moments full of mounting fears. Then it suddenly and completely vanished, and the whole sky was dark, save for the ever-watching stars, and I turned away with fears all in the air.

Yesterday I went to Kew in the afternoon, and stood amid the trees, in leaf or flower or still in their winter nakedness, and overhead and in the air were the blue, blue sky and the golden sunlight, and I thought how beautifully out of the myriad details one whole picture of delight is made. Why are not blended to one whole as beautiful the myriad thoughts of men? Is there not the same power over the one as over the other? Are they not altogether parts of one still greater whole? Or is "man" a something apart from God, an alien host intruded? And yet, again, the very whole of beauty I have wondered at was in part his own, man's own creation!

Yesterday coming in from the garden Annie called my attention to a something in a cobweb that I had thought was a spider and had left undisturbed, but on looking at it through my glasses it seemed a cluster of tiny eggs, with one or two tiny spiderets in motion. "Destroy them, or we shall be overrun." I promised to remove it, when the cluster broke up into a myriad of distracted living things, tiny, but full of fear, hastening for safety hither and thither. I brushed them all into a cup of water, and carried them into the garden and destroyed them. Are we more than they in life's great economy? All the while the sun shone overhead undisturbed.

In the evening I read aloud the *Duc de Lauzun à la cour de Louis XV*. Them too Time has brushed away: Time, the great remover.

14th May, Tuesday.

Yesterday I started on my trip to Holkham, where I now am at the Victoria Hotel. Holkham is Lord Leicester's paradise, a portion of the estate which Coke of Norfolk created.

The park—Holkham—in the springtime is so beautiful that it brings tears to one's eyes rather than speech to one's tongue. Nature and man, both at their best, have combined to make a scene of ravishment.

The above exclamation I wrote in view of the long lake and of the trees which clothed its shore, and of the green park itself which sloped upward to a new horizon fringed with trees, dark ilex and the lighter oaks.

16th May, Thursday.

This afternoon Lady Leicester sent the carriage for me, and she met me near the house, and jumping in drove me, or caused us both to be driven, to see the bricks and the clay pits whence the bricks were dug for the house by Thomas Lord Leicester, and thence to the dairy, and so home to tea. After tea she walked with me to the monument, by way of the lake and so on to the almshouses, where she bade me farewell, saying that in all events I must lunch with them on Sunday, and in the meantime perhaps make some other excursion together. I must put on record that, finding the door out of the garden into the park closed, we together climbed a tall wire fence, and so jumped down like children into the park. She is a charming Irish woman.

In the morning I cycled to Wells, and beyond. The morning was lovely but very hot indeed. The whole day the sky has been clear, and the sun brilliant.

20th May, Whit-Monday. Holkham.

I am now in the midst of north Norfolk, Coke of Norfolk's country, and sit at my open window contemplating all and doing nothing, in delicious solitude and silence. The weather is a daily and nightly miracle, inviting to idleness and wonder. So have been the kindnesses at "the Hall." But I am unable to give my mind to details, however beautiful, so I leave the treasures of the libraries untouched upon their shelves, and am content to know that they are there, and simply to enjoy the happiness of life in this enchanting environment.

Yesterday there was a great party at the Hall; some dozen American officers, stationed at the great aerodrome in the neighbourhood, were driven over to see the place, and were shown over in a great processional, given tea in the beautiful saloon, and then in a prolonged processional taken for a walk round the long lake, a fairy scene of beauty; and they only left when the sun was casting long shadows across the lawn, and the moon was rising in the east.

And now that the sun has risen again and the day is before me, without a programme I sit in idle enchantment at the upper window of my inn, overlooking the wide sea marshes, with no sound save of the birds and the fluttering of the curtain in the playing wind, and not a cloud is in the pale blue sky; and I think of all the things I might be doing, as this or the other far-off beautiful place on the map tempts me, or the nearer pleasures of the Hall; but still I sit resisting all temptation, for in the silence and the solitude there is a witchery stronger than all. And so I have taken up my pen and have written to tell Lady Airlie how happy I am, and how grateful I am for the pleasure which this visit, her inspiration, is giving me.

27th May, Monday. Holkham.

A fortnight ago this very morning, I was leaving for Holkham. Now at Holkham, with Holkham added to my dreams, I am leaving for home; but now, the sun shines, then, the rain fell.

28th May, Tuesday morning. Galehill, Great Shelford.

At Cambridge in a great crowd I was met by Sir St John and Lady Hope, received a most affectionate welcome, and was immediately carried off to Galehill five miles away, in a motor lent them by their neighbour, and found Galehill a most delightful country house, new, and at first sight, perhaps its most striking attribute, miraculously clean. It was set on a high lawn, and protected and shrouded by young woods, through an opening in which there was a view to the distant horizon, whilst doors and windows opened immediately on to an extensive lawn inviting to the feet. The house is well arranged, well furnished, and full of great books on all topics of interest to the happy and busy husband and to the happy and busy wife. And I am settled with every comfort in a little bedroom in the water tower, overlooking the garden. We had lunch, then tea, then dinner, and in between and after, talk and laughter, and the histories of our lives since last we met. I told Hope about my proposed international tongue (Latin), and read to him my letter, which he had not seen, and asked him to back it up. He said he would mention it to the authorities here. He quite approved.

And now I return to my attic-room, with windows east and west. And there I will give myself up, until the end, to poesy and song!

29th May, Wednesday, 8 a.m. The Doves Press.

At Galehill, whilst I was dressing, Hope came into my room with the paper, but I did not care to read it. Dressed, we went down together, and after a little while were driven to the station, where we were met by Lady Hope who had been called away earlier by some hospital duty, and we all took train to Cambridge. There we explored King's College Chapel, Hope showing me many details which had never come under my observation in my undergraduate days or since. And then we went and had lunch at the Café, and then strolled through St John's to Trinity, where in Nevile's Court I sat

down on the spot where I had sat in a group and had been photographed, a boy of twenty-two, and emerging upon the Great Court called upon Lady Thomson, the present mistress of the College. At 4.44 we were at the station together bidding each other farewell. They returned to Great Shelford by the next train, a few minutes later.

30th May, Thursday, 7.30 a.m.

The Germans have taken Soissons. But what they may take of France are mere details, waves driven by the flowing tide. The tide is the thing. When and where will the tide be at its height? When will it perhaps ebb, and the waves break in retreat? Great ideas, tides, are moving the world, and not all of us can see or imagine the tidal action. We see only the fringe, the shores upon which the waves beat.

1st June, Saturday, 8 a.m.

Last evening at 9 p.m. I called on the Mackails at No. 6 Pembroke Gardens. I found Jack alone with Margaret. He had opened the door for me, pipe in hand, and welcomed me gladly. We sat down on the sofa together, and presently Margaret brought in two mugs of tea, one of which she gave to Jack; I declined the other. There was a great melancholy in the air, Jack leaning back and speaking in a slow, low voice; but also great affection. We did not mention the war, but that was in the background all the while. I gather that both he and she feel it deeply.

Both he and she were more lovable and affectionate than I had ever seen them, as if all things had gone, all life out of all else, and only love—and the war—remained.

As to Latin as a universal language, it had his sympathy, but could not have his support, and he greatly doubted if it could be adapted to modern needs, or if, even if that were possible, the commonalty of the world or the business men could be brought to accept and adopt it. As I left Pembroke Gardens the stars were shining, and searchlights were sending bars of light across the dark heavens.

Before leaving in the evening for the Mackails I found the following in the letter-box from Low's Continental Department:

Mark Fritze (of Sweden).

Gentlemen,

Confirming our letter of May 30th, 1918, will you send us 20 copies of every new book published in Doves Press, no matter what they cost.

No matter what they cost! Of course there are no new books to be published at the Doves Press, but the Press has been snowed under lately with orders for old and new books of the Doves Press—"no matter what they cost!"

4th June, Tuesday.

The paper has come. I look at the map in amazement. Is it possible that on and over that land now bursting with its own lovely fruitage of spring, men are pushing one another to the death, that on that land over which men used to work at peace, travel at peace, exchange speech and help, men are now engaged in the most appalling task of each other's destruction—and for what? The command of the "raw materials" of the world, and of the countries and peoples where they may be produced or found. What a pitiable spectacle! What a devil let loose!

9th June, Sunday, 7 a.m.

Last night, after watering the garden, I sat down, exhausted, in a chair just outside the door, and throwing my head back looked upward for rest; and I saw the topmost branches and leaves of my neighbour's poplar sway and tremble in the moving air, and heard the gentle ripples of the leaves as the wind touched them and passed, and I wondered by whom and for what that exquisite play had been created. Exquisite to the unheeding ear and to the unseeing eye, for the accident of my own withdrawn, surely there

remained a something to appreciate the exquisite delightfulness?—a something which in a transcendent degree has the sensitiveness of eye and ear, and can create for both and more; which in its own essence is already all which it can become.

But, abstracting from the individual men and women, in whom it would seem to be operative, is there not also a something of malevolence, of destruction, which also in its own essence is already all which it can become? A spirit of evil apart from a spirit of good? In short, are there not two spirits at war with one another, the evil and the good, and may not man be inspired, now by the one, now by the other, and be always the agent of the one or the other, with or without his conscious co-operation? If so, must one not endeavour to become aware of the agencies at work within one, and to choose one or the other, and to abide by one's choice, for ever?

10th June, Monday.

Weather changed to grey and cold.

Yesterday afternoon till 8 o'clock I spent alone putting my Doves Press books in order, and reserving some for after years. At 8 o'clock Annie returned from her visit to Hampstead—the Holidays and Hyndmans—and then we had supper, and after supper I read to her about M. le Duc de Lauzun and Louis XV, and Madame du Barry's introduction to court, and installation as his mistress. What a world; what ambitions, lusts and loves!

In the *Daily News* I read in the course of the day a review by Gardiner of a book by Wells (whom he makes the second person in the universe—the first being President Wilson), *After the War*, in which Wells shows that if war is not put down soon it will be in the power of man with his instruments of destruction at any sudden moment to annihilate cities at one blow and to lay civilization and all its "ant-hills" in the dust. Such is the approaching apotheosis of man.

And in the *Nation* I read the review of a French book

which said there was no future for the soul of man in the world; the world he must leave, and take refuge in the mountains, in solitude, in silence.

11th June, Tuesday.

This morning, the better to be in tune with the Cosmos, I have moved my bed to its old position, and I now sit fronting the west, Chiswick, its eyot and the river, and to my left the south and east, where rises the sun in a silver or golden mist, and awakes the river in a dance of diamonds when the wind kisses it and ruffles its surface.

Ah, how beautiful this morning is, of mixed haze and sunshine. As of old, the shadow of the poplar trees in my neighbour's garden dances upon the face of her gable, dances heedless of man, heedless of his advance upon Paris, heedless of its great destruction. When I think of Paris, my heart fails me; it is only in infinitude where there is peace, only there where all details do not count, where all is in the All, and the All is All. So upon the earth there are premonitions of this aloofness. The curtain rustles in the wind, the river ebbs, the sun mounts only to set, and the shadows reverse on a pivot, now to the west and now to the east, and far away at Bettyfold the shadow of that tree is cast now to the west now to the east, and so will it be cast as long as the tree stands, though Paris fall, and the sun from heaven shines. In the great rhythm is great peace.

12th June, Wednesday, 7.30 a.m.

I must and will emancipate myself from man's life as he makes it to-day, and live with the revolving earth, its changes of night into day and of day into night, and of summer into winter, and again of winter into summer, whilst overhead the patient stars watch on, enveloping sun and moon and earth and all the encircling planets in their constant, most ancient guardianship; and I will live with the poets who have lived with it, till my own light shall go out and I shall never any

more see Chiswick, never any more the glassy river, never any more the barge, never any more hear Annie's voice or see her dear face, never any more have tidings of a world at strife, of a world that might have lived as I have lived, but on the great scale—O, on the great scale, at one with the universe, the patient stars and shining sun, and with the wanderers the planets, and with the seasons every one, day and night, day and night!

19th June, Wednesday, 7.15 a.m.

A grey day after a yesterday of storms, but the river's face is smooth as glass, and mirrors Chiswick and the bridge.

In the afternoon yesterday Elizabeth came to tea, and after tea I took her to River House to see "Blossie," Mrs Fox Pitt, who with her husband has taken the house from the Hutchinsons for four months.

In the evening I read a portion of Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, beginning with Florence Nightingale, a story of confusion wrought into order by firm feminine will. To myself I read Wells' *The Fourth Year of the War*.

Dear Elizabeth told us about Bertie in prison, his industry, but longing desire for conversation, and the hurry and flurry of the few minutes allowed by the regulations once a week.

23rd June, Sunday, 7 a.m.

Fine. Cold. Stormy. My mind has made a discovery, and given me a new point of view for the world-war. The combatants are called enemies, and, on the low level of ordinary life, enemies they are; but not as seen from the higher. From the higher they may be seen to be the fated comrades who in fatal mutual destruction kindle the great passions out of which the great new worlds and their accordant ambitious dreams and desires are to be created; kindle the great passions, which enable mankind to dream dreams he would never otherwise attain to; kindle the great passions which nerve to great undertakings, to great abandonments;

kindle the great passions which make man aware of himself, man in whom may ultimately rest the control of all the powers which move this agitated planet, of whose agitation himself so far even now is the supremest product.

More and more he must in thought and action identify himself with the great movement of the universe, with its stupendous forces with their action in creation, their creation of the infinitely great, their creation of the infinitely little. He must himself be the universe—ultimately!

From this point of view we are brothers, not enemies, when in great wars we destroy each other. For in those great wars we kindle the great emotions which in their turn create the greater creation. But war not for its own sake; no, war is the supreme self-sacrifice, the fire through which man goes, fulfilling his destiny, the flames which he kindles to lighten himself on his way, the flames self-kindled which as they illumine him destroy him. It is not peace we want, but the unknown something which is at the heart of all of us, as summer is at the heart of spring, and winter at the heart of summer, that spring may come again, and summer and the world be more and more.

The world through storms and sunshine, through war and cataclysm, tends to solidarity. Though we fight, yet are we brethren, children of one mother, the earth. All things will come together in the end. There will be no more you and me, there will be only “I am”—I, the whole family of man.

In to-day's *Times* there is a proposal to weld the United States of America and England into one state, for the preservation of the peace and of the freedom of the new world—a great step forward in the direction of “I am!”

27th June, Thursday, 7 a.m.

A most exquisite morning. Not the first dawn in Paradise could have been more deliciously fresh, more first-born! A gentle breeze moves in the air, and touches one's forehead with a cool touch; the sun with its golden palm pats the house-

tops, and spreads itself abroad over water, earth and sky; the river at its own sweet will evenly ebbs to the sea, and the great boats swiftly slide with it in succession, barge after barge; and all as still as midnight.

3rd July, Wednesday, 7.15 a.m.

Grey at first and cold, but brightening momentarily.

Every day and night there comes a "knot" in one's thoughts or life, some difficulty to get over or through or dissolve, great or small, or some unpleasantness, great or small, to dissolve; or some doubt or uncertainty to resolve. For instance, this morning I awoke with a vague fear that a customer in Holland owing me a large sum of money for books sent, will either not get the books, or getting them will not pay me! It is so to speak a contraction of the web of life into a knot, a contraction of the web, as it is worked out from day to day and from night to night; and as the web may be great or small so may be the knot, and not one knot only but many knots, and all related into one vast knot, such as this war, or into many separate or remotely connected knots, as the knots of all the world.

There has been another horrible crime committed by the Germans on the high seas, the torpedoing at sight of a hospital ship with the loss of all the crew, nurses and doctors, save the captain, the last to leave, and a few petty officers and men. It was a deliberate act at night, when all its lights were lit and showing, and the ship might have been boarded and examined. These things are cruel, and belong to a policy of life alien to all kinship of ideas.

5th July, Friday, 6.30 a.m.

A grey morning, a glassy river, low tide, sun veiled, yet through the window little gusts of cooling air.

Yesterday afternoon Elizabeth came to tea. The front door was opened by Alice, and Elizabeth came upstairs to me in my attic, Annie had gone to have tea with Lady Airlie.

We talked, the prominent topic being that I ought to write, write. It might take the form of letters to a friend, as it were to her herself; but too much self-consciousness would be involved in such a plan. I should know that whilst I was professedly doing one thing I was actually doing another, and the two-fold purpose would cool and confuse me. And, simply, the Vision which inspires me cannot be communicated. It remains an inspiration, and has perhaps so far as the world at large is concerned been already, if insufficiently, expressed, but indicated by my bindings and printed books, and such letters as I am "inspired" from time to time to write to the *Times*.

Having thus talked awhile, we went down to tea in the kitchenette, and afterwards into the garden, where we were joined by Blossie Fox Pitt from River House, and yet later by Annie, returned from Lady Airlie.

I did not go into town, so I saw nothing of the rejoicings in commemoration of the 4th of July.

Write; well, perhaps I might begin by putting my letters, to and from, in order, and my diaries, and by arranging for the disposal, by binding, of all my remaining printed books. And perhaps some farewell may arise by the way!

One's own little light goes out. But there lives on and shines ever more and more towards the "perfect day" God's light, which for a moment one's own self has seen.

10th July, Wednesday, 7 a.m.

On Monday I started out to call on Mrs Buchanan, but I missed South Street, so went on to leave a parcel of books I was carrying of *William Morris* and *The Parting of the Ways* on Lady Airlie. As she was at home, I went in and was received with shouts of laughter. I had been on business with Annie in the morning, and to inspire respect I had put on a white shirt, a white waistcoat, and my best black coat, and so I presented myself to the dear lady who for the last thirty years and more had seen me only in a blue shirt!—once itself

the cause not of laughter but astonishment. "What on earth is that you have got on?" and the merriest, heartiest laughter followed in which I joined. Then her nice maid who was in attendance on her was asked her opinion. And I stood up and showed myself. The maid respectfully said she thought I looked very nice, though she indeed liked the blue shirt. "Ah, she has better manners than I," said Lady Airlie, and again and again she laughed. I looked, she said, so very droll, so unlike anything she had ever seen—and yet it was just as I had used to be dressed, so strong are the associations of the seemly and fit. A white shirt and black coat were happily no part of my present self.

17th July, Wednesday. Woodhall Spa.

I am reading *The Mill on the Floss*, and from chapter to chapter I have laughed amid tears, but at the end of chapter VIII the tears flow alone without the laughter. Dear George Eliot, how plainly I see you and hear you, your pity amid your humour, your own laughter and tears.

Perhaps, or certainly, of all the wonderful things in the world, human nature is the most wonderful. I do not cry at the disintegration of rock by rain or wind, but I do cry when Maggie Tulliver cries, or yearns or loves; or Tom stands sternly by doing his best in his boy's way to be a man, and the old man bids his wife to bear with him. He had done his best in his way too, and more he could not do. And the passion of man for his belongings, the old home, the old memories—himself, man, the most transitory of them all!

27th July, Saturday, 7.30 a.m.

I have closed my Press, and now have no medium at hand wherein and wherewith to express my admiration for what I admire or for what I love. I have indeed my voice, my living self, and I have my pen. Will these suffice? Can I thus late yet learn to use them? I can try; for the medium of self is surely at last the instrument of instruments wherewith to

express admiration for what one admires, and for all that one loves.

31st July, Wednesday.

On Monday afternoon I went to Drury Lane to see and hear *Manfred*, an endless talker and egotist! It was a ridiculous spectacle, and I was unable to attend to the music, being distracted by what one saw—*Manfred! Manfred!* I am not surprised that that was all that Aspasia had been left to say. She must have been talked to death.

Oh, my darling Annie! I hear her merry laughter interrupting her talk over the telephone, probably with Stella or Helena. How good it is to hear it—again another and another, and again a burst as of a merry peal of bells.

22nd August, Thursday, 7.30 a.m.

Another brilliant day's dawn, after a brilliant yesterday.

Miss Knox-Keith came to supper, and we sat on the terrace. The full moon rose slowly in the east in a cloudless sky, and shed its white moonlight over it and the earth and river, which was ebbing without a ripple swiftly back to sea. And in the moonlight only the stronger stars shone, maintaining their own fires against its whiteness. And all was silent save our own prattling selves under the limes. But sometimes I wondered, will a warning suddenly shake the heavens into uproar, heralding an approaching raid? But nothing of this kind happened, and we went later to our several beds in peace, and here I wake to another dawn. In the afternoon Elizabeth came after her visit to Bertie at Brixton, and Annie went across to ask the Fox Pitts to join us.

27th August, Tuesday.

Yesterday Lady Airlie called me out to her, sitting in her car on the Mall. I went, and found her seated among vegetable marrows, just bought from a passing gardener, two for herself, one for her driver. I got into the car, and sat down beside

her. She then gave me the present she had driven out to give me—an exquisite coverlet of roses on a green ground, and lined with rose-coloured silk.

13th September, Friday. The Anchor Hotel, Porlock Weir.

I am tired. During the night I had moments of faintness. I have been walking and climbing too much, and the climate is against me. I am going to have breakfast in bed, and a rest.

On Monday we go to the Valley of Rocks Hotel at Lynton. A car will be sent to fetch us.

Fannie Davies suggested that we should send a round robin to Kate Holiday, so this morning I composed the following:

To Kate Holiday at Hampstead.

We who are here are but three.
We think of a fourth who is you.
We stretch out our hands and our hearts,
Take them and make them your own.
They are yours.

14th September, 8 a.m.

Yesterday, we, Annie and I, lunched with Lady Lovelace. She sent her carriage for us, and after lunch she drove us herself higher up the hill to a viewpoint, where we got out and zigzagged down again through the woods, with glorious outlooks upon the western coastline and sea, and east up the narrowing channel. We stayed to tea, and were then driven home. A Mrs Parker, and a Rev. Mr Horner were staying at the house.

19th September, Thursday, 8 a.m.

Dear Annie left me yesterday at noon for Torquay and Annie Leigh Smith. We drove together to the station, and kissed farewell in the train. She had had a perfect holiday, she said, unspoilt by anything, nor by the rain, nor me! Dear, dear Annie. We kissed and parted, so I return to be

alone, remembering her sweet face; we indeed have had a perfect time, unspoilt by a single cross! And it was my gift to her from first to last.

22nd September, Sunday. Valley of Rocks Hotel, Lynton.

I cannot make up my mind to leave. I have written to Annie to ask her to join me here when she leaves Torquay on Wednesday, but I have little hope of her doing so. We should then round off our holiday together as we began it, and I would show her the high coast road, discovered only after she had left me, and many another undiscovered thing still to be found. But if that be not to be, we have still had an entirely happy holiday together, blending our likes and our dislikes into one happy whole of laughter. And there were moments, even days, of perfection, that illumined with a wild delight all the other days' shortcomings, and made our holiday with all its laughter and its woes a memorable joy to us. One was the drive on the great coast road between Porlock and Lynton, skirting all the way, at a high level, at once Exmoor and the sea, another, after missing the bus, the walk to Bonnington, a tiny village of three houses and no church, and to the headland beyond, and the return by the stony beach and water-logged meadows. Still others in the woods of Ashley Combe, under the guidance of Lady Lovelace (widow of Byron's grandson), whence we peeped out over the sea, or down on to her own high terrace gardens. Then I made merry with the visitors at the hotel, and startled them with strange sayings, at which I, surprised too, laughed loud.

No, it was not a sad time, and I laugh now at its remembrance. But here the scene is all changed. The hotel too is another thing, and all the visitors are other than the long-since-gone visitors at the Anchor Inn. Here we are splendid, and sit about in groups in the uniforms of an hotel (except my own!), smoking cigarettes, and holding strictly aloof, each from the other, as in the highest hotel circles.

But I read and read, and import other worlds, and have great society, though strictly solitary and aloof.

Yesterday afternoon, with an apple in my pocket for tea, I walked in storm and sunshine to Woody Bay. For a long time I stood just above the bay, and listened to the blended voices of the sea and the wind, the wind blowing fiercely through a copse of firs on the hillside. In the morning I went into Smith's bookshop, and bought in the Home University Series *Rome*, and *Early English Literature*, and rejoiced at my new capture. I am now reading Strachey.

29th September. *Valley of Rocks Hotel.*

The master spirit of the universe is not Love.

The master spirit is a driving Force, a creative energy, evident in the mass and in the fabric of the universe. The formula of the universe is Force, tempered or touched with Love, or Beauty, or Delight, or it may be with all three; Force creative, first of order, then, and incidentally, of love exhaling beauty and delight. I wish to know this universe, to share in an undivided degree this universal force, and in co-operation with it to create beauty and delight.

The weather is a wonderful sight at this moment: a driven rain, a wild tumult of swiftly driven clouds, and a wild flight of leaves swept and borne upon the surface of the wind, invisible but omnipotent.

I want something more spacious than the tragedy of individual lives, an Othello, a Macbeth, or King Lear, therefore I chose for my *Plays of Shakespeare* the three Roman plays, in which empires and people come into the play as part of the action of its results and provocations.

My visit here is now actively at an end, and I contemplate no more walks. I shall sit as I am now in the great gaunt drawing-room, and meditate on my memories of the old time and to-day, meditate as I turn the pages of my book—Milton—or look out through the window upon sea and sky and shore, or listen to the murmur coming up from the

beach. This morning's was my last "excursion." I descended into the valley—Lynmouth—and walked up the Lyn towards the waters' meet, past the site of the cottage where I lodged for a few nights before coming up to Summit Castle, and re-ascended by the old and now nearly deserted coach road to Lynton. The cottage has of course, like Summit Castle itself, been pulled down.

I leave for Hammersmith on Thursday.

5th October, Saturday. The Doves Press.

I left Lynton on Thursday morning at 8.15, and travelling by the pleasant little railway to Barnstaple took the Great Western train to Paddington. We changed into a very long and very crowded train at Taunton, and for some part of the way I sat in the corridor on my knapsack. At Paddington there was a great crowd and scrimmage, but after much panting and groaning I managed to get my portmanteau to the Metropolitan, and thence to Hammersmith, where I left it to be carried by an outside porter to the Press.

I found Annie and Stella expecting me, with the kettle on the ring, and a fire and toast in the sitting-room.

12th October, Saturday, 7 a.m.

I sit with *Paradise Lost* on my lap, and the memories of *The Ancient East*—its moving clouds of peoples—in my brain, memories of the pictures of them, great and vague, drawn in his little book by Hogarth, their historian.

Yesterday I wrote many letters to my customers in Sweden, Holland, Switzerland and the U.S.A., and to one or two in England, and sent off a parcel of books to Dawson's, and a beautiful copy of Goethe's *Lieder* in blue morocco, destined for Holland—a very beautiful book inside and out.

In the afternoon St George Fox Pitt called to show himself in khaki—he is going to France for the Y.M.C.A. on a mission of education. In the evening a candidate for the representation of Hammersmith called to discuss his chances

with Annie. Both he and St George brought rumours of great events on the continent. I have not yet seen the morning's papers. Now to my *Paradise Lost*, and memories.

13th October, Sunday, 7 a.m.

Last night low in the west I saw the sickle of the new moon, and high in the sky to the north the stars of heaven. I slept. This morning I see the light of day on my bed, and watch the radiance of the invisible sun.

Last night, or before the night, I was reading *The Ancient East*, and saw the tyrannies of cities and empires, or their shadows moving to and fro in the east. This morning I read Isaiah's parable against the King of Babylon; and in the world to-day what shall the Isaiah of to-day say against the world of to-day? Peace and War, still war, are balanced in the hand of time—to-morrow or to-morrow, which?

To what a stage the world of man has attained! Man speaks—a certain man—and all the world is attentive to listen. Man has now the entire globe for his audience, and by man's own creative instrument man speaks to all with ears attuned to hear. And to all one message, till at last all the world shall be grouped as one entire people obedient to one law of earth, self-imposed. So Wilson speaks to Germany, so Germany to Wilson, and all the world applauds, or Germany still defies. But to what issue? The ultimate one—one Manhood, one great law, the consilience of earth with heaven, the cosmic state, the cosmic consciousness at last awakened, the cosmic spirit born at last, and self-creative within heaven's self-created Law.

6 p.m. I am alone. I have had my tea, and I have lighted my fire, and am sitting sideways on to my table facing the north, feeling well, and profoundly interested in life, its earliest and its latest forms, its prime, and its colossal turmoil within itself to-day. At hand I have Perris's *History of War and Peace*, bought this afternoon, and as I turn its opening pages feel the old wonder and the old interest in

life's wonderful story, its possible meaning and its possible destiny. What then is it, what does it mean?

16th October, Wednesday.

To-day appears in the papers Wilson's wonderful reply to the German peace proposals: a world event!

It is wonderful, this voice coming to us from across the Atlantic, one of the great oceans of the world. It is like the voice of a god speaking to us out of heaven. Here in Europe we are too near to one another, too shy of the great word, too self-conscious and overburdened with the multitude of detail, seen simultaneously. His is like the voice of Achilles, all voice and mind, sole in its magnitude.

I am reading Milton and *The Battle of the Angels*—and I turn to Homer, and turn the pages of his *Iliad*. How different the touch, how much more tender!

But how wonderful is man at his best, set amidst his fellows and amidst this all-encircling universe. What things he says and sings, what things he does. The horrors of hell shot through with the lights of heaven. The remorse of Othello, and his brutality—(strange that Othello at this moment should come into my mind).

28th October, Monday, 7 a.m.

I awoke this morning out of vivid but confused and bewildering dreams, with a feeling of depression, of sadness, of which the cause may be the dream, or the large result of life's waste and mystery, or my own particular life's future casting its shadow before it; or it may be the death, death long ago yet death, of that exquisite, frail and heroic creature Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul. I read the last pages of that fascinating book, *La Disgrace*, to Annie on Saturday evening, and my eyes filled with tears as I read, and my voice shook. It was not only that she was dead, but that life could give birth to anything so sad. And now the sun on this new day shines through my window, and spreads its golden glow upon my wall and attic ceiling in a great silence.

I think I have said that I have moved my bed into the south attic, and placed its head against the window looking south, so that as I lie or sit up I look towards the north and have no view out of the attic, but only of the attic itself and its shelves of books, and through the open door a view of my late bedroom, of the bureau with its two globes of the earth and of the constellated heaven, and of the patterned wall and Michael Angelo's creations.

The constellated heavens! How wonderful they are; and the earth, how wonderful; and ourselves.

And to-day there is a great lull in the world-war.

With the world's peace—far-off divine event—may come our own, and even the sorrows long gone by and borne be overlit by the new world's ever-rising sun. In that hope, in that life's vision, let life begin again, and live its day from day to day, sun-born, for ever and for ever.

3rd November, Sunday.

The world is in the throes of a new birth, but the interior of my attic remains unaffected, and my own life.

11th November, Monday, 11 a.m.

A sudden explosion of guns and ringing of bells and cheering. The armistice, I presume, has been signed, and the war is at an end. And now all is still, and the world goes on its way—to what ends of order or disorder, who knows? The Kaiser has abdicated, and all the absurd and pompous thrones of Germany and Austria have fallen, have fallen. The people is enthroning itself, and Right is now Might, and not Might Right. How tragic and wonderful and enchanting for the makers of worlds—how absurd, from the heights, this swarm of ants in labour, these poor ephemera, who tomorrow will have vanished, leaving all their hopes behind, all their hopes—all their Babylon built in vain. Hereabouts the clocks still tick on and labour, stroke upon stroke. So much the better. Out of this well-nigh infinite chaos it is

only by time's ticks and labour's strokes that the new world, the better world built on Right, no despicable world even from the heights, can be made in lieu of the old on Might.

The bells are ringing, and the guns have ceased.

12th November, Tuesday.

All London went merrily mad yesterday. I was indoors all day. All London merrily mad; all Germany? Germany's future is yet in the future, with a new aim, I hope, still world-wide, but of world-wide beneficence, based on man's greatest creation, the idea of Rightness, of order touched, nay flooded, with beauty and delight. The record of England, and of the other forces heaped up like a mighty wave of the deluge, is a mighty one, made to uplift the world and set it, a moral planet, orderly moving in its world-set orbit in timeless, infinite space.

Saturday.

How earth is looked upon as a place of permanence, in which man, undying, is to live for ever! It is but a work of art at which each man tries his hand, building and unbuilding and building again, himself enshrouded in another world, unseen of himself, out of which, as the sun for a moment from behind a cloud, he puts forth his momentary touch, and withdrawing sees his visionary work no more.

How often in rhythmic emotion should men gather into temples built "all square" with the universe, and, becoming, become one with that universe, penetrating it and receiving from it the immense emotion which is the cosmic life. Some great ceremonial, stretching over the spaces of the earth and sea, might also at great intervals give vent and expression to the greater emotions of the race, expanding beyond the emotions of the gathered few, in common temple joined. Such ceremonial in peace, as those of late enacted on the sea, when between the great ships of Britain passed captive the lost ships of Germany, such great ceremonial would

lift the soul of man to greater oneness with the cosmic whole, and incidentally give scope for all the contributory offerings upon life's great earth of man's creative soul, "with heavenly touch of instrumental sounds."

25th November, Monday afternoon.

Ah, how sweet life can be, just over the fire and after tea, alone with a book and memories and dreams, and meditation upon the strangeness of what is and is not. The charm and living presence, say, of the long since dead, once living, lady and serene spirit, present again in the pages of her letters, Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul.

Some one else perhaps one day will sit in this chair where I sit now, and will look around as I look now on these walls with their little photos of faces living, but then long dead; and so I sit and muse, and sit and gaze upon the walls from whose presence I shall be myself for ever gone. I am, and I am not.

17th December, Tuesday morning.

Yesterday was a blazing day in Paris. America, the U.S.A., was received in the person of its President, and never had there been, said the President of France, never in all the world's history such an occasion, such a reception. How great is America, how great the President, at this moment! It was Saturday, not yesterday, and on Sunday he went to service in the Presbyterian Church. Oh, what a fall, what a poor, poor ceremonial. There should have been the great temple of the universe dedicated to the great Architect who had builded it, unseen of man save in the universe, and there the Presidents should have made their obeisance in the presence of the symbols of peace, of God's great order, touched, inflamed, with delight, and there have laid down the symbols of war, and closed upon them the doors of Peace.

When will man learn thus to live in communion with the spirit of the universe, and of its great representatives, the

cosmic order of stellar space, and sun and moon, the seasons and the years and months and days, hearts beating with them in unison, hearts of all the world in unison!

How trivial and empty of significance are all the ways of man.

A banquet, a luncheon! If the banquet or the luncheon were at the great High Altar, and significant of the transformation of the lifeless into life, of matter into spirit, augustly conceived and magnificently manifested, then a banquet or a luncheon would be a thing significant and appropriate—but a banquet with a menu and laudatory speech by man of man. *Pfui!*

So far are we yet from that high civilization which yet is man's inchoate goal.

1919

10th January, Friday morning.

Alive, one reads of the dead absorbed, reabsorbed, into the vast silence which absorbs, reabsorbs all life, and will absorb or reabsorb one's own. How can anything so minuscule as man, so temporary in his generation, rave and rage in the formation and destruction of his temporary home, his home of no abidance? Is it not possible to live otherwise, to absorb in the now the hereafter, the vast silence, to be even now as one dead, dead to all life's passions—not being, to be?

It is of course almost impossible to overcome the persistent ordinariness of ordinary life, and to realize the actual mysteriousness even of that same ordinariness which hides from us the superlative mysteriousness of the whole in which our environment is set.

20th January, Monday.

O wonderful universe, full of sounds and sights, themselves how wonderful! So I think and feel as I sit before my attic fire this wet morning, and read of Wordsworth and

Wordsworth's vision, and listen to the wandering wind, sole sound audible, save the flickering flame of the fire.

This morning I have inaugurated a new plan. I get up to breakfast, and if my fire, when the weather is bitterly cold as now, is not made up, I make and light it. And then, when I have made and eaten my breakfast, I turn my feet to the fire, and I think, think, think!

How pitifully small is man's life—man's life itself showing man's own smallness—compared with thine, O universe, whose voice is the wind blowing thus, blowing since before man's life began, blowing in the immense wilderness and waste of unfashioned being.

Darling Annie has gone out into the rain, like a dove from the ark, to carry comfort to Stella who is in bed, ill with the 'flu. I sit longing for her return, or that she should escape the floods and remain dry-shod.

How in the great memory of the time to come shall we remember the days that are, the things we love, and all the memories which are ours to-day? The simple pleasure, the kind face, will they not be lost for ever, washed utterly away by the great tides, time's tides washing for ever? Or will they shine in our heaven to be, as, in the night, night's stars to-night?

22nd February, Saturday.

The old universities were founded more or less on the analogy of the craft and trade guilds, and specifically, in many cases, for the education of the priest. It would seem therefore that my proposal is quite on the lines of historical advance, substituting trade unions for guilds, and workman for priest, and Labour for the calling of the Church.

I originally indeed contemplated in my little book *Ecce Mundus*, the transformation of labour, of trade and industry, by means of the guild or union itself; but I now lean to a university, as the greater and more influential organ of change.

It is to be borne in mind, as I have already hinted, that

many universities sprang out of specific faculties, e.g. of law and medicine, as well as theology. And surely the one specific faculty out of which the modern world itself is to grow, is the faculty of labour, industry, work—what you will. And the whole of the modern world, slipping its garments of mediævalism and the trappings of wealth, of birth, may be conceived of as an organism for the transformation into happiness of the function or faculty which hitherto has been subservient to wealth and birth, and its human factors, as their servants or slaves.

18th April, Good Friday. Alderley Park.

I left Kingsgate on Tuesday, and spent Tuesday and Wednesday night at the Press, and came here on Thursday. Lord Muir Mackenzie travelled down by the same train, and we met at Crewe. This afternoon we walked in the beech wood, Maisie, Mackenzie and I, Lyulph going ahead in a pony carriage; after a bit I lagged behind, and gave myself up alone to the adoration of the spirit of the flowers and the wood, and, returning, I thought of Wordsworth's

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,

and of Morley's comment, "No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good." Perhaps not teach *Lord Morley*.

4th May, Sunday. The Doves Press.

It is a grey morning, Chiswick is very near, and the river in tide swollen to its brim. All is silent, save the coming and receding patter of an occasional pedestrian, and the chirp and longer song of thrush and blackbird. How little either Kingsgate or Alderley have left me to remember! And how vivid, how poignant used to be the memories of Rodborough, Ravenscroft or Naworth! Well, my world is larger now, and it is

this world which makes dim all the minor worlds in which I may temporarily dwell.

5th May, Monday.

Yesterday evening I read aloud to Annie the biography of Leonardo in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and afterwards the commemorative articles in the Literary Supplement of the *Times*. Great man, unfettered even by the Renaissance, himself the great birth, pregnant of the future.

17th May, Saturday.

Last night we celebrated Lyulph Lord Sheffield's eightieth birthday at Venetia Montague's. There were more friends present, old and young, than I can remember, but I was the oldest next after Lyulph, and the oldest friend present. Matters were so arranged that I, the oldest, sat next the youngest, a charming daughter of Margaret Goodenough, Lyulph's own eldest daughter. Next to me on my right was Sylvia Henley, whom I took down to dinner. Hugh Bell, who sat next, being the next oldest, sat on the other side of my young neighbour, and he proposed the health of Lyulph. He coupled with the toast the name of Oliver Stanley, who had that morning become engaged to a daughter of Lord Bristol, and was sitting next to her. He was beaming, but silent. Then Lyulph spoke, a short friendly speech reminding us, in the words of Homer, of the fall of the leaf from the tree of life, but rejoicing at the recurrent spring which brought forth new ones. When he had finished, the young one near me sprang up and proposed Maisie's health, her grandmother, lifting her glass to her. Maisie replied in a few words. Then there was a general move to leave the table, but I could not bear the night to pass without a word from the oldest friend, so I got up and made my speech, recalling old times to mind. I touched them all apparently, as I heard from several later in the evening, even those who were too young to know the past by recall. Altogether it was a pleasant evening, a pleasant

meeting of old friends, and the grown-up children and their children and contemporaries. Montague, however, was in Paris, and Churchill was in Dundee, and Asquith, who I suppose would otherwise have been present, was at Newcastle.

It is just sixty years since I first went up to Cambridge, and it is but a year or two less since Lyulph and I and his dear sister, Kate Amberley, whom I dearly loved, were first acquainted, and as I stood up to say a few words at the dinner table all the intermediate years were spread out as a landscape, and the shadows passed from west to east as the sun of years mounted in the sky and we all moved forward to forgetfulness. Some of the shadows had already touched the east, some were bordering on it; soon the landscape would be for all one shadowless shadow. But in my own unshadowed eyes I saw the still brilliant morn.

18th May, Sunday, 8 a.m.

Alas, how swiftly spring is passing into summer. How lovely it has been. How lovely it still is. Chiswick has the insolidity of a dream, in the motionless air over-saturated. The water without a ripple is like the sky, and on the margin of Chiswick is another Chiswick pointing downwards, and all breathless without other speech than the presentation of itself to the eye. What does it mask? What is there behind, in it or in me, to make it just what it is, a silent and beautiful appeal?

To-night we are expecting to supper Bertie Russell, younger son of the Kate Amberley I have mentioned, and yesterday there came to see us Constance Howard, granddaughter of my old friend George Howard, one whose life is in the quiet shadowland of memories; also Diana Russell, daughter of another and very dear old friend in shadowland. Thus in the last few days I have been surrounded by the coming and the gone, and to-day, this morning, I look out upon the enchanting vision from my attic window, and feel all its visionariness, and the long night which lies beyond.

On my bed lies a letter, just answered, from an unknown writer, asking permission to come and see me for an article she is writing for America. Also asking me to join a league of arts for civic and national ceremonies, as specifically for the decoration of Hammersmith in honour of the coming peace.

Looking out of my attic window upon the vision, I am not impressed by her appeal for an interview, nor by her appeal for the decoration of Hammersmith.

28th May, Wednesday, 8 a.m.

Haze. Yesterday I spent in bed till noon, Alice at my side for a short time, whilst I ate my second breakfast of arrowroot and biscuits and read to her the early poems of Matthew Arnold. In the afternoon I bicycled to the London Library, and brought away the third volume of Madame du Deffand's Letters to read aloud to Annie. After tea I lay down for an hour, then arranged patterns for my bound books, and in the evening read to Annie the Deffand Letters, and the Second Canto of *Don Juan*.

The last morning but one of all the days of May, Friday.

Poetry is the eye of infinitude fixed on the finite.

"It is," says Jack Mackail, "an image of perfection."

This I doubt. Perfection is not in the subject, but in the treatment; it is the form which is perfection, the setting of the subject; and to be great the setting must be of the finite in the infinite.

14th June, 9.40 p.m. The Doves Press.

I am tired, not because I have been busy but just because my strength is spent. I am an old man—at last. I am alone. Annie is at Netley House, Dickie has not yet returned from Bognor, Stella is at Lugano. I am alone on my bed, the electric light at my head, and in front the evening view of Chiswick. In the morning I see it coming out of the night, and growing brighter and brighter, in the evening I see it

getting fainter and fainter in the growing darkness, and passing back into night. I am reading *The Undying Fire*. This morning I rode to Kensington and bought a basket of strawberries for Annie, and in the afternoon I rode to Netley House and gave them to her. As I turned out of Oxford Street I saw her at the window expecting me. In the room I found her sitting in an armchair at the window, looking lovely and well. She had a coquettish muslin cap on her head over her silvery hair, and a blue cotton dressing gown turned up with white. She was fanning herself. I gave her a kiss, and blessed her.

10.40 p.m. It is now almost night, and silence is coming on in its wake. Men's voices have ceased, but the children are still awake, singing in the alley, but as the darkness came so will silence come, and the night pass on unaccompanied save by the moon and the stars, pass on to to-morrow, when the vision will reappear, the vision, Chiswick, the river and the sky.

Midnight. As I foresaw, the silence has come in the middle of the night, and all is dark outside, and now I put out my own light, and in the darkness I too go—whither, into what?

22nd June, Sunday, 8 a.m.

I am sad—yet Chiswick is there in morning light, green above the placid pool of the river in flood, and on its skylit face gleam the white sails of the Corinthian yachts, and the sun shines on the red and white houses and the grey tower of the church, and save for the voices and pattering feet in the alley all is a still expectancy of change without voice or motion. Yet I am sad. I look at my books and patterns in the making, and they give me peace, their order and beauty, and they will survive me and be my voice when I am dead.

23rd June.

Yesterday I went by the 73 bus to Oxford Street to see Annie. Then I went to York Terrace to see Lady Airlie, whom

I found sitting by the fire in all the Airlie splendour. I kissed hands, and then sat in front of her in one of her cushioned chairs, whilst she discoursed to me of her leaflets, her letters, books—Wyndham's charming essays, Sir Kenelm Digby's life and his descendants, of Molière's letters and Rousseau's—of the Baths and Longleat, was I going to stay there, and of the approaching marriage, of Blanche, of the two Clementines, and Nellie now with her husband in Syria, at Nazareth. Then two tables were set in front of us in beautiful array, one with silver teapot, etc., one with buns, cakes, butter, strawberries and sugar, all for me, while she sipped a cup of separately made green tea, the beverage of her father and of the élite. A very gracious lady of the olden times, rejoicing in her ancestry.

29th June, Sunday, 9 a.m.

A quiet morning after an unquiet night. Laughter and singing and "explosions" in the alley, and at 10.30 Dick came home to say that the town was full of noise and people. And so our victory is celebrated by the people at large—who have won.

The weather, however, and the common growth of Mother Earth, the sunlight and the sun, showed no signs of victory or of defeat, nor is it intelligible how this common growth of man should be here at all. What has it in common with the great procession of the years, or with the stars innumerable and infinitely distant? Or for the matter of that what has any of us, save the infinitely few? How otherwise we might have celebrated our victory! How otherwise Peace!

At this moment there is not a sound audible, the sunshine covers with its golden light the flooded tide and the greenery and grey tower of Chiswick, and, on a long string on the restored "Stork," gaily coloured flags flutter in the wind.

Yesterday I engaged a victoria to drive me to Netley

House to fetch my darling for a visit to the Press, and at 6.30 to call for her return. All the morning I watched the clouds drifting overhead, fearful that there would be rain, but they passed and passed, and sometimes the sun prevailed, and at 1.30 I started, and as I had telephoned my coming in the morning Annie was at the window as I turned the corner out of Oxford Street. I stood up and we waved to one another, and, arrived at the door, I went up to her room, and with a chorus of approval from the devoted nurses brought her down and placed her safely in the victoria and brought her safely home, driving through the Park. And first we explored the garden, and noted all the fruit ripening and the flowers, then we mounted the stairs to her room, her bedroom and parlour, and then she lay down on the sofa whilst I made ready the tea. At 4 o'clock Dickie arrived and embraced his mother, and we then had tea. After tea, refreshed, we all set to work to collect and pack the clothes wanted for Cliftonville, and at 6.30 we set out on our return to Netley House, Annie greatly refreshed and encouraged. We drove again through the Park, and turning the corner of Oxford Street saw at Annie's window the three nurses waving frantically their welcome, and to them I entrusted my darling for two more nights and a day.

On Thursday evening I supped with Elizabeth in her flat at Whitehall Court, overlooking London—a wonderful view, and on Friday I lunched with Maisie Sheffield at her new house in Devonshire Street. In the evenings and afternoons with Annie I had read aloud to her *The Undying Fire*, *Job*, and *Emma*, and sometimes the newspaper. And I bought for her own reading *Sybil* and *Tancred*.

31st August, Sunday, 8 a.m. Doves Press.

I have handed over my *Wordsworth: An Anthology*, to Richard (C.-S.) to be by him published, and I must now turn my attention to Edmund Holmes' poems to be published in the spring.

Annie darling is almost herself again, and wholly bright and cheerful.

5th September, Friday, 8 a.m.

I find I toil amid petty details—the underwood of the forest, and briar and bramble, hold me, and by the way I faint. Still, the forest trees are there, and their summits are in the open air and breathe what I shall breathe when I am free, and the undergrowth won through.

20th September, Saturday.

Yesterday Annie and I paid our first visit to Dick's office in Thavies Inn. We found it very pleasantly situated, and a very suitably furnished room on the first floor of one of the two houses closing the street at its southern end. We called that I might see the printer and settle the details of the printing of *Wordsworth: An Anthology*, which is to be one of Dick's first books. On our way we called at the British Museum, and took a survey of the written and printed books in the King's Library, and then of the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments—great seated figures expressive of cosmic repose; exposed on the great open spaces of the earth, they gave to mankind the greatness of Being which he yearned for and found only in the vast sterilities of massed form.

The last few days have been broken up in what I fear will turn out to be a vain opposition to the Borough Council scheme for rebuilding our "little Venice." There was a meeting at the Town Hall on Wednesday. Annie and I attended, and in the afternoon I made an excited speech, and on Thursday Annie made another, and on Thursday afternoon the Borough Council and the Ministry of Health Inspector went over the area, and came to see the Doves Place, and the Doves Press in particular.

30th September, Tuesday. Doves Press.

We went down to Pangbourne on Friday by train, and were motored home yesterday, Monday the 29th, by Phil

Baker; the railway men having in the meanwhile called a national strike, and brought all the railways to a standstill; and the strike is to be to a finish, whatever that may be.

My own opinion is that we are all inevitably moving to a national bankruptcy. The great industries of to-day have been reared on sweated labour, and with the refusal of labour to be sweated they must come down, and the world of industry, ruined as built up, must begin again on the basis of a minimum wage.

Power hitherto has been at the apex of the pyramid moving downwards; it is now at the basis moving upwards, and the basis with its power of control will determine the conditions on which it will be a basis.

2nd October, Thursday, 8 a.m.

Last night I read the second part of *Henry IV* aloud to Annie. I was thrown into a paroxysm of emotion, and tears streamed down my cheeks, as I read the speeches of Henry and of Harry in the fourth act, realizing the consummate genius of Shakespeare. What compassionate interest in the whole gamut of human being and doing!

6th October, Monday morning.

The strike is over, as we heard last night, and the minimum wage is fixed at 50s. or 51s. 6d. instead of £2 as I understand; anyhow the men have won. So the first great step has been taken.

10th November, Monday.

My life usually reduces the earth to a spot in the universe of space and time, in which I habitually live. But I have now bought Hudson to bring me to earth, and to make me familiar, if not intimate, with the forms of life by which I am actually surrounded—ants, adders, bats, etc. How wonderful they are, how left out of our lives!

I have read many poems, and poems are beautiful crea-

tions of man, but how beautiful, how even more beautiful, and certainly more wonderful, are the poems of Nature, its wild creatures and its wild flowers, its seasons and changes of night into day and day into night—great flowers opening, opening and closing.

18th November.

Yesterday Dick's friend, William Bellows, late of the Information Ministry, and son of John Bellows of Dictionary fame, came to tea, brought by Dick. A grave, humorous, kindly man, with a great admiration, as Dick reported, for me or the Press—I do not know which.

20th November, Thursday.

Young Richard Murry has just brought me Dick's first publication, *Wordsworth: An Anthology. Poems selected and arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson*. A beautiful book; quite, quite successful—paper, print and binding. I hope that now once started, the firm will lay itself out to produce the finest books of the day—in themselves good, and good in make-up—a great order, touched with delight.

22nd November, Saturday.

I read Goethe's *Lieder*, and as I read I cry. How beautiful they are, breathed into the air; flowers of the soul, eternally fresh—as fresh and fragrant as on the day when first they were born, they live again in me. This afternoon I am going to read them aloud to Elizabeth.

4th December.

In a letter from Lady Airlie she writes:

....My love to your wife. You called her once the Protector of lost causes, and I always think of her so; a bit of chivalry woven into socialism.

Annie kicks at the "lost causes." Her causes have all been winning causes. Has not the Suffrage been won? And was

not a woman received into the House only the other day?
And is not Penal Reform, and Socialism itself, far farther on
the way?

1920

17th January, Saturday. *The Doves Press.*

The more detached I am from my own body and its physical connections, the more delighted I am with all that it and they give to me, with the wonder and beauty of its and their sense and surroundings, which are my other "me." I am sitting now alone in my attic in perfect silence. At my side the fire burns on my hearth, and I feel its warmth and hear the gentle murmuring of its flames, and on the bookcase, also at my side, glows my lamp. I am reading intermittently, and just as the flames of the fire are blown out and by themselves relit, so I read and do not read, allowing my thoughts to wander or go out. *Modern China*—what a vista that calls up! And the title caught, I put down the *Nation*, and all Asia takes its place!

There is an indescribable something which accompanies and is always present in Wordsworth's descriptions of, or references to, Nature.

28th January, Wednesday.

I sit as I sat in Great Portland Street, No. 101, now pulled down. I sit as I sat then, comfortless as I wished to be, with table between the windows facing to the north, the north star which had "no fellow in the universe," so sit I now, but fifty years older. Yet if life had no sorrow, no partings, no lost things, none there would be of yearning, none of that sweet tragedy for time long past; in the sunset there would be no meaning, no appeal to all the stars. What a spring, a well of joy there is in sorrow! And in myself I feel a deep, deep well of tears for the sorrows of all mankind.

I am not sufficiently aware of my own deficiencies to desire union with another—save the All, the All!

31st January.

Perhaps sadness, not joy, is the highest, deepest note we touch. O memory, dwelling on the past, the irrevocable silence of all that once was vocal, the pathos of the passage of all this visible seen into the invisible re-vision!

I have lately published an Anthology, and reviewers have been kind, and have reviewed not it, but the poet and the poetry whence the poems have been gathered. But what I submitted was something new—the poems and the poet in a new perspective. This is what I would have had noticed: the array of the flowers plucked from the meadow-field, their setting, each by each, their new acquaintanceship each with the other, and the goodly company of them, viewed as one whole—the nosegay they were meant to be.

But for architecture, neither on the greatest, nor on the smallest scale, has the reviewer of to-day any eye.

Let me note it down how the wind, wild to-day, rumbles in the chimney and breaks in the window frames, and I sit, at times listening, at times not hearing, in the corner reading my book, a book full of sad imaginings, beautiful and pitiful—Hardy's *Poems*. Yes, I am perhaps a pagan mystic. The world is a phantasy, a dreamland. It is as the weather which clothes it, tempestuous and beautiful and wild, and never and ever the same; a mystery unspeakable. Every moment, every place, is or may be made a poem. It but wants the poet's eye.

2nd February, Monday.

If we had not death as well as life, sorrow as well as joy, all Hardy's poems, perhaps all poets' poems, would fall to pieces.

3rd February, Tuesday.

How empty is to-day's joy, because to-morrow it will all have faded away! Such is Hardy's *Poem of Life*. Illusion and disillusion, ever the same. Often he hits, however, the nail

of sorrow on the head, and drives it deeply home. But it is not all self-deception. We deceive each other, so he says. It is not love that possesses him, but love's hypocrisies.

15th February, Sunday, 10 a.m.

What I want to do is to give a synthetic vision of Shelley—such a selection and arrangement of his poems, such an Anthology in short, as shall give a sounder organic vision at once of the poems and of the man. The vision of the poems as expressive of the man, and of the man as poet. It is upon “the whole produced by their combination” that I have my eye, rather than upon the novelty or beauty of the individual poem, and upon the details as illumined by the light of that whole. A great poet is a “masterpiece of Nature,” and it is as such that I would present Nature's masterpiece, and the poet's own.

4th March, Thursday.

On Tuesday afternoon I saw Dr Beckett Overy, who examined my heart. He said there was nothing to be done but to adjust myself to its limits. Afterwards I called on Mrs Stillman, and cycled, keeping within limits, to Kensington, to get a book from Smith's library. On my way back I was run into from behind by a private motor, and for a time it seemed that I was doomed. We crashed together, and drove on together for a few yards, then without losing my seat I rode free. The occupants of the motor, a young couple, laughed and apologized. They had been obliged to run into me to avoid being run into by another motor. “All's well that ends well,” said I, and we parted without more. No harm was done, save that my leg had been brushed by their front wheel.

8th March, Monday.

A beautiful, but exceedingly cold morning, after an icily cold night. The sun sends its light across my bed, facing west

now; and the last thing I saw looking out into the night before getting into bed was the light of the moon, brilliant amid the stars, silent in the blue-black vault of heaven. Before going to bed I sat with Annie in the little parlour, gazing into the fire whilst she read, and sometimes aloud, Blunt's *Diaries*. Strange familiar scenes and memories, and about me the familiar walls and fireplace, all to be changed into—what? And as I sat, time moved on; and the goal and the what were brought nearer moment by moment; and still I sat, and saw, and listened. And now the morning, and nearer still.

20th March, Saturday.

Oh, all this uppermost of upper class! I hope it is all about to fall in; but gradually, not with a crash; and that there shall be no class save man, save woman, all one class to work God's will, man's best, in sympathy with earth's best, in all the changing climates of the world.

How wonderful and full of strange emotions to stand detached from the occupations of mankind, unabsorbed, and to look upon the world and man agitated between life and death—absorbed.

Newman, I think, has said that there can be no religion without dogma, so I say there can be no religion without a fabric; a fabric of some kind is needed, a building expressive of its verities, a credo and a ritual.

24th March, Wednesday, 7.40 a.m.

Fine. The greedy world is wholly occupied with greed and grab. This time it is for the world's possessions, to hold as it might seem for ever; but in a few years the earth's treasures which they grab will be another's prey, and themselves a memory, or forgotten.

11th April, Sunday.

I believe in prayer, but only as adjusting the soul to the end aimed at, and so by its own action achieving its purpose. O God, my God, in so making me to pray Thou answerest me.

17th April, Saturday. West Malvern.

Reading the Hammonds' book, *The Town Labourer*, one sees that simply everything has yet to be imagined and created to make men's life worthy of the great gift of life itself. The miserable selfishness of groups, grasping for their own delight what should serve as delight for all, has made the world a palsy of misery.

18th April, Sunday.

I have to-day read through *The Town Labourer*, a terrible indictment of England, an unforgettable shame. Well it is that it should be made known to-day, and placed in everyone's hands.

How utterly we fail to look life beautifully in the face, to see the charm of life in the thing given and in the thing created, the charm and pathos of its passage—the little ones at our knees, the upgrown that are to be in the lands and times far off, the old ones that have left long times behind, and are nearing the silence in which no voice familiar or strange is ever heard again; the dawn, the sunset, and the flowers that open as, ever anew, the spring comes round; and all the mysteries of our daily lives. Oh, to have missed all this, and in its place seen only ill-won wealth, tyranny over man's fellow-man, his utter, cruel debasement, and the poor man's sorrow and his vain appeal. Oh, horrible, incredible, real and true, and—to-day.

19th May, Wednesday.

Yesterday I went to the British Museum, and gave into the hands of the Keeper of the Printed Books—A. W. Pollard—my gift to the Museum, having written in it "Presented to the British Museum by the binder T. J. Cobden-Sanderson." And now that I have given it—*Adonais*, the child of my enthusiasm—I am clouded with melancholy. I was so at the moment, after I had promised it to him on Monday when he called to see it—a strange feeling of melancholy; and now in self-explanation I have written to him.

21st May, Friday.

Poems in an anthology should be linked together by some subtle bond of tragic or other thought or feeling, as are the acts of a well-organized tragedy or comedy. A tragic action has five stages, whence the five acts of the modern drama—the start, the rise, the height, the change, the close.

26th May, Wednesday.

Yesterday I finished the pattern for Ruskin's notes on Prout and Hunt—the last of the two Ruskin sets given me more than twenty years ago to bind—and set the book and pattern aside for McLeish to finish.

30th May, Sunday.

I am reading Sophocles in Jebb's translation. And as I read, the atmosphere seems to clear up around me, and life to be reduced to its essentials, so clear its objects are, sculptured and isolated from all irrelevance.

1st June, Tuesday.

I am enjoying a revelation, Sophocles, albeit only in Jebb's translation. His emotions, or rather those of his plays, are so massive and elemental, and all his imagery is on the same great and simple scale. And I turn back to Sophocles, and as I read, the beliefs of that earlier time take the place of the beliefs of to-day, and then both vanish and I am left in the presence of the unanswered enigma of life. For to the enigma of all that surrounds us and is, there is no answer at all; veiled from us it is by custom and habit, but lift the veil—and how startling it is! And yet it is in that unveiled presence that one should seek to live, if to live at all be one's desire. In that unveiled presence be bold, and speak as from within, even so to those that are without, and uphold it.

2nd June, Wednesday.

Am I to find my haven of rest in the classics? In Sophocles? In that earlier, wonderful vision? To feel the mystery, the

inscrutable wonder of all elemental things, just of those which meet man's gaze as, blinded by nothing of his own, he looks straight at Nature and at his own self's body? Books which millions of scholars have read, books without a knowledge of which we are not inheritors of the ever-enlarging soul of man, missing his first divine impression of this ever-overclouding world.

7th July, Chalet Soleil.

We, Annie and I, left London on Thursday the 1st July at 6.30 a.m., and reached Montreux, our first destination, in the afternoon. We were met by Pollie and Burrie, and conducted to Clarens and the Hôtel Régie, where they had engaged for us two charming rooms on the first floor.

We had two pleasant days at Clarens. On Saturday I took the little party, including Etta who had a half-holiday, to Ouchy by the boat. On the way we had a thrilling adventure. One of the native sailing boats had gone ashore, and two life-boats were engaged about her; when we arrived our services were commandeered, and amid much shouting a chain was fastened to the boat and ourselves, and we steamed away to pull her off the shore, but the chain broke amid wild exclamations. We steamed about and around, and presently, whilst the chain was being pulled up from the bottom, two stout ropes were attached, and again we pulled and pulled, and presently the boat was pulled, amid wild cheering, into deep water. We then proceeded on our way to Ouchy. At Ouchy we looked in vain for a pleasant tea, so we took the tram to the Place Saint François, and, looking around, presently found what we wanted, and in the open air sat down to tea and cakes. Lausanne, like Ouchy and other places along the lake, has greatly changed from what they were when first we knew them; the large hotel and the public building being, with the modern villa, the main instruments of change, substituting vastness and vulgarity for the old quiet.

On Sunday Annie and I walked to Territet, and in the afternoon had tea at Les Capucines with Pollie and Burrie. They have a pleasant flat on the third floor, with a pleasant outlook on to the lake. We looked at old things survived from childhood, bits of china and furniture, pictures and books, long forgotten but remembered when seen, and had a merry tea in their kitchen-dining-room. I introduced Etta to Wordsworth, and read her some poems—a nice child.

On Monday, at 9.50, we left Montreux for Sierre, where we were met by Elizabeth's concierge, and conducted to the Chalet. We reached Randogne by the funicular, and then, by bullock cart, the Chalet. We found Elizabeth alone. I had my old room. Annie, who had her choice, has a charming smaller one, facing south. Mine faces east, and has the morning sun. Mine I have because I am to breakfast in bed.

Elizabeth is busy in the morning writing her new book, also in the evening after tea. We are meeting together at meals and in the evenings, when we chatter and I read aloud—at present Raleigh's *Milton*. I have a number of books lying about, but have not yet settled down to anything. Yesterday, whilst Annie was writing, I sat on the terrace and read *Milton*, and looked at the valley and the mountains, and listened to the buzzing of the flies, and the occasional song of a bird singing alone.

15th July, Thursday. *Chalet Soleil*.

Alone in my room, 10.30 a.m. Sun near its meridian, cloudless; weather brilliant. In the day we sit in and out of the sun, alternating with its shadows. In the afternoon Annie and I walk; yesterday we climbed to Montana, over the fields and through the woods. In the evening we sit round a wood fire; Elizabeth and I on a sofa opposite the fire, Annie to my left in an armchair, and the wood basket for a stool.

I am reading Bielschowsky's biography of Goethe in German, and aloud to Annie, Lewes' *Life of Goethe*.

27th July, Tuesday.

Festing Jones arrived this evening from Sicily. Our ages now present a fairly mounting scale from twenty-six to eighty. We are all very merry, and laugh much at one another's jokes.

2nd August, Monday.

I am going to turn over a new leaf indeed. I am going to put aside my philosophies, and to give myself over to the mountains and to fiction. I have picked up *Eothen*, and am already travelling across old Servia, and entering Stamboul! And for the now, the sun has risen above the mountains and is an invisible splendour in the heavens, and the great valley of the Rhône is a white-veiled mystery. And to what is this new leaf due? To the merriment of last night!

One of the guests had been unwell, and confined to his room. To celebrate his return—too weak to put on his clothes—it was agreed that we should all come down to dinner in our dressing-gowns, or in such substitutes as we could devise. We all did so, and had immense fun laughing at one another. I put on my white bathroom dressing gown, and over that my big blue blouse, and over my shoulders my white hood, and on my head a white embroidered brush and comb bag, and round my neck I tied with a string my big watch, for an "order," and in my cap I stuck a bunch of Dorothy Perkins roses. I was acclaimed with shouts as I descended the stairs, with Annie in her own Eastern dressing-gown with embroideries on the sleeves. I also wore my white housemaid gloves, and carried a fan.

In the evening we sat round the wood fire in the hall, and played games with great gusto. We are now all at ease with one another, and very much at our ease. Elizabeth is as wonderful as she is kind.

3rd August, Tuesday.

To-day has been a sober enjoyment of a most entrancing dream of weather, pairs playing chess, others looking on or

reading, Elizabeth working at her novel, Festing Jones at his short stories, Annie and I strolling or reading Goethe together. After tea Elizabeth and I walked.

4th August, Wednesday.

The Chalet has been a miracle of silence and decorum all day—we seem all to have tuned ourselves to silence, and for once to have held our breath. The great clouds have held on their way, unbelittled by earth's frivolity. This moment, lying on my bedroom sofa, I have listened to gentle music, and have lived with Kinglake in Nazareth, and on the road and winding way to Jerusalem.

6th August, Friday.

Yesterday was the thirty-eighth anniversary of our marriage. I plucked a bunch of Dorothy Perkins at my window and gave it to Annie, and she wore it in her hair in the evening, and looked the darling that she is, and perfectly beautiful—white hair, red roses, and red, red gown.

10th August, Tuesday.

Yesterday Annie and I climbed the little hill above the meadows, and sat by a brook in the shade of the margin of the wood. Annie darned her stockings, and I read to her *Eothen*. Coming back we lay on the slope overlooking Montana, and marked it out for to-day.

At dinner the planetary rotation brought me back to Elizabeth's right hand, and I asked her if the invention had not been a success? And had I not at least contributed two things to the Chalet, the planetary movement (the men changing their place each night at dinner) and the motto on the porch upon which the Chalet's life was founded? "Ah yes," she said, "but you have avoided me, and the movement was only to escape." I replied that the movement was a generous one, as it brought each man in turn to her side, first on her right hand and then on her left, and as to the

avoidance, I confessed that when the sun was at its highest I sought the shade—and we laughed, and made merry.

In the evening all made for the porch, to sit in the open air; Festing Jones and I alone remained, sipping our coffee at the fireside, and presently we sat down together on the settee, and talked quietly to one another about Keats (my proposed Anthology for Richard Cobden-Sanderson), and his own selection of Butler's notes.

25th August, Wednesday.

It is long since I made an entry of our daily life, and yet many things of divers kinds have been happening. We have now added to our house party Birrell, his son Tony and Miss Tattersall.

12th September, Sunday, 8 a.m.

Last evening I sat on the terrace, and as the sun went down and the afterglow climbed the opposite heights, leaving us more and more in the shadow of our own, I read Wordsworth's Ode; and all the while the glow was mounting higher and higher, and when I had finished it had disappeared, and left the Weisshorn and the Rothhorn silent and an ashen white.

19th September, Sunday.

Speaking is a species of somnambulism. We create the facts we seem to see.

25th September, Saturday.

This is our last Saturday at the Chalet, and to-day week, all going well, we shall be at home. I am sitting at the open window of my bedroom, with *Creative Evolution* on my knee, which I have just opened, and with it I have brought the old World-vision into view, and my soul expands.

The inscription in the porch is as follows:

On the heights
Love lives with Joy
Magnificent and Beautiful and Gay.

1920

6th October, Wednesday.

We returned home on Saturday the 2nd about 10 p.m. I have been too tired to make any entries since the last.

When I die, let me die into the body of the earth, as die all living things; but die consciously, and so dying let me enter into the soul also of all the earth, of all life, and be as it is, whatever that may be or be becoming.

16th October, Saturday.

How love, to live in the memory, must die in the flesh! And yet the flesh was dear. But all survive in the spirit.

17th October, Sunday.

The spirit of the new age has yet to be recognized. The old spirit is yet operative in the Treaty of Versailles, and even in the League of Nations. What an opportunity was lost at the close of the war. Wilson seemed at the moment a new spirit, born for the creation of a new world; but the old world spirit and his own vanity were too much for him, and the old world spirit resumed its reign.

Man is striving to understand his past, which like an immense heap of old clothes is heaped up between himself and the clear shining vision of the heavens and of the earth; himself without his clothes, old and new, is striving to take an inventory of his old wardrobe, and is hanging them up in the order of their creation to dispossess himself of their commanding fashion, and out of new resources to construct for himself the vision which has been awaiting his culminating faculties of sight and insight.

The shell must be broken, and its fragments reabsorbed and disposed of.

22nd October, Friday.

Misty and cold. The railway men and the transport are to strike on Sunday night and bring the world to a standstill, if negotiations between the Government and the miners for a settlement are not reopened before that date.

The world, man's world, is breaking its old bonds which bound it of old, and as the great war widened its imagery of strength, and of strength exerting itself on a vast scale for the destruction of strength and ideas, so the latent power of industry, liberated, is asserting itself in the destruction of its own subjection to capital, and will not stay its hand till the "working class" becomes the governing class, and all the world works, and in work finds its goal—the building up not of each man's own house at the expense of his fellows, be it house or class, but of one House for all, the House Beautiful, the world itself built high over land and sea.

26th October.

The other day W. Rothenstein sent us a proof of his portrait of me to be published in his book of portraits. Looking at it I wondered to what extent one may transform one's actual look and attitude to life, so that one may come to be like one's portrait, otherwise unlike.

14th November, Sunday.

I essay to detach myself from myself, and whilst still in the flesh to regulate my life as if I had left it, and remained only in its presence to put its affairs, its papers, its letters, its books, its last words, in order, and then to lay my body at length upon my bed, and with folded hands to bid the world farewell. I am approaching my eightieth birthday; and may it be a birth into this new life of detachment and provisional survival. And we all think in any time that our time is eternity—whereas it, with its moments, is but a wave, rising, culminating and breaking.

2nd December.

My eightieth birthday!

In the course of the morning I received a quantity of roses—beautiful things—and also carnations from Annie.

In the evening Annie gave me and Stella and the rest

of the family a dinner at the Florence, and after dinner took us all to the Ambassadors' to see *The White-headed Boy*; and to and fro drove me in Truett's early Victorian brougham, to my great comfort and content. Then there were also letters and telegrams. I gave the Bindery a holiday, but in the morning I was startled by steps on the stairs, and then a knock at my door, followed by the entrance of Wilkinson and Alice—the staff—who had come for the specific purpose of greeting me on the “auspicious occasion.” They took up their stations, one on one side of the bed and the other the other, Alice with a bouquet of carnations, and Wilkinson, taking out of his pocket a piece of paper, read to me his prepared address, as follows:

Dear Sir,

The Bindery staff consisting of Miss Alice and myself, previous to learning of to-day's holiday, had decided to extend a hand of greeting to you on the occasion of to-day's anniversary, and we are here for that specific reason, and at the same time to ask you to accept on our behalf this small but none the less genuine recognition of this auspicious event, with the hope that you may be given the honour and pleasure of many more happy anniversaries.

This read—and it was read, as it was listened to, with sincere emotion—he took out of his other pocket a closed envelope, containing the ode which he had composed in honour of the day, and asked me to read it after they had gone. It was really a very moving spectacle. I was taken completely by surprise.

1921

7th January.

[*On the death of Blanche, Countess of Airlie.*]

At last, at long last, the last day and last hour, and the long, dear life has breathed its last. All is quiet now. The lights are out, nor will they ever be relit as I saw them on that my last visit. How brilliant they were! All arranged, as I felt, for that last vision of herself, seated in her old age

between the coming and the gone, and with sublime expectancy and dauntless courage; and now she is far hence, across the Bar. How long ago it is since first I saw her, the mother with all her children then quite young. And no shadow of a change in kindness in all the years since then; all remembrance bright, bright till that very last illumination, which seemed in itself to resume the bright years that had all gone before. It was a beautiful life. And beautiful was the vision splendid she would have had all the world become, and all our several lives within it.

There is nothing to regret, nor in the life, nor in the death; all is as Nature and herself ordained. To the All has gone back the soul that loved it.

9th January, Sunday.

Yesterday I meant to call at No. 6 York Terrace, but to-day I feel I cannot. I cannot enter without too much distress the, for me, too emotional presence of the silent dead. So I must stay and say my last farewells here and alone, where I have so often thought of her and whence I have so often written and started on my pilgrimages. I bade her, when living, and she bade me, our last farewells amid the innumerable burning memorials of other last farewells; and this at No. 6, and so let No. 6 for ever keep them, undisturbed.

22nd January, Saturday.

Last night I had a night of discomfiture, and many strange dreams all infected by one malady of failure, failure everywhere, but in themselves how wonderfully composed, though in the remembrance incapable of recomposition.

After supper I went into the workshop, and looked around on the shelves and counted the books still unbound—*Sartor Resartus*, *Coriolanus*, *Areopagitica*, *Lucrece*!

My head worked, all the Press work seemed to have run to sand—the tide had withdrawn, and had left them stranded and immovable. All which set my brain as smoke, and in the

night it flamed into dreams. I lit the lamp, got out of bed, and brought back a copy of my *Credo*, and sought to re-create myself on its great lines, and expand to the greater limits of the Cosmos. And not in vain. How should it be otherwise? And I believe and see that in life and sleep we are one with the earth's self.

Then later in the morning I saw that the poor earth's self was in Europe a cluster of disturbed ants' nests, or—another image—of seething volcanoes, and throughout its bulk shaken with the general shock of war. If the earth has its shock, why not I mine? O world, O wonder of life, build thyself up on the Cosmos which is greater than the earth, on order made sublime by thought and beautiful by affection. Have I not seen the wild rose pink against heaven's blue, and have I not heard the curlew call at night when all the woods were still?

24th January, Monday.

What a marvellous thing mood is! Changeable as windy weather. Yet all the while the earth spins round steadfast to its orbit, and its constant pole, the north star.

So be thou, despite thy moods, constant to thy vocation.

Tennyson's poems are clearly visioned and sharply sculptured, but nothing in them is not of this world or of this world's emotions, and sometimes the commonplace strikes through, and seems the substance of the vision.

Curiously, as I sit and read—at this moment *Enoch Arden*—purposes of my own, little purposes near at hand, yet far off, flit across my mind. Latterly I have been worried about the disposal of my remaining Doves Press books now being bound. But now as I sit here in my chair and look across at my table where are signs of my daily toil at them and at other things, I think comfortably that I have put the last touches to my purposes. The books that I shall not bind are sorted out and put away; those which are to be bound, are now downstairs, and when they are bound Wilkinson will have bound his last Doves Press book and the Bindery will be closed.

Ah me, this homely scene, this attic, Annie at the opening door looking in—this in all eternity of time, so slight, and yet and now my eyes are full of tears and overflow—and I let them fall. What is it? And yet again what, what? Incomprehensible.

No, Tennyson has not the art of saying the simple thing simply—a great art indeed, for it is in the art of living within the all-greatness of Art like a child or flower, unconscious of its presence. But what a wonderful description of the island, and the phantom vision of the far-away, and the startling sound of those marriage bells sounding far away.

1st February, Tuesday.

Yesterday I had a most pleasant surprise. Annie and I went at Rothenstein's invitation to see the Durham and other manuscript books on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, of which he is now Principal. On Saturday I had received the following on a postcard from Rothenstein:

The students are very anxious to see you when you come on Monday; could you get to South Kensington just before 12.30 when they leave off work? We will lunch at 1, and you could see the Durham and other manuscripts before or after lunch. We are all looking forward to seeing you and I hope your wife.

This proposal I confess a little frightened me, and I was almost pleased when so heavy a shower fell at noon on Monday that we started late and had not any time before lunch to visit the students. However, after lunch Rothenstein took us upstairs to his office and studio, and then proposed that we should go to the class-room on the same floor, and be introduced to the students. We found the door open, and all the students standing or sitting at their desks awaiting us. We stood just inside, and as I stood, a little bewildered, a young lady student, with a charming smile, said she had been deputed by the other students and on her own behalf to present me with a scroll of vellum she held in her hand, tied round with ribbon. I took it but did not open it. I then, thanking her,

remarked how embarrassing it was to be presented by an enthusiastic Principal, and what an instance it was of the greatness of Art so to magnify so humble a subject as myself; and so, raising a smile, I roared and flapped my wings in the empyrean—as usual—and coming down, won their applause. Indeed they were all so good and attentive that it was a pleasure to speak to them and to acknowledge the kindness of their desire to see me. After saying good-bye we returned to Rothenstein's room, and there I opened the scroll and read as follows:

To T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Esq.

We the students of the design school of the Royal College of Art wish to take this opportunity of expressing our great esteem for you and our sincere appreciation of all you have done to ennoble the art of the book in this country. We should like to pay homage alike to the integrity of your long life as a craftsman, a craftsman who has never deviated from the path he has set himself; and to the beauty of the work with which you have enriched the world.

January 31st, 1921.

Then followed in three columns the signatures of fifty students.

I am now reading Goethe's life by Brown:

Man wanders on the earth in order to establish for himself an eternal being; duty and virtue are means thereto....A remarkable note of the whole book (the *Wanderjahre*) is the dignity which Goethe assigns to the artisan. In the eyes of Plato the artisan was a despicable creature, condemned by fate to an ignoble life from which there is no escape. In the *Wanderjahre* he is Nature's nobleman, in the presence of whose activities conventional rank and social position disappear.

3rd February, Thursday.

Goethe, in developing all his powers, too readily assumed that all are worthy of development. He wanted, or was deficient in respect of some powers, and these he seemed incapable of acquiring. Had he, for example, had the creative faculty, or the creative faculty more highly developed, he

would have forgone much that he has included in his life's work and in himself, and have been more of an artist in his actual creations.

14th February, Monday.

William Richmond is dead. He died on Friday night, or Saturday morning, in his sleep; and whilst he was dying the Ratepayers' Association was electing him their President. So his last link with earth's affairs was riveted and snapped; yet that was *not* his attitude to life. And it was for the people that he denied the people—their rates.

3rd March, Thursday.

So passed Richmond away into the silence, and the same silence waits for all of us.

Prepare now the way for the opening gate, the gate which will close on all one has been and all one has done, and leave both Alls for the world—ours, ours, then for ever gone. Gone all its old familiar things, gone all the might-have-beens, the steadfast and unsteadfast effort. God, God in me, make steadfast my, Thine, effort to the last.

5th March, Saturday.

Sitting by my fireless fire, fingers tipped with cold. But I sit in peace, meditating, weighing in my mind the open, ever-present, always inexplicable, mysteries of death and life. My Vision—my Credo—is helpful as a skeleton upholds the body; but it is no solution of life's mysteries of being, or of death and destruction. Upheld, however, by the Vision, one can create the little things beautiful, such as in Nature the wild wayside flower, Nature's creation; the little things beautiful, which shall be, as in Nature its own, beautiful in man's own life; and be hopeful that all the Vision may be itself a flower in a vaster whole, to-day too great for mortal eye or dream.

To create the beautiful; and to be in all things just.

How can one do otherwise than stare with unabated, ever-

poignant amazement at the stars in their number innumerable and distances immeasurable, these, silent, emotionless in the dark infinitude of space—one's self, what, what, what?

6th March, Sunday.

Last night I took Annie to see *Henry IV* at the Court: and this morning I meditate on the play. My eyes streamed with tears at the death of Henry, and with self-pity as I thought of myself, with clasped hands, awaiting death at home, awaiting the last few moments, leaving all behind.

I want, in the last years of my dying life, all the dust of busy business to die before me, and to be left alone with the eternities of this greater self, man's Vision, untouched of busy-ness. In all acting of great things there seems, there is, an absence of the great calm which is and should be felt: the all-enveloping presence, in the silence of which the act or speech should be made to appear or be, that in the end "the rude scene may end, and darkness be the barrier of the dead."

7th March, Monday.

Yesterday there was a short laudatory note on my Keats. It approved of my selection, but regretted that I had not included "Hadst thou lived in days of old." I have now read this little piece, but do not see what use I could have made of it.

8th March, Tuesday.

How beautiful, how divine, the flowerage of the world. I close my eyes and see it covered with the white of May. Blow trumpet—for the world is white with May.

And closing my ears, I hear all the world's music, one song, Keats. Who shall speculate, and say he would have been this or that, had he but lived? He did live the few years of his life, produced the flowers of spring, and touched them with the red of autumn, and in the winter died—to live again? Who knows. Great is the burden of the future, great to lift.

No man living is competent to it. We are but of to-day; our greatest, and the great, die young.

10th March, Thursday, 8.45 a.m.

I have had a beautiful and dear letter this morning from Elizabeth, who abounds in all kinds of kindness. She writes from the Chalet, but is moving over to-day into Italy, there to finish her book—"still unfinished," she exclaims.

I am sitting by my fire—O, record it!—which I love; not for its warmth only, but also for its beauty's sake, and dear companionship. How like the sun, its source, it glows, and how exquisitely its flames live in perpetual evanishment, lift themselves flowerwise from out the glowing coal! And upon the wall the punctual sun sweeps its rays from its infinitely distant self, traversing on its way to me the vast hollow of the universe. Whose energy is it that thus lives on this vast scale, and yet enters thus into the lives of the infinitely minute?

Last night, nigh midnight, I opened the kitchen door to call Pussie, and overhead were the stars, and one steadfast planet—Jupiter? And as I looked, I felt how good it was to have so immense a frame of being on which to stretch one's self, to be one with the infinitely distant stars, and the wanderers, the planets!

The sun works a dial on my floor, shifting its frame of sunlight, west to east, hour by hour. How splendid a fellow craftsman, daily at his daily toil. So the whole earth, and all the stars and planets, make their chief labour for the coming of the spring; and the earth labours, giving forth from itself every kind of living thing; and man labours, but in how wild a chaos—only he.

12th March, Saturday.

Faint this morning shines the patterned square upon the floor, grey is the sky, thinned here and there by cloud, and so the sun shines through. How great and beautiful the silence.

But Saturday once more. How swift the days pass and the weeks, all hurrying forward to the last—my last. Well, may it find me thus at peace.

Ah, how wonderful to be good and great. Apt on all occasions to be and do the right thing beautifully, between the far-off poles of the tender and the great, the deep down half-hidden flower, and the star on high that suffers no eclipse.

18th March, Friday.

How it speaks of peace and ages long ago, and of yesterdays—the lap, lap of the water's edge upon the swaying boats and shore. And I sit here, with cold finger tips, and open window through which come the lap, lap, and little gusts of cold air, and the sunshine, making its pattern of the window and moving it across the floor, this bright morning—one of many myriads past and still to come.

And death has shadowed one and taken her “to where beyond these noises there is peace”—Margaret Hobhouse, whom I knew, a child, Margaret Potter, well nigh sixty years ago.

25th March, Good Friday.

Affection, friendship; two beings standing apart, but near, within hail, is enough of love for me. The great world, its creator and architect, be it what it may be—the great world, the universe, for my admiration, my wonder and its like in my own creation, is life and enough for me. Life and affection and friendship; creation and wonder and awe.

One star, one life!

27th March, Sunday.

Yesterday was Annie's birthday, sixty-eighth. So we went to Hampstead by the tube, and walked down the hill to have a look at Keats' house, or rather Dilke's and Brown's, and now bought to be held *in memoriam*. It is a white

stuccoed house in a garden, off the road, and now encircled by modern villas and flats; a dreary-looking place. The public might as well seek to encage the nightingale, and set it up for public admiration *in memoriam*. The poet is in heaven now, the heaven of memory—swung high; and here they would keep him.

All thinking is propositional. All Poetry is intuitional. Man's the one, God's the other.

Einstein's theory, whatever it may be, would seem to have carried the intellectual conception of the Cosmos a stage further, and it will be the business of mathematicians, and others who can understand the language and propositions of mathematics, to adjust themselves to the theory and its consequences—if the theory hold. But the imaginative vision of the Cosmos is not affected, and I can still say that I believe in infinite space and in eternal time: for they are the presentment of my imagination. Nor is it new to me, or contradictory of my belief, to say that they are subjective, and not in themselves realities. It is as subjective, and as having such realities, that I believe in them. I myself am subjective to myself, and it is as such subjective self that I adjust myself to my subjective environment. My Vision is the Vision of to-day. Man's mind and imagination may develop and present another aspect of the Cosmos; that will be their subjective Vision, and to that utmost the men of that day will have to adjust themselves, and for that day write another Credo. My Credo is for me, and for to-day.

31st March, Thursday.

The race was rowed yesterday, and after a terrific struggle—first Cambridge leading, then, at Hammersmith Bridge, Oxford, then beyond Chiswick, out of sight, Cambridge—Cambridge finally won by a length, but never once, or hardly once, was daylight seen between the boats. The crowd was immense, for the day was fine, and it was expected that the race would be a great race.

We had a great crowd, and all the morning was taken up in preparing tea—cakes, tables, etc.—and arranging seats and benches in the garden. We were to be “at home” from 4 to 6 p.m.—the race being at 5 or thereabouts—and by 4 I was exhausted, and retired to the parlour to rest. Presently Margaret McMillan was brought up to me—then Edwin Evans looked in on me—but I lay still all the time, and did not go down to the garden till I had well rested. There a crowd had already gathered. Some were strangers brought by strangers, and some even of those whom I knew I failed to recognize. But all came alert with expectation, and keenly interested in the crowd and one another.

1st April, Friday.

To-day the miners have laid down tools, and the mines are deserted; and all trades are now so interdependent that the stoppage of one industry means presently the stoppage of all. Well, I suppose if the intricacy of industry is not counterparted by a similar intricacy of leadership, all agreed to carry on for the good of all, the discomfort of one portion will make itself felt in the discomfort of all till some readjustment is made with the good of all for object, including the particular industry which set the whole in motion. Meanwhile the machinery will be dislocated; some parts, and therewith lives and homes and happiness, will be destroyed; and should the readjustment fail to come about, perhaps the whole intricate fabric will come to the ground—civilization be at an end, wholly or in part, till in the course of ages another is born to take its place.

There is more in the world than man to-day can understand, more in the structure and purpose of the enmities which prey upon one another. But there is devotion, man knows; there is beauty, there is order, and there are the sublime mathematics of the Cosmos, and there are the rhythmic returns of the seasons, and of day and night; and whilst that which he does not understand may be left to be

understood in the after-world of time, he may fashion himself upon what he now understands of the whole, the Cosmic Vision, and within his own sphere independently create and be the heroic, the good, the beautiful.

6th April, Wednesday.

This moment a working cutler, so he described himself, came to the door asking me to buy one of three pairs of scissors of his own make. I bought a pair for 2s. 6d., not knowing why I should buy a pair of scissors which I did not want from a man whom I did not know. But what now distresses me is that I did it so ungraciously. The man might have been a fraud—but he seemed to be what he said he was; in any case why not take a charitable view of him, and be kind to him, in the one moment we came into contact? That would perhaps have been better; for him more memorable—the human touch, the tenderness of the infinitely great to the greatness of the infinitely little! Alas, that tested I should be found wanting, so wanting.

11th April, Monday, 10 a.m.

“Metaphysic activity is separable from the organism.”

This is a tremendous saying! Separable; a momentary and incomplete incorporation, the larger self still unclad at any and every moment, and the whole never coming into visibility as a whole at any one moment of its course.

12th April, Tuesday, 10 p.m.

Who with his eye upon the content of infinite space and of time eternal can tolerate the “explanations” of the closeted philosopher with his eye on himself? And yet how do otherwise? And “himself” is even of the whole, its microcosm.

13th April, Wednesday.

To turn from the universe to a mighty small matter—which yet troubled me deeply the other day. Lady Airlie’s

furniture was on view on Thursday last, prior to its sale on Friday. I went with Annie to see if there were anything we could buy *en souvenir*. Annie gave her heart to Lady Airlie's dressing table, which Lady Airlie had used for many years. But I was in no possessive mood. And I moved among the exhibits with a heart of stone, not desiring anything. Moreover the dressing table—an inlaid stand, with lids opening sideways to a mirror lifting in the centre—was valued at £50. So we came away. And on Friday Annie said, "Let us not go to the sale." And I said the same. And we did not go, and the table was sold to I know not whom for £50. But on Sunday Mrs Stillman came to lunch, and Annie told her the story of the table, and how she had longed for it for Lady Airlie's sake *en souvenir*. And Mrs Stillman turned to me and said, "Why did you not buy it? What is £50 to you?" What, indeed; and then the whole thing assumed a new aspect in my mind, and I was smitten with regret that I had not bought and given it to Annie, for Lady Airlie's sake, and *en souvenir*. Dear Annie; what was indeed £50 as compared with her dear heart's desire? However, it was too late. The table had irrevocably gone. So I kept silent, and ate my heart out alone.

Dear Annie, and dear Lady Airlie; and it would have been a visible and present bond of an ancient and enduring affection that I might have bought for £50. And how now shall I spend that £50?

15th April, Friday.

Very cold. Snow. The miners still insist on a pool, and Lloyd George still refuses to allow it. The miners may at once, if they like, pool their wages, but they will not compel the mineowners to pool their profits. But the miners' leaders yesterday made another proposal, to wit: that an arrangement might be come to at once as to the wages "without prejudice," and with a view to further discussion as to ultimate terms.

28th April, Thursday.

I have just read the *Times* report of the election of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and I have read it with interest and admiration. It was beautifully done, and I should like to add that at the end I found myself a little shaking, and that my eyes were not altogether dry. And I am glad that I can still respond even with emotion to what is well done; and I am glad that in this world, where so much is ill done, something on the high altar of the world's government, conducted with so beautiful a ceremonial, should still be possible, nay, should actually happen. Nothing could be better than the speeches, all of them; nothing more charming in its dear modesty than the speech of the Speaker elect, or of the stages of the election, the speeches, the induction by the proposer and the seconder overcoming the reluctance of the still private member to move, the upstanding of all present in the House and in the galleries, the pause on the steps of the chair, the few words at the moment of the ascent, and then the Speaker, the transformed private member, in the chair. And old usages preserved into to-day, venerable and respected—most touching.

And how beautiful this afternoon is, in the garden in the sun. A warm wave of wind now and again shaking the leaves of my book as I write, touching the leaves of the glorious tulips and shaking their heads, crimson and sun-shone through. And the new path between the apple trees—old, but newly bordered with a trim edging of turf—how beautiful, patterned with shade of leaf and branch and stem. And the wind goes by higher in the air, shaking the poplars—ah me, be glad.

1st May, Sunday.

We are here living in the decline of a great civilization, a civilization based on the exploitation of labour by capital; perhaps in the dawn of a new civilization—of a civilization based on the exploitation of capital by labour—which would seem to promise a higher, and a more human and humane

civilization, if in man there is any hope of the ultimate victory on earth of the higher things of the spirit and of the imagination dreaming of and achieving things at once of beauty and of use. The world has been asked by those whose vision is extinction or about to become so for "a lead." The lead can only be in the direction of the future, away from the past: and it is only in the future in the seedfield of mankind, that there can be any hopeful dawn of a new world. The old fruitage of man's hope is now turned, or returned, in cosmic change to this seed of future growth. Let the professors of the old faiths lay down their ears to the ground and cease to listen to the old cries, which rend the air in vain, their own presumptuous beliefs in their leaderships and in the attribution of change to their prayers. They are dying out in the darkness of the setting civilization. They can have no lot or part in the new, if the new is to be the new and not the old world priesthood and superstition over again.

20th May, Friday.

Yesterday I called on Lady Carlisle. Alas, the change. I passed Palace Green, and climbed the Gardens to the northern end to No. 13, a great gaunt house on the eastern side. The gate was open, and at the foot of the steps leading up to the main entrance there was a motor car. I was half-way up the steps when the driver advised me to go to the side entrance. I accordingly descended, and went round to the steps at the side, at the top of which I found an open door, giving entrance to a passage and a large hall beyond. After pausing a moment, I entered; and at the end of the passage heard voices in a room to the left. I gently tapped at the open door, and a nurse came out with a glass in her hand, and said she could not leave Lady Carlisle, but that if I would go into the hall I should presently see Lady Cecilia. So I went on into the hall, a vast unfurnished space into which the first set of steps led, and on the opposite side of which there was an entrance into the garden. Presently a slight figure emerged

from one of the doors, and after a moment's pause she held out her hand, and as I held it and looked into her countenance I recognized the face of the Mary whom I had known, chiefly, as a child. "Is it Mary?" I then asked. And "Yes," was the answer; but, oh, how changed. She then asked me to come and sit outside, and led the way to the garden entrance, where we found two chairs; and there we sat down, and she told me of her mother's dreadful illness, which began last autumn at Lugano, and now was developing into symptoms beyond, apparently, the knowledge or resources of medicine or advice. The house had been bought by her mother as a refuge from the memories of Palace Green, and as a gathering place for her women, but it had never been occupied or furnished as a whole, and her mother was now sleeping in the library, the room at the side entrance. After a few other words about old times, and a few words about the external beauty of the garden extending to Kensington Gardens, I kissed her hand and came away. Then, somewhat at a loss what next to do, I remembered the Colvins were close at hand, and to them I went. I think I waked them both out of an afternoon nap. They were together alone, in the drawing-room—alas, also old, as the years had made them and myself, but most affectionate.

21st May, Saturday.

How enchanting the weather is, how pure the coal-less atmosphere, how peaceful the sunshine, asleep yet moving in its sleep upon my page and book. And from outside come the sounds of industry in Cole's yard, and I know the river is slipping tide-wise to the sea. And below in Annie's hands is the morning's *Times*, full of noises from the greater world beyond.

Annie and I are reading Byron now, his *Tales*; and what tales they are, and what a bludgeon-wielding style! How marvellous that he and Wordsworth, and Shelley and Keats, should all be poets at one time. What different instruments, and to what different voices tuned.

29th May, Sunday.

Yesterday, Annie and I went by boat to Kew Gardens, landing at the river gate. We then wandered through them, marvelling at the splendour of the trees and shrubs, but tiring as we went, and reaching at last, exhausted, the great main entrance in Kew Green, whence we walked to Zoffany House, to have tea with the George Youngs at Strand-on-the-Green.

We went home—dear home of rest—by tram to supper and bed.

There comes sometimes a sudden strangeness over one, looking blankly at the moon or the stars—a surprise that they are there. Is it really a fact that as one looks, or stranger still as one turns away to forget, those mighty objects are left in space, self-hung?

31st May, Tuesday.

One of the most characteristic things about Morris was his love for the earth, the soil of the earth, its gifts of flowers and fruit and birds and man, man the lover of Nature and its part creator; not fashionable man, living in the pomp of cities above the heads of his fellows, but man, Nature's own child and warbler, or even man the tempest and destroyer, great as a thunder-storm, and vivid as lightning. To induce men to be such men, Nature's family of children, devoted to her and loving one another and conspiring together to make within her an Earthly Paradise, their joyous toil—such was the aim of his Socialism, such his own life as far as the conditions of it would permit.

I read Wordsworth, my own Wordsworth, and read and read. How beautiful, how overwhelming!

I have been greatly disturbed the last few weeks and days by the relativity of Einstein. Like a disturbing comet he has for some time been approaching my "system," and on Monday he was in London lecturing at King's College. This was almost too much for me and mine. I seemed to see my static system of the universe, "folded in its own eternity," deprived

of all stability and twisting into well-nigh incalculable convolutions, so that no two lines were parallel, not one straight, nor any orbit an orbit any longer, but all entangled and in motion like eels aswarm in space, which was no space, for ever in time which was no time! Imagine my discomfort. But to-day Einstein returns to his own country, and the calm of an earlier day returns to me. Once again I believe in infinite space and in eternal time; and once again I believe in the innumerable and infinitely distant stars, and in the sun and moon and earth, and in the seasons, and in day and night; and at this moment the sun shines on my shoulder, and I am at peace in the infinite stillness, within and without.

21st June, Tuesday.

What a blessed lot is mine! In absolute silence—all noise suspended, it would seem—alone in my attic, to be reading and correcting the text, my text of Shelley. To be reading his sublime and beautiful lines, pondering on their meaning, and dwelling on it.

23rd June, Thursday, 5 p.m. On the Terrace.

Sitting at tea half an hour ago, I was almost pained by the extreme beauty of the room—the little kitchenette! And the views, through its two windows, through and beyond the trees in the garden on the north side, and into and beyond our own garden to the full river on the south—pained that there was no one from afar to witness them—even Annie was away—and to share them; and that there was no way of reacting creatively, and of producing joy for joy. Every shining surface in the room, silver and glass, reflected some portion of the glory, the colour, or shape, and I sat in silent adoration. And now I am seated on the terrace under the shade of the limes, on my left the shining river at pause of tide, reflecting the white heaven, for white it is, full of the sunlight, though in the shade a deep blue, and, oh, so clear, so free of all defilement; and all the greenery about me is aglow with the

sunlight shining through or on the leaves, and on the gravel I hear the brush of Grant sweeping—almost as beautiful as Keats' nightingale in the shade. What a paradise it is!

All the morning I have been engaged on the contents of my Shelley Anthology, and its final arrangement.

Curious difference of mental or atmospheric approach. A steamer passes down from Richmond and Kew, crowded. I look at it, and think with repulsion of the crowd, and were I on the boat would shrink from contact with it. How natural—natural, alas! How much better it would be if I could carry with me an atmosphere of love, a desire to radiate happiness. Alas, in self-defence, to protect my own idealism, I should imaginatively push it all away into space to clear the decks and be alone.

25th June, Saturday, 8 a.m.

Still the fine, but disastrous weather persists. The country is dried up, its crops are in peril of death. But day after day and night after night how the days and nights are beautiful! This morning at an early hour I waked, and thought of the dawn slowly spreading over the earth—one of earth's divinest moments—and longed to get up and worship, facing towards the east; but I lay too tired to move. Later I sprang out of bed, but the dawn was a mist. So I crept back again, and dozed or slept till 7 o'clock. Then I listened to the cuckoo clock on the stairs koo the hour, and then slowly got up, and sat down in my corner to eat my breakfast of bread, butter, marmalade and tea; and now I propose to take myself in hand, and type the table of years of Shelley, which I shall then have finished; but it will not be published till July next year—Shelley's death anniversary, or centenary.

13th September, Tuesday.

To-day I wrote Wilkinson a letter of farewell on the closing of the Bindery. I read it to him, and he burst into tears; then, to cover his confusion, told me a funny story of a

child who being found in floods of tears at parting explained that he had had onions for breakfast.

16th September, Friday, 10.10 a.m.

There is sorrow and pain and a blind horror at heart of life to-day. I feel it; I am filled with vague impendency of tragedy, of something even worse and worse before the rolling world will right itself. One immediate cause may be Kipling's two pictures of Germany and France to-day, the golden harvest of the one, the unmitigated desolation of the other; the old woman seeking for her own lost something amid the ruin of cities.

22nd September, Thursday.

The little granddaughter, Priscilla, has gone back to school. Annie took her to the station. Dear, bright child, I miss her dear bright face. Her naughtinesses, few and trifling, are but as the waves lifted by a passing wind from the placid surface of the river as it runs upwards to the hills or downwards to the sea; her life, like the river's self.

20th October, Thursday.

Sitting in the garden the other day, and meditating on the great elms on the Upper Mall, I thought of the mighty movement from the earth upward into the buds and leaves, and into and throughout all the branches of the trees—of the sap, which is as it were the spirit or life of the tree; the great effort, and then the pause of perfect saturation; then the fall of the leaves, the closing of the buds, life's suspension till another spring, another summer. And as the tree's sap from the earth rises into and fills and creates the tree to a pattern of itself, so life, which rises in me, from me, to create the vast framework of the universe, my higher self. And I and the tree are fulfilling our lives in so being and becoming; fed both by the same inspiration, that which gives life to the tree and form to the universe, which latter I assume as my own utmost life's form, and norm of all my being and becoming.

23rd November.

Hyndman is dead.

Our memories indeed go a long way back. It is a great career to recall, a great unselfish devotion. A splendid fighter for rights, for right's sake, bold in the face of danger, unflinching. A most gracious friend.

2nd December.

Dressed, and went down to breakfast in the dining-room with Annie. I had flowers—yellow chrysanthemums from Alice, and rosebuds from Elizabeth. I have received Colvin's *Memoirs* from Richard, and a beautiful blanket from Stella. Annie had given me an Esse stove for my bedroom. Unfortunately it does not yet work.

I have finished Shelley for July, 1922, and my own *Cosmic Vision*. I muse. One night when I was ill and sleepless I bethought me how dreamlike life was, and I wrote: we *are* such stuff as dreams are made on, and into life's stuff naught but dreams can be woven. Life's too thin a stuff to sustain the weight of a conviction unless we regard the conviction as itself a dream, and made of the same light stuff.

1922

11th January, Wednesday.

In the closed circle of uncertainty I prefer to revolve for ever than to stand immovable in certitude. We are, as are all our certitudes, such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little lives are rounded off with sleep. And I am not dismayed by this last conviction that I am unconvinced: it also is shed, a dream of dreams.

I would rather, being what I am, be uncertain, unconvinced, asking with Pilate what is truth, than be of the multitude who know. Consider the atrocities that have been committed in the name of truth—and after all what is truth?

It is wonderful and chastening reading old letters, one's

own of twenty, thirty, forty years ago. I have read through my first letters to Annie, before and after our engagement. In what a world I was then "enclosed," crying for the light! And I have just read one addressed to Annie at St Andrews, July, 1900, describing a first visit to Ridgehurst and a ride home through Goodyers and Frognal, where earlier old memories were awakened and relived in the then present. Pathetic it all is, and again "of such stuff as dreams are made on."

16th January, Monday.

There are other planes of life above one's own, where love takes on another motive, and flies with other wings ever higher, ever higher, and ever with a wider range.

17th January, Tuesday.

And yet shall we ever laugh again as we have laughed on this dear earth?

21st January, Saturday, 8.30 a.m.

What a joy it is to sit and memorize joy and sorrow. And would any joy be perfect without its fellow sorrow? It is the strangeness of life, its transitoriness amid the relatively stationary greater lives of the earth and universe, that gives life its pathos and its retrospect in memory, the aspect of a land sunswept from amid clouds windswept overhead. And over such a landscape how the light pursues the shadow, and the shadow the light, all a summer's day.

25th January.

What a fearful place the world would be without poetry; and yet there are those who do not love it. Surely it is one of the most wonderful gifts given to man—the power to infuse his passions, his tenderness, into the senses of Nature and of Life, and to transform them into a higher other-world, which is fit home for man's imaginative being.

26th January.

Yesterday I handed my final revise of *Cosmic Vision* to Dick for the printer, and now I wait till my sun rises—in printed form, a book! What a toilsome job it was, correcting and revising, so many changes in the text, changes and transpositions. I wonder if to any it will bring home a new vision, and be a guide to life, a something whereby to give destiny a meaning, enveloping all things in the All of vision!

6th February, Monday.

A visionless world of blind emotions—is such a thing possible? Is it desirable? Apart from vision, imagery, and its attendant emotions, what would my life be?

19th February, Sunday.

“Goodness, Truth and Beauty”—but they are not enough to make up Life. What would the play of *Othello* be without Iago? Or *Macbeth* without the criminal ambition of Macbeth and of his wife? Or *Lear* without the passions in others which caused the passion in Lear himself? What would Christ be without disease, and the remission of sins? What light without the intensity of night, or night without the splendour of the dawn?

Not in goodness, truth or beauty is the main motive of life; nor are they, all together, the main motive. Life is something much more complex than would be brought about by such motives working alone or in combination; there are other motives innumerable, good and bad, and at bottom both life and its goal, if it have one, are unintelligible.

It is the ever-unseen dawn upon the ever-distant ridge which makes the tragedy of the world, of life; or its comedy.

You cannot from a woven tapestry draw out one thread and say, “Lo, this is the web.”

Children should be taught to read and write, no doubt—but they should also be taught to observe life, growth, and to grow and bring up things, flowers and fruit from seeds, and birds from eggs, and living things, and so life from life.

21st February, Tuesday.

I am not concerned with proofs and convictions. I leave men of science and philosophers to discover and prove things. I take them as discovered, and proved as facts, and make it my business to see and reproduce them, arranged for imaginative appreciation, wonder and delight. I offer no explanation.

24th February, Friday.

Last night, awaking about 4 a.m., I turned on my back and recited Coué's "Day by Day," then after a pause I invented a new one, after my own heart, as follows:

Day by day may I bring
this little human body
into accord with
the great body of
the Universe.

I am re-reading Humboldt's *History of the Cosmos*, and my eyes rest upon the beginning of the vision in Egypt, Babylon, Phoenicia (Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, and colonies further east and west), Greece, and the great seas and waterways of the Euxine, the Bosphorus, the Mediterranean.

27th February, Monday, 8 a.m.

I almost regret that the other day I destroyed, disembodied, all those cries—those early letters to G. H. They were a violent reaction against the commonplace of the day, even also against the commonplace of friendship and of love, and as such perhaps worth preserving.

28th February, Tuesday.

Yesterday afternoon Richard Murry, Dick's manager, brought an advance copy of *Cosmic Vision* that I might, before the expiration of the month, give it to Annie in remembrance of our betrothal in February, 1882. After the first thrill, and after I had given it to Annie, my heart sank, I know not why—it seemed after all so small a thing; and till this

morning I was plunged in gloom, but with the morning my spirits rose again. I disbound the book, and let its spirit expand, and lying on my back in bed I looked upward to the heavens, and, myself disbound, I prayed that my little human life I might ever more and more bring into accord with the great life of the universe. Then free, released from all ambitions earthwards, my book became its contents, and I, content!

I tend ever more for the moment to drop the enveloping limitations of words, and to place myself in direct contact with "the everlasting universe of things," without the mediation of verbal description, and to commune, to become one therewith.

29th March, Wednesday.

I have achieved old age—but I am out of breath, and must now go slow.

I have read Humboldt's *Cosmos*, second volume, and the portion of Grant's *History* dealing with the early history and Newton, and Laplace. What a magnificent chapter in the history of mankind. I shall now read one or two books on the same subject, and then turn to the Earth—Ritter and Reclus, and so on to further detail.

22nd April, Saturday.

I have been ill on and off for the last—well-nigh for the last—six months; breathless, tired, sleep broken by disturbing dreams in which my mind seemed helplessly wrecked, indistinguishable, and my body in sleep was not rested; but with Annie's and Alice's devoted care I am well-nigh well again, and must now dwell completely and constantly on the heights, being straightened out to the dawn in darkness of the other life to come. On the heights!

8th May, Monday, 3.20 p.m.

Seated on the garden terrace under a cloudless sky and a scorching sun, alone.

I am going to shut myself up with the Cosmos, its wholeness, "whole and divine." I have lived my life, living really in the realities; it is time that I now took stock of my life, and rounded it off in the infinitudes. No more newspapers, no news from the outer world. Let me insist on the truth of the inner world, the great cosmic vision, and the something infinite, ever more about to be.

10th May, Wednesday, 10 a.m.

I have this morning received a letter from Gwendolyn Stewart, from San Diego, who is sitting at her mother's side (sister Fannie, Mrs Douglas Stewart) waiting the end, the last moment, of dear Fan's long and courageous and ever-loving life—faithful in her affections to the last, last, conscious beat of her heart.

14th May, Sunday, 11 a.m.

I am in bed sitting up. Outside the sun shines in a windless sky. I meditate, and read the Great Book. That Book turns its own page, and year follows year, and all the past lies turned. Marvellous and beautiful are its pages.

17th June, Saturday.

Annie returned yesterday from seeing dear Pollie at Lydd—she is dying.

19th June, Monday.

East and west were at one time Persia and Greece; then Greece and Rome. Is it now Europe and America? Is America destined to be the mistress of the world? Between the two great seas, lapping the shores of east and west, and mistress of both.

24th June, Saturday.

To my dear sister, spirit to spirit, otherwise incommunicable, farewell, farewell.

[Mary Anne Sanderson (Pollie) died at Lydd, 30th June.]

29th June, Thursday.

We left London last Monday in the rain, and under an unbroken canopy of clouds reached Barnstaple at 3.3, and then by motor car, Lee Abbey about 4.30.

We have pleasant rooms on the second floor, one, the larger, we make into a sitting-room in the evening, and with a lamp and fire and book, which I read aloud, are very comfortable. The window faces west, and gives us a view of the coast line and of the sea and of the little bay at the foot of the hill. But the rain—so good for the land—keeps us for the present indoors. At odd moments, however, we have plenty of sunshine, and the scene changes wonderfully.

9th July, Sunday. Lee Abbey.

Wild wind, wailing, and rain.

I have reached a terrace on my upward life, but it is not life's summit. I can pause on it and survey the world from its height; there is yet, however, infinity to achieve, and I have no time to lose in idleness, nor may I say, Enough, life is finished. I have to begin again at this moment. Let this be my decision, here at Lynton, as it was at Lynton more than half a century ago.

Yesterday afternoon, though windy, was fine. We sat on the cliff seat at the end of the walk, and later climbed the hill to the castle; but the wind was too strong for us, and footing insecure.

29th August, Tuesday, 6 a.m. Doves Press.

I have been awake all night. The great pressing problem of mankind is to bring the infinite diversity of its aims within an agreed formula of order, sublimity and beauty, such as the universe itself. All the world over man is in disorder, is moving into chaos. And as I lay awake, breathing with difficulty, my own problem changed into the world problem of man in confusion; and I solve my own problem by substituting for it the problem of mankind in continent and continent all the

world over. Let me think no more of myself; let me keep my thoughts on the whole of mankind.

1st September, Friday.

It may be that I have not before my eyes the “incomparable creation of the Greek poets,” but I have ever before my eyes the “incomparable creation” from which all others have proceeded.

This afternoon Augustine Birrell and his son Tony, and Miss Tattersall called. I gave Birrell *Shelley*, *Keats* and the *Cosmic Vision*—the last my own copy, the only one I had.

2nd September, Saturday, 4.45 a.m.

Every day, every day, my Guide says to me, Are you ready?

And I say to my Guide, I am ready.

And my Guide says, March.

And to the end, one day more, I march.

Oh, every day, every day, am I ever on the ever-diminishing way, to the end, the end.

The Rest is Silence

A CHRONOLOGICAL CATALOGUE OF
BOOKS AND PAPERS PRINTED AND
PUBLISHED AT THE DOVES PRESS,
1900-1916

CORNELII TACITI DE VITA ET MORIBUS IULII AGRICOLAE LIBER. Edited by J. W. Mackail. Small 4to. 225 on paper at 25s., and 5 on vellum at 5 guineas. January 1901.

THE IDEAL BOOK OR BOOK BEAUTIFUL. A Tract by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson on Calligraphy, Printing and Illustration and on the Book Beautiful as a Whole. Small 4to. 300 on paper at 12s. 6d., and 10 on vellum at 3 guineas. February 1901.

WILLIAM MORRIS. AN ADDRESS BY J. W. MACKAIL. Small 4to. Printed in black & red. 300 on paper at 15s., and 15 on vellum at 3 guineas. June 1901.

SEVEN POEMS & TWO TRANSLATIONS BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. Small 4to. Printed in black & red. 325 on paper at 25s., and 25 on vellum at 6 guineas. July 1902.

PARADISE LOST. A POEM IN XII BOOKS. THE AUTHOR JOHN MILTON. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text of the First Edition, 1669. 300 on paper at 3 guineas, 22 on vellum at 15 guineas, and 3 with gold lettering. November 1902.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE, CONTAINING THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW TRANSLATED OUT OF THE ORIGINAL TONGUES BY SPECIAL COMMAND OF HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES THE FIRST & NOW REPRINTED WITH THE TEXT REVISED BY A COLLATION OF ITS EARLY AND OTHER PRINCIPAL EDITIONS & EDITED BY THE LATE REV. F. H. SCRIVENER M.A. LL.D. FOR THE SYNDICS OF THE UNIVERSITY PRESS CAMBRIDGE. In Five Volumes. Large 4to. Printed in black & red. 500 on paper at 15 guineas, and 2 on vellum. June 1903—June 1905.

PARADISE REGAIN'D. A POEM IN IV BOOKS TO WHICH ARE ADDED SAMSON AGONISTES AND POEMS BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN COMPOS'D ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. THE AUTHOR JOHN MILTON. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the First Editions printed by the Author in 1645 and 1671 and 1673. 300 on paper at 3 guineas, 22 on vellum at 15 guineas, and 3 with gold lettering. November 1905.

LONDON. A Paper read at a Meeting of The Art Workers' Guild by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Presented to the Subscribers to The Doves Press March 1906. No vellum copies.

ESSAYS. BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Small 4to. 300 on paper at 2 guineas, and 25 on vellum at 10 guineas. June 1906.

FAUST. EINE TRAGOEDIE VON GÖTHE. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the 1887 Weimar Edition. 300 on paper at 3 guineas, 22 on vellum at 12 guineas, and 3 with gold lettering. November 1906.

UNTO THIS LAST: FOUR ESSAYS ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. BY JOHN RUSKIN. Small 4to. 300 on paper at 25s., and 12 on vellum at 8 guineas. March 1907.

AREOPAGITICA; A SPEECH BY MR. JOHN MILTON FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND. Small 4to. Printed from the First Edition. 300 on paper at £1. 5s., 22 on vellum at £3. 10s., and 3 with revised title. June 1907.

SARTOR RESARTUS: THE LIFE & OPINIONS OF HERR TEUFELSDROECKH BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Small 4to. Printed in black & red. 300 on paper at £2. 10s., and 15 on vellum at £12. November 1907.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ of Books printed and published at The Doves Press No. 1 The Terrace, Hammersmith. 300 on paper at 5s. None on vellum. May 1908.

MEN & WOMEN. BY ROBT. BROWNING. Two Volumes. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the First Edition, 1855. 250 on paper at 2 guineas a volume, and 12 on vellum at 10 guineas a volume. Some copies flourished. June and December 1908.

CREDO: PLENI SUNT COELI ET TERRA GLORIA SUA. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Sm. 8vo. 250 on paper at 1 guinea, and 12 on vellum at 3 guineas. April 1909.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the Second Quarto with additions from the First Folio. 250 on paper at 2 guineas, and 15 on vellum at 10 guineas. June 1909.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. TERCENTENARY EDITION. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the First Edition, 1609. 250 on paper at £1. 10s., and 15 on vellum at £7. 10s. November 1909.

WILLIAM CAXTON. By GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP. Small 4to. Printed in black & red. 300 on paper at 10s., and 15 on vellum at £2. 10s. November 1909.

FAUST. ZWEITER THEIL. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the Weimar Text specially revised for this Edition by the Editor of the Weimar Text, Professor Dr. Erich Schmidt. 250 on paper at 3 guineas, 22 on vellum at 15 guineas, and 3 on vellum with capital initials in gold at £40. June 1910.

A CITY PLANNED. October 1910.

THE CITY METROPOLITAN. November 1910.

PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text as edited, rearranged, and supplemented by J. W. Mackail, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 150 on paper at 1 guinea, and 12 on vellum at £5. January 1911.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE. BY ROBERT BROWNING. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the First Edition, 1864. 250 on paper at 2 guineas, and 15 on vellum at 10 guineas. January 1911.

LAUDES CREATURARUM. By S. Francis of Assisi. The Italian Text with Translation by the late Matthew Arnold. Small 8vo. Printed alternately, Italian and English, in black & red. 250 on paper at 1 guinea, and 12 on vellum at £5. January 1911.

DIE LEIDEN DES JUNGEN WERTHER. Von Goethe. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the Weimar Text. 200 on paper at £2, 20 on vellum at £10, and 5 on vellum with initials in gold at £15. May 1911.

A DECADE OF YEARS. POEMS BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1798-1807. Selected and arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red. 200 on paper at 2 guineas, and 12 on vellum at 10 guineas. November 1911.

IN PRINCIPIO. The first chapter of Genesis—ΓΕΝΕCIC KOCMOY. Sm. 8vo. Printed in black & red from the "Authorised Version" first printed in 1611. 200 on paper at 1 guinea, and 12 on vellum at £3. November 1911.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ of Books Printed and Published at The Doves Press from its foundation in 1900 to June 1911. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red. 250 on paper at 5s. November 1911.

IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS. Ein Schauspiel von Goethe. Small 4to. Printed in black & red. 200 on paper at £2, 20 on vellum at £10, and 12 on vellum with initials in gold at £15. May 1912.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ANTHONIE AND CLEOPATRA. BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text of the First Folio. 200 on paper at 2 guineas, and 15 on vellum at 10 guineas. October 1912.

VENUS AND ADONIS. BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text of the First Edition, 1593. 200 on paper at £1. 5s., and 15 on vellum at 5 guineas. October 1912.

SHAKESPEARIAN PUNCTUATION. October 1912.

PROSPICE. March 1913.

TORQUATO TASSO. Ein Schauspiel von Goethe. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red. 200 on paper at £2, 15 on vellum at £10, and 12 on vellum with initials in gold at £15. March 1913.

THE TRAGEDIE OF JULIUS CAESAR. BY MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text of the First Folio. 200 on paper at 2 guineas, and 15 on vellum at 10 guineas. July 1913.

ON A PASSAGE IN JULIUS CAESAR. July 1913.

ON A PASSAGE IN ANTHONIE & CLEOPATRA. July 1913.

AMANTIUM IRAE. Letters Addressed by T. J. S. (T. J. Cobden-Sanderson) to Lord & Lady Amberley in the years 1864-7. 150 on paper at 2 guineas, and 3 on vellum. January 1914.

THE NEW SCIENCE MUSEUM. January 1914.

CORIOLANUS. BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text of the First Folio. 200 on paper at 2 guineas, and 15 on vellum at 10 guineas. March 1914.

ON A PASSAGE IN SHELLEY'S ODE TO LIBERTY. April 1914.

SHELLEY. Poems selected and arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red. 200 on paper at 2 guineas, and 12 on vellum at 12 guineas. July 1914.

WORDSWORTH'S COSMIC POETRY. December 1914.

KEATS. Poems selected and arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red. 200 on paper at 2 guineas, and 12 on vellum at 12 guineas. January 1915.

LUCRECE. BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the Text of the First Edition, 1594. 175 on paper at £1. 5s., and 10 on vellum at 5 guineas. April 1915.

THE PRELUDE. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red from the First Edition. 155 on paper at 3 guineas, and 10 on vellum at 15 guineas. December 1915.

AUSERLESENE LIEDER, GEDICHTE und BALLADEN von GOETHE: EIN STRAUSS. Selected and arranged by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. Small 4to. Printed in black & red from the Weimar Edition. 175 on paper at 3 guineas, and 10 on vellum at 15 guineas. July 1916.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ. Final Edition. Sm. 4to. Printed in black & red. 150 on paper at 2 guineas, and 10 on vellum at 10 guineas. 1916.

BINDING

All the above Publications, except the Credo, In Principio, and Laudes, were issued, except where otherwise ordered, bound in limp vellum or in boards by The Doves Bindery; the Credo, In Principio, and Laudes, were issued bound in morocco; the Letters, presented to Subscribers, in brown paper wrappers.



